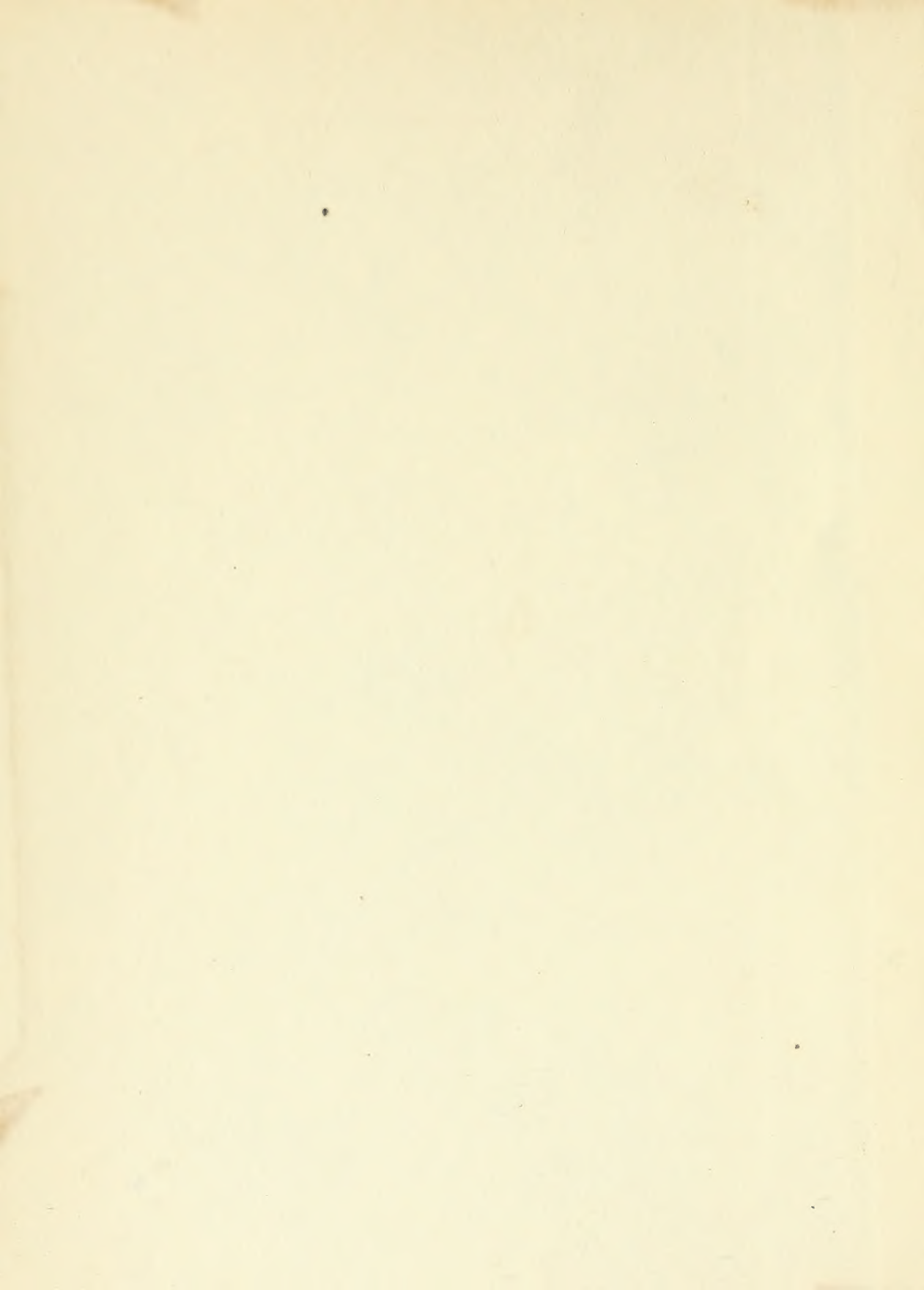
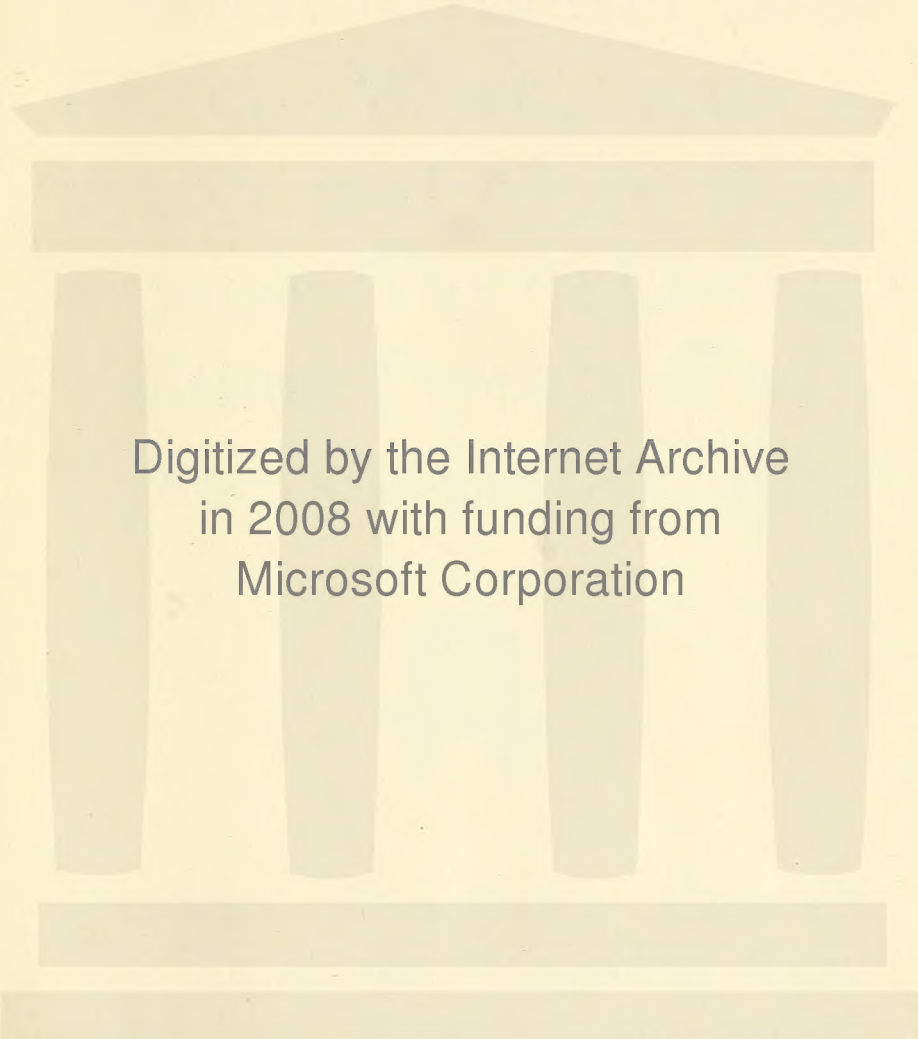


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THE CRAFTSMAN
an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the
Interest of Better Art,
Better Work, and a
Better and More Reasonable Way of Living.
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THE ENTRANCE TO A SIMPLE HOUSE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED
GARDEN. A STUDY FOR BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS.



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THE BETRAYAL OF THE PEOPLE BY A FALSE DEMOCRACY: BY GUTZON BORGLUM



ART applied to utilitarian purpose is proportionately a larger interest in our life than what have come to be termed the fine arts. I see no difference between them, myself, and the brunt of my argument in this talk will be to show that there is no difference. I believe and find in my study of art that the real artist is nine-tenths of the time a craftsman; and it is only in that small one-tenth of a time that he rises to the elevated position of a prophet and a master. And unless he is—and only so far as he is—a great craftsman, and has sufficient control of his metier and of his own expression, can he rise and become a prophet and a master. I have directed criticism again and again against the present tendency of education, in the great body of our people and in art schools in particular,—a tendency which has taken away from the ranks of the workers so many people who would become great craftsmen, and who would form a body from which our artists could be drawn.

Art, like love, is a subject about which you cannot reason very much, but I have found that the great artists and the men who thoroughly understand or who want to understand the reason why they do things at all, go into what we might call the science of their motives and their continued activities, and in this way I am going to try to carry you through the kind of thinking that has made art a vital thing to me. I do not believe it can become a vital thing to people unless they get under it and go through it in more or less the same way.

When I was very much younger I was asked to join a competition, as all artists are asked to,—a very bad thing, which all artists should refuse. This competition was to make a monument for one of our great generals. I made a sketch, worked some weeks on it, left it, returned to it, and found that unless I turned to the face and name on the base there was nothing in the monument that reminded me of the general. I am inclined to think along original lines,—that is, I feel things naturally, and perhaps in a sort of primitive way,—and I was shocked at my own production. I covered it up and started again, made another sketch, left it, returned to it, and found

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that I had made the same conventional "monument." It still looked to me like all other monuments.

That was a very great turning point in my own artistic development, because it compelled me to go into the cause of things in a way that I never had before, *consciously*. And I spent a great many days and a great many nights trying to get "into my subject," trying to get a point of view that would make it possible for me to create something belonging to that general. As a result, I finally came to the very natural and simple conclusion that all I had to do was to write the story of the general in the monument. This I did. And I learned then that a monument to a man has no business to have anything upon it, not a stone or a mark that does not directly apply to the reasons for memorializing.

I am telling that little story just as an incident, and it will apply to my later argument.

Some years before that, I was sketching in California. A man wandered by me and watched me a little while. Then he said: "Why do you do that?" I supposed he referred to the particular landscape, mountain or tree that I was drawing, and I made the conventional answer, trying to explain the beauty of the subject. But he said: "That's not it; what I mean is, why do you do it *at all*?"

That is the most astute question that I have ever heard put, applying to art. *Why do we do it at all?* And I hope those of you who care anything about art will never forget it. That question ought to be put to you in the making of everything you undertake in art, and it ought to guide you in the work.

Another incident,—I am giving you three, these particular three because they have enabled me to get a grip upon art expression. I was visiting a bachelor friend in New York, a very wealthy man, and he was fiddling away for all he was worth. After listening a little while I put the question: "Why do you do it at all?" He stopped fiddling for a moment. "Well," he said, "there is no other way for me to use up my temperament. I can't paint; I can't model; this is the only way that I can express myself." In other words, it was the only outlet that an overfull, stored-up, emotional heart had of getting relief!

That is why we do it at all—all of the time.

IN THE beginning the need for food and shelter was the cause—and it is today—of the invention of all utilitarian articles. Man, in order to get his food, invented the stone hammer and knife, and he went out and slew, and fed himself. Then he mated, and with the mating came children, and with the children came love,

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death, a fear of the hereafter, religion, and all the finer emotions. The stone hammer became a battle-axe, the knife became a sword, and the clam shell became a spoon, and he shaped his gourd into a bowl, or he pinched it at the neck and made a bottle of it; and so he built, as far as necessity demanded.

With the birth of the finer emotions came that development of finer forms of expression that hang a garland in memory of the child that was lost, ornament implements with the story of the chase, and finally make a record of those that are no more. That is all there is now, and every impulse worth while that we have, in one way or another comes out of such primitive beginnings. If we think about Greece, cling to her and hang her emblems on our library, it is because form has replaced invention and feeling. We have our own story, we ought to write it in our monuments, and when we do not we are lying, we are neglecting our own song, our own history, our own beliefs. And there never was a greater story than has been lived in this wonderful country. The greatest expression of the Renaissance, born of that great humanistic upheaval that awoke Europe after fifteen hundred years of sleep, freed itself, found America, peopled it for the sake of liberty of conscience, a few hundred years after made it a political unit of its own, and less than a century later, through Lincoln, freed human beings from slavery to other human beings. And there is scarcely a piece of sculpture in America that records one of these great events in the greatest drama the world has ever known. And yet we are running back to Europe every fortnight to replenish our lack of ideas!

There has been and is a good deal of discussion and a good deal of confusion about the value of a work of art if it serves any utilitarian purpose. Kant, Darwin and Spencer have all said that if a work of art serves a utilitarian purpose it falls from its high place as a "work of art." I do not hesitate for a moment to refute this, and to say that they are absolutely wrong, and I will give you a single instance in proof. Suppose that a bridge should be erected in a single span from Washington to Virginia, and the keystone of that bridge should carry upon its face the story of that union. Would it fall from its high place as a work of art because of its utilitarian purpose?

THE question of art education and education in general involves what I call the "betrayal by democracy,"—though perhaps I speak with the prejudice of personal experience, as one of nine children who has not had a college education. When democracy came into possession of the world and monarchy was set aside,

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the great mass of the people, labor, felt that the only advantage aristocracy had was "higher education." The world has taken that up in as blind a way as it takes up so many things. Education, or higher education, is upon the land, and machinery has had to step in to supply the instant need of many things that were before made by hand, and all kinds of work that are used in the building of our homes have deteriorated. Democracy, I say, has betrayed the race because education has not served man as was expected. Our crafts have suffered in proportion. They have lost the solicitous touch of man; are ripped, burnt or driven into shape by steel and steam; and in man's æsthetic world the water-color has fallen to the lithograph, the drawing to the kodak, and so on, up and down through life, man is suffering terribly from the idleness entailed by Democracy's false exploitation of higher education. Man no longer sees; his eyes no longer search the form, line and color of any piece of work; his fingers no longer test the art and finish found on old and cherished master crafts. Democracy, "education," gentle breeding, academic training have made a social doll of the immature and taken from him the opportunity for him still to be something—know himself, record himself, in the great and simple emotions, the sense of æsthetic expression.

Our utilitarian activities are crying aloud for the warmth of personal, human relationship, of emotions and ambitions felt and conveyed. We have no more great work in the crafts. We have no more great craftsmen. We are repeating today in this country things that were made two, three, five hundred or fifteen hundred years ago.

A couple of years ago I was asked to criticize the decorations of a building in Washington. It was a fair piece of Italian Renaissance. But I suggested that as there was so much interest in our own history, that it might be good to get a little of it on our walls. The architect, acquiescing, took out the decorations of one panel and *painted in an American flag*, leaving the griffins and scrolls and Italian Renaissance crawling all over the rest of the wall!

I always feel things a little differently. I never look at a spoon or a fork or a knife, a table or chair that I don't want to correct or improve it. I think our spoons are badly made; the prongs of our forks are too long and the blades of our knives are too long. It amazes me that the spoon-makers and the fork-makers and the knife-makers do not design such utilitarian articles for the purposes for which they are intended.

Apply the simple story I told you in the first place about the monument, and ask the question that was asked me: "Why do you do it at all?" and then take up the purpose of the spoon, for what

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was it made, and where. If you put a story on your spoon in your own way, it doesn't matter if it is badly done; the fact that it is individual makes it precious. That is why our museums are piling up wonderful things. That is why Morgan is digging in Egypt,—not for works of art, *but for things that tell their own story*, they are individual. What could you dig up in America?

Look at our buildings. I was talking a little while ago with Mr. Cannon about the present Lincoln Memorial, and generally deprecating the idea that we are about to spend two million dollars upon the building of a Greek temple without a mark or relief or any record on it anywhere of thirty years of the most heart-rending story that a people ever went through; a cold, classical, meaningless temple of two or three thousand years ago. Into the middle of that we are going to drop a statue of Lincoln, and upon the architrave and on the doormat we are going to put "Lincoln Memorial." Mr. Cannon listened a while, and then walked to the window and said: "The more I look at that obelisk, the more I am impressed with the beauty of it." "Well," I said, "I agree with you entirely in so far as its beauty goes. But suppose you came from Timbuctoo, and you were wrecked on the shores of the Potomac, and you saw that obelisk. Is there any evidence on it or anything about it that would give you any idea—if there wasn't a policeman to tell you—that the monument was placed there to record the work and life of a man who built this great nation after eight years of one of the most trying wars that a little people ever had?" "No," he said; "you're right."

Why is it—and I always come back to that—that we do not think about our own story? There was never a better one lived. We have had all the emotions any people on the earth ever had. We have made sacrifices that the world outside of America knows nothing of and which have not yet found their way into our art or crafts at all. There is practically no art produced in relation to it, and yet for subject matter there is nothing better.

I have said the higher education democracy promised has failed, for it has taken away from the great body of the people *their* only opportunity to express themselves. There are six hundred thousand children in New York alone that we are making professors of, giving them practically college educations! This in itself is not bad, but there is something which goes with that kind of education that *prevents the children from caring to Produce*. That is one of the reasons why I am hammering so much on the value of craftsmanship as the real leadership to fine art. We have taken away from the race that great body of workmen out of which artists should come, and in order to supply a place for the man of an artistic tem-

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perament we have built art schools,—an entirely modern institution which did not exist, so far as I have been able to find any record, during the time of Phidias, or during the great period of the Renaissance. We are teaching art as a fine art—a subject that can't be taught at all.

That is why nine hundred and ninety-nine of the art students fail. The art schools of this country turn out young men and women by the thousands every year, and they aren't worth fifty cents a day to any artist or sculptor in the country. It is a very sad fact. I would today employ three or four art students to assist me in my studio if I could find any who were practical enough to make themselves useful. I have them coming to me every week, students who have spent three, four or five years in this country and in Europe, with nothing to show for it but an armful of nude drawing worth nothing to me or to the world. There are today hundreds of young men in New York who are graduates (and I mean from the League and Academy, the real art schools which are in the market for the business of making artists), but not capable useful craftsmen, "just artists." Imagine how much better it would be if these same schools would lead students to become craftsmen, and give them an opportunity to express in craft work of value to themselves and to the nation, their overfull hearts, their overfull emotions, their excess of love. And that is all that art is; you will find it in every child who wants to draw, to do something beautiful, if it is only picking flowers.

A man who has been drawing from life two or three years abroad, comes home and tells us about our decorations and what kind of furnishings we should use. But what does such a man know about it? A chair ought to be made for the man who uses it, and if there is any ornament on it at all it should belong to the district where it was made. The same applies to all our buildings. The only possible reason for ornamenting anything is to tell the story about that particular thing.

AS I pointed out in my article in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for December, nineteen hundred and eight, we have in New York a nucleus for the greatest system of education in the crafts kindred to the fine arts. We have the organization and we have the land for development. I mean the Metropolitan Museum. Here is the natural, the inevitable place for the greatest school for crafts in all America. I know the opposition, I know the lame excuses; but it will come as sure the years, just as the art school of today will pass.

There is a school in this country that is trying to do something of this sort. I refer to the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. French has been

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the director of that, and he told me a couple of years ago that at a cost of about forty thousand dollars he was able to make it possible for one thousand workmen to work in that museum and enjoy its treasures practically as they would the articles in their own homes. Just imagine what such a privilege would mean here, at the Metropolitan Museum, and what it would mean after Mr. Morgan's wonderful collection returns to this country. I have said a good deal on this subject, and I have been very much criticized, mainly because I have been misunderstood. But I do not think that the people can escape, avoid or put off very long the practical use of our museums, or the founding of practical craftsman working rooms. This does not mean the conversion of the Museum into a class-room. It simply means the availability of some building adjacent to the Museum, in which to carry on the study of certain work kept there.

The economic independence of every human being who feels he or she wants to study art is something in mankind we should not lose a moment to assure. I don't think the sweetness of life is as much affected by any dozen other causes as by the present deadlock, torpor or inability in the race to express its emotions in a creative way; and if sociologists and humanitarians once realized that if you could help this great body of young and old to put their little heart-ache into some beautiful, individual expression, upon something to be daily used by somebody, this pent up tension—everywhere at the breaking point—would be used up as the springs are, while they are springs, and their work and their contentment and their power would be felt in every home.



THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA, HER MEN OF GENIUS: ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCULPTURE OF NAOUM ARONSON



RUSSIA'S geniuses are few and mighty. From among her millions upon millions of torpid, simple down-trodden people, here and there from the depths of oppression and servitude, out of scenes of suffering and destitution, a man lifts his head, peers past his fellow men, waits patiently until his vision clears, and having slowly, at times almost sullenly, seen the truth through all disguises, moves out from the crowd and delivers his message, courageously, clearly, with fanatical sincerity and unquenchable fire.

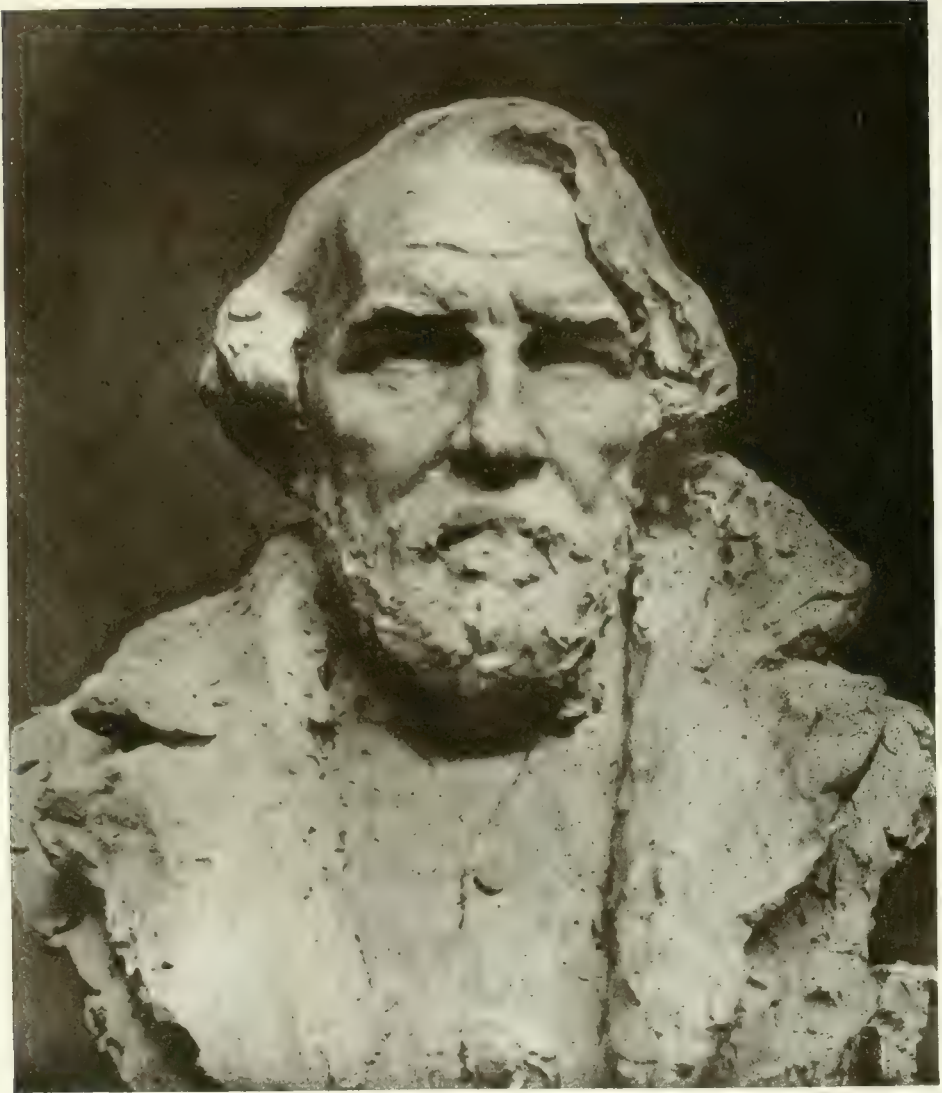
Russian art, the most significant and lasting of it, is without sentimentality, yet deeply and often awkwardly touched with sentiment, an art born with purpose, born with great travail, for the painters, the poets, the writers of this terrible land are first of all patriots, and second, artists; patriots without self-consciousness, artists of necessity, for the torch of their patriotism is lighted for the world to see only by the fire of their genius. It is truly in the dire moments of a nation's travail that her great men are born, for genius alone may lead humanity to ultimate salvation. Truth is what a nation in peril needs, and truth can only abide in the hearts of the men who touch life with strong, tender understanding hands. The great of the world are not really those, as we so often fancy, who grow thin and strident standing on tiptoe to peer over mountain tops, but rather those who kneel among the saddest and the lowliest and the most lamentable of mankind, and out of these profound intimate experiences with humanity, gain the vision that reveals all the wonder which broods over high places.

Lincoln did not find his heart-searching insight into life, his maternal care for the suffering of the world, on the steps of the Parthenon, in the classic precincts of the Sorbonne. Christ did not seek his ultimate wisdom in the synagogue, but rather from the fishermen and the husbandmen who led him through the quiet vineyards or out over perilous seas, and Savonarola, when he wished to open the eyes of the saddened Roman multitudes, found it necessary to walk barefooted and empty-handed in the streets of Rome, searching for the everlasting truths in the faces of the common people. The dilettante in art forever must remain the dictionary of tradition, holding no prophecy for the sad and the eager and the lowly; but the genius, the seer whom men follow because they fear to relinquish the touch of his garments, are now, as always in the past, born out of the heart, not the head of humanity.



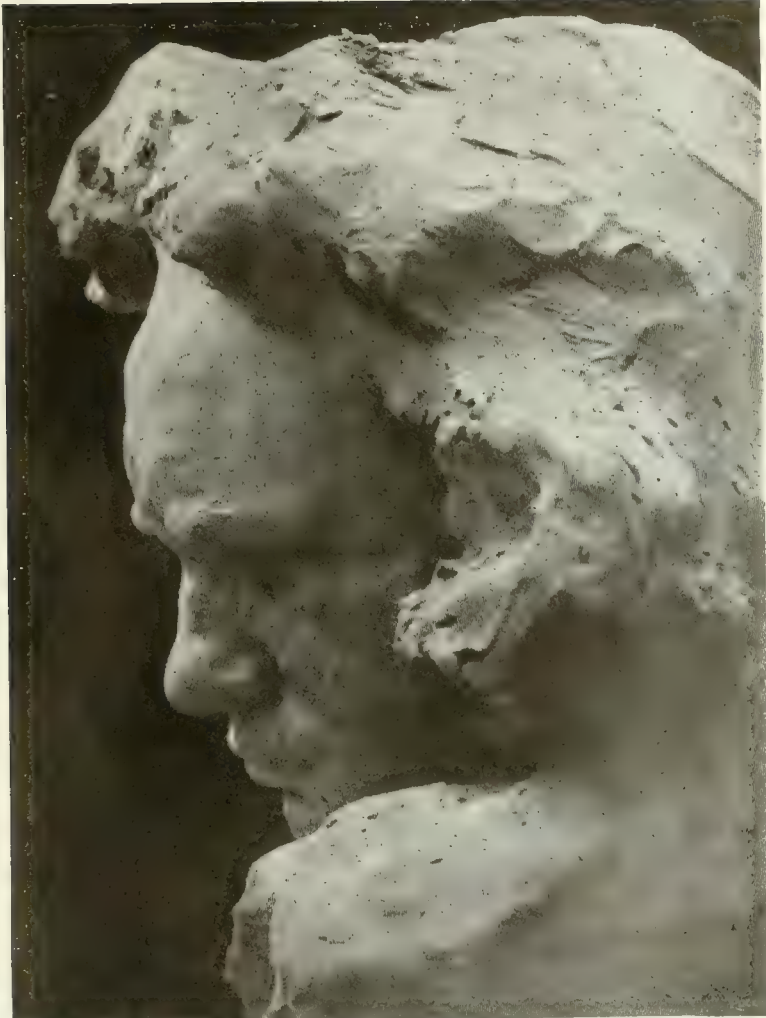
From Art et Decoration.

PORTRAIT-BUST OF TOLSTOY:
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



From Art et Decoration.

TURGENIEFF, THE GREAT RUSSIAN NOV-
ELIST: NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



From Art et Decoration.

DETAIL OF HEAD OF BEETHOVEN:
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



From Art et Decoration.

A SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF RUSSIA:
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.

THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA

Tolstoy has talked much of the resurrection of his nation, he has written of it, he has sought the ways and means of it among the simple people, but not *as one of them*. He has come to them from the upper world, with the traditions and the handicaps of the upper classes, and the hope of the poor has never yet sprung from the idle and powerful. Only the man of the people knows their needs, only the man of the people illuminated by the genius which sees clear and straight can lift the burdens of the people. In the future the world's estimate of Tolstoy's value to Russia will be reconsidered. He will always rank as one of her great writers, but less and less as a great patriot. He was too greatly confused himself to clear the atmosphere for those whom he elected to bring about him. And for him as for all others, confusion of thought ended in a negative philosophy. He had no hope for his people; he had none for himself. His philosophy was not one of optimism for the nation, but rather of consolation for the noble. He was bored with the life of aristocracy in which he was born and he sought relief in simplicity. His virtues were the product of reaction, not of faith. He returned to the soil because he dreaded the palace, and of such is not born the kingdom of reformation for a nation. Tolstoy did not see clearly the truths of which Russia must have a vision to be saved. But he did know well and presented with great artistic technique the life of the people who like himself were bored and saddened and hopeless. The surgeon and the prophet are never one and the same man. Tolstoy could see clearly Russia's danger, Russia's need. He knew how to cut away the disease that he felt touched his own life and the life of the upper classes, but he had no remedy but the knife. He was preëminently the surgeon, the pessimist. If the world is so bad, let there be no people to live in it, was Tolstoy's doctrine. You cannot inspire a nation by negation. Tolstoy did not find peace or joy for himself or for those close to him. He has not left a legacy of hope for his people.

The men who will help Russia are the men who see the truth so clearly that it is transmuted into a philosophy of hope. And it is the revelation of this truth by these patriot-artists that holds the salvation for the most powerful, the most saddened nation on earth. Russia is presenting this truth, this hope for her people in her music, in her painting, in her great books, in her drama, in her sculpture. She is presenting it through the men who belong to her, who have come out of her soul, so vividly that it is being recognized not only by these people, by the downtrodden, but by the aristocratic of Russia, and by the thinking people of the whole world. For the world is converted by the emotion not by the theory of Truth.

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WE HAVE in a former issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* spoken of the work of Naoum Aronson, Russia's significant modern sculptor, and one of the most preëminent artists of modern times,—a man of the people, holding in his work as in his speech the essential characteristics of his nation. A friend of Rodin, he has found in Paris the spiritual companionship necessary for the fullest growth, without losing his sympathy for his own race or his desire to reveal what he believes to be their greatness, what he knows to be the splendor they are capable of achieving.

In his statue of "Russia" Aronson symbolizes in the mournful seated figure his country's weakness and strength, her possibilities, her tragedies; the figure powerful yet relaxed, like Russia, lacks certain vigors, certain purposes, yet suggests latent dangerous power. There is in the face and body a pervading melancholy, as one battling in vain. It is Russia the people, symbolized, not Russia the aristocracy. It is Siberia, the Steppes, not Moscow and St. Petersburg. Mourning is in the relaxed muscles, profound sorrow in the wide brow and deep-set eyes, and yet a hopeless Russia is not what Aronson intends to present in his tragic symbolism, but Russia, hurt, yet waiting, downtrodden, yet fearsome. You feel that this weary figure may some day suddenly rise into a towering giant, a terrible and menacing force. For there is dignity in the work as well as moving appeal, and there is hope, there is the future of Russia. It is the whole truth about a tortured nation that Aronson presents with arresting beauty, and through it the people may look into the future as well as into the past, may realize that suffering, after all, is not baseness, that weariness is not weakness, that restraint is not capitulation. Russia wounded to the heart, but not vanquished to the soul is Aronson's message.

In his bust of Turgenieff Aronson is again aided by his profound understanding and love for his race. This magnificent portrait is vivid with life, rich with sympathetic appreciation. The face is sensitized with light from within. The character in the beautiful modeling is lined on the face as from living condition, the measure of a man's thought and of his aim. The expression is an illuminated one, as if Aronson had planted the thought within the figure, a living essence. Aronson, through his own vision of truth, becomes profoundly sympathetic to Turgenieff and, as it were, unmasking the greatness of his fellow artist in his own presentation. In this bust we realize how completely the great Russian novelist has understood the life of his own people, and with what insight, love and sympathy he has given their virtues and their achievements to the world, always with the hope that this revelation would stimulate progress

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among his own people and awaken in the mind of the world an appreciation and sympathy.

To accomplish the bust of Beethoven, to bring this musician to life in marble, Aronson lived for months at Bonn, Beethoven's birth-place and home. And not only did he live in Beethoven's home, amidst the surroundings of the great musician's life, but he lived within the musician himself. He saturated his great understanding with Beethoven's melodies, he thought so far as he could the musician's thoughts, acquiring as far as possible the great German's attitude toward the world. From memory and from environment he became for the time being the personality which he wished later to present to the world through his art. And then, after months of this life, he modeled in a few hours the bust of Beethoven which has filled the musician's admirers with wonder and gratitude. He projected the soul of the man through the marble which he modeled, out of his intimate understanding of Beethoven; he worked through the hidden heart of the stone out to the living expression, until the statue vibrated with the quality that must have poured through the animated countenance of the most wonderful liberator of sound.

In the Tolstoy bust, one view of which we presented some months ago in the magazine, Aronson seems for the moment almost consciously picturesque in his work, as Tolstoy was indeed in his life. Aronson shows Tolstoy as the self-elected patriot, the reformer of Russia, about whom were always admirers and supporters, the man who wore the peasant blouse with conscious interest and pleasure. We do not feel for a moment that Aronson intended thus to portray Tolstoy. It is because he is so consummate an artist that in presenting Tolstoy as he saw him, he was compelled to present him as he actually lived, and thus we see the most famous of all Russians in reality, not as he is always presented to us in art and fiction.

Great as is Aronson's mastery of the delineation of the soul in his portrait busts and statues, he is equally comprehensive in his presentation of symbolic figures, and even more poignant in his reproducing of youth. His love of youth, his tenderness toward it, his vivid joy in putting it in permanent form in marble and bronze, is perhaps his greatest achievement. And this would only be possible to the man full of hope, full of the knowledge that youth is forever with us, not only materially but spiritually.

HOW ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY AND CONSISTENCY MAY HELP SOLVE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS



WITH the exception of the Colonial days, when we built well both in the South and all through New England, we have quite largely grown in this country not to expect very much real beauty in our rural communities. We have had a few great estates, but the utmost we have forced ourselves to do in planning out a large territory for the life of one group of people has been to make sure of a somewhat elaborate main dwelling house usually imitative of foreign architecture and unrelated to its place in the landscape. And often where the home of the owner and creator of the country place has been a beautiful one, along Colonial lines or suggesting the old Dutch stone houses with their strength and simplicity, the architectural features of the rest of the estate have scarcely been thought of at all. The gardener has lived somewhere at the end of the garden, out of sight, with no compensation except his flowers. The superintendent has put up with a home over the usually somewhat gaudy stable, and the result has been, nine times out of ten, it was hard to get a good superintendent. And the workmen more often than not have not belonged on the estate and no homes have been provided for them. They have gone home past the gate house, usually a Swiss chalet or something equally inappropriate, and have lived their life away from the place they have made beautiful. Little by little we are overcoming the point of view that it is sufficient to centralize the interest of a great estate in one pretentious building and in some groups of formal gardens. We are growing to realize, at least the men are who own the estates and the architects who coöperate with them, that a beautiful country place must be beautiful in every detail, that the architecture for the estate is not complete unless the gate house and the gardener's home and the superintendent's dwelling are all an inherently charming part of an æsthetic whole.

At the recent exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, were photographs of a country estate at Rhinebeck, New York, the work of Albro and Lindeberg, which seemed to us such a significant and beautiful example of architectural consistency in planning an estate that instead of using illustrations of it in the general review of the "League" published in March, we decided to reserve them for separate publication.

As the pictures show, this estate includes the main residence, the superintendent's house, the stable and coachman's cottage, the gardener's cottage, the gatekeeper's lodge and the children's playhouse. But while more or less similar groups of buildings may be



A FOUNTAIN IN THE WALL OF THE LARGE RESIDENCE OF THE RHINEBECK ESTATE: HOUSE DESIGNED BY ALBRO AND LINDBERG AND FOUNTAIN BY HENRY HERRING.



COLONIAL RESIDENCE ON A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE IN RHINEBECK, NEW YORK, DESIGNED BY ALBRO AND LINDBERG. THE COACHMAN'S HOUSE AND STABLES ON THIS ESTATE: THE HARMONY OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF THESE TWO BUILDINGS IS WORTH CAREFUL STUDY AND IS PRODUCTIVE OF A DEFINITE BEAUTY IN THE GENERAL EFFECT.



THE GATEKEEPER'S COTTAGE ON THE RHINEBECK ESTATE: THE RELATION OF THE ARCHITECTURE TO THE RESIDENCE AS WELL AS TO THE SIDE HILL ON WHICH IT IS PLACED RENDERS IT AN ARTISTIC MASTERPIECE. THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE: IN THIS BUILDING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RESIDENCE IS SUGGESTED AND YET VARIED: IT IS BEAUTIFULLY PLACED AND PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO THE SURROUNDINGS.



THE COACHMAN'S COTTAGE IS PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT BITS OF SMALL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE WE HAVE EVER PUBLISHED: IT IS SIMPLIFIED TO THE POINT OF ALMOST PRIMITIVE EXPRESSION, BUT ITS PROPORTIONS ARE PERFECT. THIS LITTLE PLAYHOUSE IS TOO CHARMING TO OMIT IN THE GENERAL SCHEME OF THE PLANNING OF THIS ESTATE: THE PERGOLA PORCH AND THE TRELLIS WORK AT THE SIDE AS WELL AS THE SOLID WOOD SHUTTERS RENDER IT MOST PICTURESQUE AND ORNAMENTAL.

A STUDY IN ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY

found scattered all through the country, we know of none which embodies throughout a closer adherence to a single architectural ideal.

Considered from a purely æsthetic standpoint, the estate at Rhinebeck is a most interesting demonstration of the carrying of architectural excellence into each building on a place, in such a way that it results in general picturesqueness as well as in beauty of detail. But behind this technical and artistic achievement there is something bigger, and that is the relation of the architectural ideal to certain fundamental truths of life. The chief value of this estate, to us, lies in the fact that it suggests how much architecture may do toward establishing the right relation between a man's work and environment, by investing each particular task with the symbols of its own inherent dignity, and introducing beauty and comfort into the lowliest phase of life and labor.

THE illustrations reveal at once the salient characteristics of the buildings: namely, the friendliness and charm of each, its fitness for the particular purpose for which it was erected, and its harmonious relation to the rest of the group and to the landscape. Both in the general plan and in the details of construction are evidenced the wise foresight of the owner and the sympathetic execution of the architects. The same skill and thoughtfulness have gone into the gardener's cottage as into the owner's spacious residence. The stone chimney of the former is as pleasing in its own unpretentious way as the classic piper of the fountain against the vine-draped wall of the big house. The coachman's dwelling with its ample porch and well-placed dormers, the group of stables with their ivy-covered walls, hold the same symmetry, the same satisfying sense of proportion as the stately colonnade and ample wings of the manor, or the solid comfort of the superintendent's house.

Although the style is essentially Colonial, nothing practical seems to have been sacrificed to this type. The effect of the main residence though formal, holds a genuine note of hospitality, unspoiled by the superficial or the insincere. The design of each building, though fresh, spontaneous and appropriate is marked by restraint, and originality is never carried to the point of the eccentric. As to the details of the construction, they are worth studying. The different materials give color and variety, and at the same time have been harmoniously combined. The long roof lines, the angle of the gables, the frequent use of dormers, the small-paned windows, the interesting use of solid wood shutters, and the many porches with their opportunities for outdoor life,—all these things are important elements in the successful result of the whole.

A STUDY IN ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY

The consistent way in which this respect for beauty and propriety has been carried out all through the estate, from the owner's house to the little home of the gatekeeper tucked away among the trees near the river's edge,—this seems to us surprising. But is not our surprise, in itself, the strongest indictment against present architectural standards? Does it not show how far we have wandered from the right path if the introduction of beauty and comfort throughout a group of farm buildings fills us with wonder? Evidently, we are so used to seeing presentable farmhouses surrounded by dilapidated and unsightly barns, lovely country homes marred by ugly outbuildings, artistic libraries and drawing rooms on the one hand and dirty kitchens and cowstables on the other, that we have come to take for granted the relegation of manual labor to some untidy background, as a necessary evil, a thing for apology rather than pride. And so when we see these sacred traditions for once disregarded, and so-called "menial" tasks placed on an even footing and dignity with the more "refined" work of superintending them, when we find each phase of work put on a basis, not of equality, for they differ, but of mutual helpfulness and friendly coöperation,—then many things are made clear to us which before, in our unthinking adherence to hallowed social doctrines, we had overlooked.

To recall "sermons in stones" may sound too much like moralizing; yet here in brick and stucco, stone and shingle, is an inescapable philosophy. In each building and in their relation to each other is reflected a man's attitude toward things and people, his ideas about work and play, his feeling about home and nature, his ideals not only of architecture, but of what is bigger—Life. To have conceived and superintended the general scheme, and to have designed and executed it in such a manner, reflect credit on both owner and builders. For such innate harmony, such feeling of sympathy and coöperation are more than the result of whim or chance; they can only be the expression of careful thought and well-balanced action, of striving after a high and definite architectural ideal.

From the consideration of this example of architectural harmony, an interesting line of thought suggests itself.

Since it seems possible to attain, through the right kind of environment, a saner relation between people and their daily work, as well as greater friendliness and justice between capital and labor, employer and employed; since, by the right sort of architecture, it seems possible to readjust, to a great extent, our feeling toward manual tasks, agriculture and other necessary and useful forms of labor which many of us have looked upon for so long with unsympathetic eyes, the question naturally arises, might it not be possible for architecture

A STUDY IN ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY

to aid in the accomplishment of a still greater task? Might it not be possible for us to evolve, along with our gradual ethical progress toward a practical working democracy, a type of architecture which will embody truly democratic principles? For although architecture has interpreted many human ideals, democracy is the one thing which it has thus far never adequately expressed. We may find, of course, isolated examples scattered through various ages and lands; but where is the country whose buildings are essentially and purely democratic? We know of none. Many have attempted and even actually attained it to a very slight degree, but in every instance we find some trace of caste, some economic or social inequality which, being a false foundation, has undermined eventually in its decay the justice and beauty of the whole national structure.

AS THIS was true in the old world, so it will be in the new. Here in America, so long as we have in practice, though perhaps not in theory, an undemocratic State and undemocratic ways of thinking, we can never have a democratic form of architecture. And conversely, so long as we have the kind of architecture which stands for social and intellectual snobbishness, commercial inefficiency and cruelty, distorted ideals of life, work and art, we shall never have a truly democratic government. The two influences act and react on each other; the solution lies with both. The aim of the statesman is to help the people to evolve the right kind of environment through political, economic and social freedom; the aim of the architect is to help the people to achieve political, social and economic freedom by giving them the right kind of environment.

When we have learned to plan and build wisely and beautifully and well, the sort of dwellings, factories, shops and public buildings that are best fitted to our lives and work and recreation; when there is sincerity instead of sham in our homes and their furnishings, and genuine pride instead of snobbishness in our hearts; when the laborer's cottage is as much a home and as beautiful in its own way as the stateliest mansion; when the joy of true craftsmanship shall confer dignity upon the meanest task,—then we may hope for a form of government based on the principles of true democracy, a democracy that will not be merely a political formula rigidly applied, but a natural, spontaneous expression of personal conviction springing straight from the hearts of an earnest people.

Here and there, though still rarely, we see an actual foreshadowing of this great ideal of democratic architecture, a small beginning, the work of some big-minded individual or of a coöperative group; something which not only shows how satisfactory such a principle

FAIRY TALES

is from a practical and æsthetic standpoint, but which also suggests what might be accomplished on a wider scale. And so in the meantime any architectural development which tends to foster in us the right attitude toward every kind of necessary work, tends also to help us to a wise solution of many economic and social problems, bringing us closer to that concrete form of combined individual freedom and social justice which we believe must be eventually the architect's and home-maker's great and final goal.

FAIRY TALES

O WORLDLY wisdom, you who know
Why all our fairy tales must go,
Why Santa Claus is real no more,
And why no Sandman ope's the door
To realms of sleep, and why the Prince
Has lost his Cinder Maid long since,
Why white-winged angels may not stand
On guard around our baby-land—
Know this, our fairy tales have led
To highest Heavens the souls they fed,
And music, poetry, and art
Are fairy fictions of the heart.

Dreams taught our kind to sail the seas,
To use the elements with ease,
To send the voice from place to place,
To rend the air with wondrous grace
Of mighty birds, to gain command
Of all the air, the deep, the land;
Lo! every great achievement seems
To manifest accomplished dreams.
A barefoot boy with pole and pin
Can draw full many a good fish in—
One question we would ask of you,
What can your pessimism do?

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

MARY ANN BUTLER'S BURIAL FUND: A STORY: BY LAURA S. RABB



IF ANYONE had told me a year ago that I should ever spend two whole weeks and every cent I had laid aside for burial clothes on a vacation trip for myself, and that I should in the bargain let Henry Butler believe things that were not true, I should feel certain that Ananias had come to Meadowbrook. But then a year ago Henry hadn't gone off to the Fat Stock

Show and left me at home.

This was not the first time that Henry had left me behind; in fact, leaving me behind had become a habit—as much of a habit as promising to take me along. I do not mean to insinuate that Henry deliberately made promises with no intention of keeping them, but something was always sure to turn up at the last minute so that both of us could not leave. I might have known that this trip would go the way of its ancestors.

I had packed my valise the night before we were to start, and in the morning I hurried to clear the breakfast things away while Henry went out to hitch up. (Joe Turner was going to drive us to the station and look after the place while we were gone.) I was just tying my bonnet strings when Henry opened the door and said, as cool as you please:

“The brindle cow has foundered herself, and one of us has got to stay home.”

I didn't have to ask which one—I just took off my bonnet without a word. I was dreadful disappointed, but I wasn't a bit mad until he said:

“Probably it's just as well. Womenfolks, according to my notion, are better off at home than they are a-gadding about.”

Henry Butler ought to have known better than to say a fool thing like that. It stuck in my mind like a burr, and the more I thought about it, the worse it rankled. Take Henry all around, he suits me better than any man I know, but he has a few notions that set my teeth on edge, and when he begins to harp about a woman's place being in the home, I begin to feel like I was chewing files. Henry honestly thinks that a woman who has a husband to pick up after and cook for and wait upon is blessed among her sisterhood. I used to think, too, when I was teaching country school before I was married to Henry, that life on a farm would be next to heaven. I've changed my mind about that. Most women skimp and save half of their life so they can have the satisfaction of knowing that down in the right-hand corner of the lower drawer of their bureau, whoever lays them out will find decent burial clothes.

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I THINK it's only women who haven't little children, or whose little children have grown up, that take this burial business much to heart. I know when little Tom was alive I never thought of such a thing. My! My! how Henry and I used to plan until all of a sudden, when the boy was just five, we were left with nothing but a little, low, green grave out under the elm where Tom used to play—that, and our memories. At first it seemed as though we couldn't go on living any way in the world, but there wasn't any way we could stop, so we went through the motions, and after a while we settled down into a rut. In the evenings we would sit beside the lamp, Henry with his pipe and paper and I with my darning and dreams, and Henry got crabbed and I got morbid, and neither of us knew what was wrong. You see, we both thought it was our sorrow, when it was only ourselves. By and by, without knowing how it came about, I got to doing just as my neighbors were doing, laying aside my money for burial things.

I never could understand why we women should set such store by being well dressed after we are dead. Sometimes I think it is because we get to thinking of death as a sort of magic gateway beyond which we will find all the things we long for in this world and are denied; and then again sometimes I think that it is vanity, and that we are more worried for fear we won't make an impressive exit from this world than we are for fear we won't make a creditable entrance into the world that is to come.

However this way be, I used to spend a lot of wakeful hours at night thinking about my funeral. It would be a church funeral, of course, and the casket would set right in front of the chancel rail. I could see that casket as plain as anything—black broadcloth, with "Rest in Peace" in large silver letters on the outside, and with billows of white satin on the inside, and with me lying peacefully among the billows, hands crossed, all dressed in black silk with white lace ruffles at my wrists and throat. Why, I've even seen the folks walking down the aisle, slow, like they do at funerals, and I've heard them say: "Don't Mary Ann Butler look nice?"

It was really only in the long evenings and at night when I would lie awake that I would think about these things. Other times, I wasn't in any hurry to die except when sister Amelia would come for a long stay. Amelia always had a dreadful mournful way of looking at life, and she liked to sing her feelings out. She had one song that was a particular favorite, and she always chose that one when she thought I wasn't treating her right. It went like this:

"Before this time another year I may be gone,

'Way out in some lonesome graveyard, O! Lord, how long?"

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I'd hate to say how resigned I felt I'd be to Amelia's passing on after I'd listened to those two lines for a half hour or so. Whether there were any verses to it I do not know; if there were, Amelia did not care for them—the main idea was what appealed to her.

Those times and evenings, as I have said, I thought a lot about what I would buy with the money that lay in a hollowed out place under a loose brick in front of the fireplace. The morning I expected to go to Chicago with Henry I put it all inside of my dress in a safe place. There was fifty-four dollars and fifty cents, and I figured that with that much money I could get things to be laid out in that would be fit for a queen. I even had visions of silk stockings, although that did seem like reckless extravagance, even for a corpse.

I CRIED when I lifted up the loose brick and put the money away. Every penny of it meant something I had done without, and it did seem hard that in all probability somebody else would get the chance to spend it at last. Amelia! As that thought came over me cold chills chased up my spine. Never before had it occurred to me that Amelia would have the say-so as to laying me out, and I knew like a flash just what she would do. Amelia had a shroud and other things—had had them ready for years in case she should be taken away, and she was beginning to worry because the way things were made was getting so much out of date. What would be easier than for Amelia to use her old things on me and buy new for herself? Not that she would do anything she thought was wrong, but Amelia has a conscience that will do anything she wants it to do. I've often noticed that about consciences that are overtrained. You see Amelia has never had any children, and so her conscience is just like a spoiled child; it is always chasing her into places where she has no business to go and making her tell things she has no business to tell, and if Amelia's conscience is ever in doubt, Amelia can convince it in no time at all that it is right for it to believe whatever she wants it to believe. I have always disliked Amelia's conscience exceedingly; I think perhaps because it was always getting me spanked when I was a child.

The thought of Amelia having the say-so about me when I was dead made me feel just about desperate. I sat by the window a long time thinking about that, and about the trips I never got to take, and about the things I never got to do. All of a sudden a story I had read came into my mind. It was about a woman who went to Europe and stayed three months and only spent two hundred and fifty dollars including her tickets and everything. Without knowing why I did it, I said to myself:

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"If a woman could go to Europe and stay three months for two hundred and fifty dollars, why couldn't a woman go to Chicago and stay two weeks for fifty-four dollars and fifty cents?"

It sounded like a problem in arithmetic, but I didn't know the answer. "Because she couldn't," I said at first, and right away I knew that was no answer at all. "Because Henry Butler would not hear to it," my common sense said to me flat. That, I knew, was the answer straight out, but it didn't please me and I wouldn't give up. "Because she'd be afraid. If she wasn't afraid she'd take her funeral clothes money and go."

I knew in my heart that Satan himself must have whispered this last in my ear, but I kept thinking about it, and the more I thought the more I got to saying to myself: "Why not?" And while I was studying over the whys and why nots it dawned on me that aside from not being sure of wearing the burial clothes my own money would buy, I was not going to be in position to enjoy the impression my stately appearance (provided it was stately) in my satin-lined casket would make on my friends. Right then and there Death lost all its charms. I got up and walked to the looking glass and I said right out loud to the image I saw staring at me:

"**M**ARY ANN BUTLER, you've been a simpleton as long as you're going to be. You will be buried in whatever Henry Butler and your sister Amelia see fit you shall wear, and if they don't do the right thing, they, and not you, will have to hear the remarks that are made." I couldn't help smiling when I thought of that, and the image smiled back. "I can tell you what you are going to do," I went on. "You are going to take that money and spend every cent of it on a good time, but for fear Henry would be upset we won't mention it until you are ready to go." The image looked a little dubious at that, but she seemed to feel more reconciled when I explained: "You know if we mention it too soon Henry will lose his temper and you will lose your trip."

Henry came back in a few days and he had a good deal to say about what a good time he had had, but I never hinted what was in my mind until the first day of June, which was the day before I left. The way Henry took the announcement convinced me that in keeping still I had been wise. I never got far enough along to mention where I intended to go. He took it for granted that I was talking about Pageville, where sister Amelia lives, and seeing how terribly flustered he was I thought it might be just as well to let it go at that. I told him that his cousin Julia, who was visiting in the neighborhood, had said she would be glad to come and keep house for him,

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and at last he said (not knowing as much about Julia's cooking as I knew and thought best not to tell), that he supposed if I was bent on going nothing would satisfy me but to go, though for his part how anybody could voluntarily spend two weeks in Amelia's society was beyond him.

His taking it for granted that I would be at Amelia's complicated matters quite a bit. I knew there was nothing for it but to write to Amelia and tell her the truth; otherwise I was liable to come home and find myself posted like a "Lost, strayed or stolen," on every fence along the country roads. Knowing Amelia, I did not mail the letter to her until I was on the way to the train.

I suppose I really ought to have felt that I was a wicked woman, but I didn't. After my stomach quit quivering like lemon jelly, which was as soon as the train pulled out, I felt as light-hearted as a bird. I believe I know how *Pilgrim* must have felt when he dropped his load. My load had been burial clothes, and I felt that in dropping them I'd come out into the sun. Even when we went through Pageville I didn't have a qualm, but I'll admit that when I got off the train at Chicago and went up toward the big iron gates I'd have given every cent of my money to have seen Henry Butler waiting on the other side.

Of course Henry wasn't there, but a woman with a blue badge came up to me and asked me if I was alone, and she told me about a place where I could go that was right down town in reach of all the stores and handy to all the cars, and she took me over there herself.

MY ROOM was up high, and when I went over to the window I found I could look away out on the lake. It made me feel very small, and very strange, and very far away from home, to see that great stretch of blue water that reached away and away. Far out there were houses that I found out later were cribs, and here and there was a big steamboat that drifted slowly along. Close to the shore there were dozens of white-winged boats, and I had to smile at their humanness as I looked at the little things. They were like a lot of restless little children trying vainly to break away from a game of which they were tired. Later in the day, though, when I saw them lift their wings and skim out over the blue, they seemed not like children, but like spirits released. I could hardly tear myself away from watching the boats, and I kept looking over my shoulder to see if Henry were not there and feeling sorry that he could not enjoy it too. However, when I remembered that if Henry were in Chicago I should in all probability be at home, I felt quite satisfied to leave things as they were.

That was just the first day, and each day after that was just full

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of wonderful things. I was for once in my life A Woman without a Care. I knew Amelia would do enough worrying for us both, and I made up my mind to let her do it all. As for Henry, I was sure that after two solid weeks of Julia's cooking he would welcome me back, no matter what I had done. Then, too, I knew Henry right down in his heart couldn't feel ugly at me for long. Since I'd dropped my burden, I seemed to know better just how stupid Henry and I had been.

The stores were interesting, and I wandered back and forth and smiled at the people who smiled at me. Perhaps I looked funny to them; they certainly looked funny to me. I felt as though I could have started a first-class menagerie with some of the women I saw, their heads looked so huge and so loose and their bodies looked so small and so drawn in sausage skins. I watched some of them get on the cars, and they couldn't make the step until they pulled their dresses up to their knees. Here in Meadowbrook we would not take kindly to that.

It was the nights, though, that I cared for the most. I never got tired of watching the fierce-faced cars crawl out of the darkness and come nearer and nearer until, with a savage purr, they passed and were swallowed by the darkness again.

IT WAS on one of these nights that I found, huddled up in a doorway, a little child asleep. I was frightened at first, and when I woke him he was more frightened than I. He would have scuttled away like a little wild thing if I had not held him fast. By and by, when he was sure I meant him no harm, I got him to talk to me, and after that I spoke to an officer and he took me to the place where the boy lived. It was not fifty feet from the boulevard where millionaires ride every day, but it was worlds away from any comfort of life. In a room at the rear of an apparently empty house, a room which was the only pretense of a home the boy had, we found his father, drunk. The officer said he was always drunk when he was not in jail. There was no bed,—just a pallet of filthy straw. There were a few pieces of broken furniture and a stove. It was horrible. I hated to leave the boy there, but there was nothing else I could do. I went home and wrote a letter to Henry and sent it that night, and the next afternoon at five o'clock I was at the station to meet the Meadowbrook train. Henry pretended to be surprised, and he tried to look cross as he said:

“How did you know I'd come?”

I never said a word—I couldn't—I couldn't even see him through the tears after that first glad look.

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"What's all this about a boy and a door and a room and some straw?" Henry asked, with a little catch in his voice. "I read your letter to Amelia, and she said I'd better come for you at once, for she could plainly see you'd lost the little sense you had."

"Amelia?" I gasped. "Do you mean——"

"I mean that she's been with me since the day after you left," said Henry, and his voice was grim, "and she says if you dare to bring home a Chicago gutter rat she'll never darken our doors again." It was wonderful how his voice changed. Some way I knew he'd thought it over and it was all right.

"Then you think we might?" was all I could say.

"After standing Amelia for two weeks, I think I might be equal to one small boy, if you are sure the care of him won't be too much for you."

It had been a long time since Henry had said anything like that to me, and I just hugged his arm as I hurried him along to where the officer had said he would meet us at half-past five.

There isn't much left to tell. Henry talked with the father, and went to see a Juvenile Court Judge, and two days later we brought our boy home. Amelia was so mad at first she couldn't speak and then she was so mad she couldn't stop, but Henry and I didn't mind that a bit. Queerly enough, Jinks (Henry won't call him anything else) took a fancy to that sister of mine, and inside of twenty-four hours he certainly had her halter broke. She is here yet, and somehow, I don't mind. She never sings any more about being dead in another year, and if I thought she wanted to die, it would make me feel bad.

Yesterday we were sitting, Amelia and I, out under the trees, and the boy was asleep at our feet, a gingerbread man held close in his fist. I don't know whether I said he was just five, but he is, and he has red hair and a nest of little yellow freckles on his nose. Henry came across the grass from the direction of the barn, and I saw in a minute something was up. "Mary Ann," he called as he came, "what in thunder have you been doing now? Joe Turner has just dumped a big box down in front of the gate."

"I guess it's the phonograph," I said, quiet and cool.

"What phonograph?" cried Amelia and Henry, just like a duet.

"You know the money you paid back that I spent on my trip?" I was looking steady at Henry, and he laughed.

"Yes," he chuckled, "but that was for burial clothes."

"I decided," I said, reaching over and taking the cake from Jinks's little fist, "that I wouldn't use it for that. I expect to be too busy for the next few years to give my funeral a thought."

PERGOLAS AS SCREENS FOR TOWN AND VILLAGE HOMES



IN THE early days of America people were so drawn together by mutual interests and need of mutual protection that they built their houses close together on either side of a street, somewhat after the order of a fortification. Every house was set close to the street and life was so full of pioneer tasks there was little leisure for the making of gardens or for neighborly visits in them. Later on, when flower and vegetable seeds were sent over from the old home land, little gardens were started at the rear of the houses. But streets were naturally the center of interest, for it was important that close watch be kept on the coming and going of friends and enemies. There was great economy of labor also in this arrangement of homes, for when the snow lay in impassable drifts the single streets could be easily plowed and paths kept open. So urgent necessity was responsible for the placing of houses so close to the street, permitting no flowering dooryards.

Nowadays the tendency is to set the house as far back into the lot as can be managed, so that the sights and sounds of street traffic will penetrate as little as possible into the sanctuary of the home. We put gardens between the street and the house that the home may be separated literally as well as in mind from the marts of trade. We want to leave the cares and responsibilities of business and enter the haven of home, brushing past fragrant bushes, bending our heads to avoid the blossoming tendrils of the vine at the gate. So we try to create an illusion of the country by retreating to the utmost of our ability from the confusion of cities into the quietness of gardens.

THE pergola has come to play an important part in securing a sense of privacy for a home, in creating the atmosphere of a garden where narrow lots permit no real garden with flower-bordered walks. Sometimes it leads directly from the gate to the entrance door, sometimes it clings like a veil across the face of the house, sometimes it takes the place of a fence, enclosing the home acre with a drapery of vines. It transforms the ground it stands upon or the house it touches into the semblance, at least, of gardens and walks and flowers and vines and arbors, for it is a union of all these charming features. It is always a harmonizing feature wherever placed and is full of the suggestions of spacious gardens, romance, leisure, beauty. It seems to lead to flashing fountains, retired nooks, rose bowers, even though we can plainly see its mission is but to conduct one to the door of a house.

It is of the pergola as a miracle worker that we wish to speak



THIS PERGOLA PORCH WAS CONSTRUCTED AT THE FRONT OF AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WHICH WAS BUILT VERY NEAR THE STREET AND FACED A PUBLIC PARK: IN THE SUMMERTIME WHEN THE FOLIAGE WAS LUXURIANT, AND DRAPED FROM PILLAR TO PILLAR, THE SENSE OF DISTURBANCE FROM ACROSS THE STREET WAS ALMOST WHOLLY LOST, AND THE FAMILY WAS PROVIDED WITH A DELIGHTFUL OUTDOOR LIVING PLACE AT THE SAME TIME THAT THE LIFE OF THE HOUSE WAS RENDERED MORE SECLUDED AND ENJOYABLE.



Courtesy of Doubleday Page & Co

A WALL PERGOLA, THAT IS, WITH ONE SIDE OF THE PERGOLA RESTING AGAINST THE HOUSE: THE BEAMS OF WOOD AND THE PILLARS CONCRETE: THE STREET IS FURTHER SHUT AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE BY A PERGOLA FENCE WHICH FURNISHES SHADE AND IS ALSO PICTURESQUE. THIS PERGOLA IS USED AS A SCREEN FROM THE STREET: THE BEAMS ARE HEAVY RUSTIC AND THE SUPPORTS ROUGH STONE AT THE CORNER: IT WAS BUILT DIRECTLY AGAINST THE HOUSE SO THAT THE BUILDING FORMS ONE SIDE OF THE PERGOLA.



Courtesy of Double Day, Page & Co.

BOTH OF THESE PICTURES SHOW A PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO A TOWN HOUSE: THE GARDEN IS REALLY SMALL, BUT THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PERGOLA PATHWAYS COVERED WITH ROSES, THE LITTLE ROUGH WOOD BRIDGES AND THE POOL GIVE AN IMPRESSION OF VARIED LANDSCAPE THAT IMMEDIATELY SUGGESTS SPACE AS WELL AS BEAUTY.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.



THE PERGOLAS SHOWN ABOVE COULD EITHER BE USED AS SCREENS FROM THE STREET OR AS APPROACHES TO THE HOUSE. THEY ARE OF WOODEN CONSTRUCTION. THE PILARS THICKLY COVERED WITH VINES. ENOUGH SPACE BETWEEN THE BEAMS IS LEFT OPEN TO ADMIT SUNLIGHT, BOTH FOR THE GOOD CHEER IN THE PERGOLA GARDEN AND TO FURNISH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO THE VINES CLUSTERED ABOUT THE PILARS.

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

here, to show how easily an old-time house that a growing village has forced into an undesired publicity may retire from prying eyes behind a pergola veil of green, or how a new house built on the small area of a town lot may be sheltered from the intrusive curiosity of strangers by a pergola screen, or how a natural tapestry of vines may be woven and hung over the pillars of a pergola between the home and a public thoroughfare.

We have outgrown the need or desire for that phase of sociability which flourished in the hearts of our forefathers and prompted them to build their houses within a few feet of the front gate. Gates and fences have recently been ordered down by the decree of custom, fashion or public improvement leagues; yet we crave seclusion for our homes. The pergola offers a delightful solution of our difficulties, for it is capable of innumerable variations, is adaptable to both classic and modern domestic architecture and can be covered with vines that will form a dense or semi-transparent drapery, as preferred.

Among the illustrations for this article we are showing a photograph of a house built many years ago in the Middle West,—a fine type of the comfortable rambling house of earlier days,—that has been modernized by a pergola of simplest construction. The once quiet residence street running along one side has grown vibrant with the noise of traffic. A city park in front provides lounging places for idle strangers, so that were it not for the timely aid of the pergola the long summer days and evenings of the owners would perforce have to be spent indoors. Nothing could be simpler in construction, less ostentatious or more suitable than the slender pergola erected principally to provide a support for clambering vines. Grape and the ever-popular Madeira vine have been chosen to intertwine and form a floating veil that lets the sunlight fall in “patterns of bright gold” upon the brick floor and rugs of grass. Ferns, palms and oleanders in tubs, vases and Cuban boxes are rolled out from the conservatory for the summer, so that with no display and but little effort and expense a delightful, useful outdoor lounging room has been made that affords welcome seclusion, adds grace to the house and testifies to the simple good taste of the dwellers behind its rustling and fragrant leaves.

Another interesting example is given of a pergola used as a screen from the street, where the beams are of heavy rustic and the supports of rough stones at the corners, with rustic pillars in between. This is built directly against the house so that the house forms one side of the pergola. This pergola covered with vines serves as an entrance porch and outdoor sitting room, giving grateful shade in the summer time, but not shutting out the light and sunshine in the winter season.

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

Shapely benches and old hickory chairs for comfort, where one may watch the ever-changing play of sunlight and shadow from swaying vines, add to its æsthetic and useful qualities. A similar wall pergola is shown in another photograph where the slenderness of the dressed wooden beams and the concrete pillars convey a more formal impression, suitable for a different type of house. Still another style is shown where both pillars and beams are of wood. These three photographs illustrate how a pergola can be constructed, having the house itself as one side, forming a new type of porch whose floor can be of concrete, gravel or grass, as preferred. Such pergolas will combine the features of charming entrance, a touch of garden fragrance and a serviceable screen from the dust and publicity of a street.

A DELIGHTFUL way of approaching a house through a small garden is shown on another page; the pergola is extremely simple, merely a support for roses that will not be long in taking full possession of it. A refreshing pool that will catch the evening glow of sky, or mirror the bower of roses is a charming feature of this informal garden spot. Though the street is but a short distance away, yet the tangle of vines, bit of pool, beds of flowers and few fruit trees form a screen full of æsthetic and utilitarian value. How much more beautiful and sensible is this way of placing the house back from the street with the garden in front rather than the old way of setting the house close to the street and having the garden at the rear.

A pergola built around the yard in place of a fence is another good way to secure privacy for the house. Whether simple or elaborate, heavily or scantily covered with vines, with a pathway under its arches or at one side, it would be a feature of civic beauty and home comfort.

If a dense screen of vines is desired the kudzu or Dutchman's pipe could be planted, for either of these vines will cover a pergola in one season. They have large showy leaves that overlap one another so that it is quite impossible to peer through them. The kudzu will produce stems forty to fifty feet long in a season if given a rich soil, and bear numberless flower racemes quite like the graceful wistaria in appearance. The Japanese hop is another quick-growing vine that makes an excellent screen in one season. Its mottled foliage and straw yellow, paperlike hops give it great ornamental value. The trumpet flower, moonflower, balloon vine, wild cucumber, honeysuckle, silversweet, akebia, hyacinth bean, cypress, hardy everlasting pea, jasmine, cinnamon vine are all quick-growing vines very useful in covering pergolas with green while roses,

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

wistaria or other slow-growing vines are maturing. The old favorite Madeira or mignonette vine quickly sends out a delicate covering of foliage. Clematis is a valuable standby, bittersweet is suggestive of the woods, the glossy leaved silk vine is worth while, and nothing is more delicate in foliage and flower than maidenhair.

But after all no pergola is complete without climbing roses. They seem to have been designed on purpose to bear the incomparably beautiful veil of rose leaves, embroidered with red, pink, yellow and white blossoms that a home may be enfolded in fragrance. The baby rambler is a delightful climbing rose, for it keeps putting forth its blossoms long after the June carnival of roses has passed. It is especially suitable for simple pergolas or trellises because of the delicacy of its growth. It bears its flowers in clusters like the more showy and better known relative, the crimson rambler. A beautiful white climbing rose is the alba moschata and it generally starts the procession of roses, for it is at its best in May. The Clothilde Soupert, creamy white in color, will bring up the rear of the procession, for it continues to bloom until the frost compels it to rest. The Dorothy Perkins will ever be popular because of its bright foliage and shell pink, full and perfect blossom. The pink rambler is similar to the other rambler roses in habit, the Queen Alexandra is much like the crimson, only a little lighter in color, the royal cluster is a prolific white bloomer, but perhaps the best of all is the sunny yellow rambler, for it is gracious and lovely in color, fragrance and foliage.



THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL: BY CHARLES H. SHINN



IN THE days of old Japan, when strange things now and then came to pass because men had believing hearts, there was a wood-carver who lived alone, in a very small hut on the edge of a forest, and very often sat beside the gate of an ancient temple of the gods. Every year since his boyhood he had carved a votive panel, and had given it to the priest of the temple, and as his mastery increased the fame of these panels went abroad. Nothing did he ever carve which he had not first seen with the inner eye, and meditated upon, long and truly, and never would he put a price upon his work, but gave it where he thought it should be, or kept it in silence.

Once to his nearest friend, the old priest, he said: "I have entered a garden, a labyrinth, full of wonders and of the sound of new languages, the visions of untold forms of life; sometimes I seem to be near its heart, and its secrets, and again I wander far away, in glooms and desolations."

The everyday senses of the old wood-carver were failing him, but ever the sweetness and strength of his face grew more visible, and all who went up to the temple took joy in watching him carve, and in sitting near and sharing with him their homely meals, for it was a land of peasants, and he was the son of a long-departed pruner of trees, and had grown up amongst them.

Ever, as the years passed, the wood-carver chose bits of wood here and there—things which had been cast aside and forgotten, and each result he related in some wise and serene manner to the medium through which it was wrought. When the kindly old wood-chopper on the mountainside above the temple passed from mortal sight, the carver asked for a broken handle of his axe. Presently on that worn piece of gray kaki-wood he so marvelously shaped a honey bee on a golden-blossoming spray of mountain pine that those who saw it declared that the wings of the toiling bee moved and murmured as if it were alive, and that it somehow reminded them of the busy little old wood-chopper himself.

Another time, after the carver had brooded long upon the mystery of lands beyond the gate of dreams, it chanced that he saw in the dust a child's broken toy of the silky brown, fragrant cinnamon wood, and presently he shaped it into a pale and secret-holding akebia bud, in the axil of a mothering leaf, and touched with all the marvel of dews and skies. Then, one night, not long after, when the tale of this was being told, a peasant woman, tall and silent, a mother in the robe of mourning, crept to his feet, in the dusk. Gently

THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL

and slowly he drew forth the little carved panel made from the broken toy of her child, and put it into her hands with a smile which seemed to her more than mortal. Nor could she be restrained from kissing his sandaled foot, and then she went away weeping new and blessed tears such as she had not shed since the child was taken from her sight.

BUT the ancient wood-carver sat thinking of the wise masters of death and of life, and of his sorrowful neighbor, the peasant woman, until the star of the morning shone. And he longed with utter longing that even more of himself, clear to the last drop of his life and strength might dwell in his carvings, and that they might at last somehow learn to walk forth alone wherever they were needed most. Then he went into the temple at daybreak to pray as was his wont, for mightier and more world-helping craftsmanship, for the mother's passion had stirred his soul with sorrow and longing, and the sight of his votive tablets gave him only pain, so mean and so dead they seemed, so little beside the midnight visions in his labyrinthian gardens whose clue he had now sought for more than seventy years.

His friend the priest spoke to him, saying: "Brother, a man came but last night from far off, from the side of Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain, and brought what he had found there—a piece of ancient, long-seasoned, very fragrant, wax-pale cedar, sealed up in a cave and marked with the old-time ideograph of that one among the fathers of Japan who once carved out of a ginkgo tree of the temple a human figure which later, in time of need, walked out of its place and rang the bell which called a province to arms.

"Unsealing the cave, he had taken the long-hidden panel of cedar, because it was made plain to him that this wood had been put away, in the days of the beginnings, for an old carver by the gate of this temple in order that he might spend and be spent upon it. Then," said the priest, "he laid this slab of cedar in my hands, and went out through the gate, past where you sat, with a woman in mourning at your feet, and one of his hands was stretched out over both of you."

The old wood-carver thought of the stories told among the elders of his craft, that the very first among men to shape in wood such dreams as his own had lived in a hollow tree in a great forest on the side of Fujiyama, and had so wrought in toil and suffering that the gods gave to him the inmost desire of his soul. Thus it came to pass as the elders told, that smiles and speech were possible when they chose to the immortal creatures he carved, in earth's fresh youth, for the children of men.

THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL

The old wood-carver took the gift humbly and gladly; he went into a glade of the forest and there began to shape the panel of which he had long dreamed. The people who loved him brought food, and little children played in the grass, and peace and hope dwelt in his soul as he carved a thing of wonder from the pale and fragrant cedar.

"Thou first of all the wood-carvers of Nippon," he thought, "how easy it was to find that which thou hadst sealed up! Now lead me, day by day, into the far, high places of art, clear as mountain tops. Brother of my heart, help me to make visible that which is in this living and immortal piece of cedar. Let it be for the service of all my fellow toilers, and let my life pass into it for good, not for evil."

AT LAST the old wood-carver came back to the temple bringing his panel, hidden under flowers and fern leaves, and surrounded as he walked by groups of happy children, and followed by mothers carrying babes. Then he prayed in the temple, and he drew aside the coverings, and there was the revealing vision of his heart. There stood two divine and immortal children in a forest, by a river. One, an eager boy, was like the earliest moment of a spring morning in a new land, when all things welcome the day-break. The other, a girl with quiet, serene poise, was like the veiled tenderness of dusk and twilight when one faint star begins to appear in the deepening skies.

Then the priest said to the wood-carver: "One is like Life and the other is like Death, and both are equally beautiful to me." And the peasant women said: "They seem to us dear as our own children, and we wish they were alive and toiling in our fields with us." And the children who were gathered about the old wood-carver said: "They are really just as alive as we are, and we think that sometime they will come and play with us."

Just then the priest placed the votive tablet in the place prepared for it, and laid below it the wood-carver's simple knives, whetstones, polishes and other tools of his craft, for his last panel was now completed.

One night, very soon after this, the woman who had once sat weeping by the temple gate came bearing a babe, and spoke in wonder to the wood-carver as he sat in quiet meditation by the temple gate.

"When this babe came to take the earth place of the boy I lost, whose broken toy thou didst carve, I sat alone, holding him, and I heard a light foot swiftly coming across the gardens and then a marvelous youth entered, and the fragrance of cedar wood filled the hut, and he laid your worn knife in my hand, as a sign that the babe was

SEEDS

to be a wood-carver, and see, he added another bud with a touch of his finger to the akebia bud you cut for me. And then sunlight grew about him as he smiled on us. Then he went back to the temple across the rice field, and he is but just returned."

Together they went in, and one of the wood-carver's knives was gone from the temple wall, and the eyes of the beautiful child still shone, and the mud of the rice field was faintly spattered on his garment's hem, and they were conscious that the child of the cedar panel laughed sweetly and lightly and smiled upon them, and went to sleep again, before their eyes.

Then it chanced that the old priest grew ill, and one night as he lay in silence, thinking of the journey he was soon to take, he saw in the moonlight through his open door, the divine girl of the shadows step from the panel on the wall, and come to him, nurse, helper and physician, giving him to drink from the cup she carried. When morning came, and he had gone on that journey, there was in his hand a wild rose from the far-off grave of the one he had loved most in all his life, and the look on his face was one of infinite happiness and of unspoken surprise.

So passed the years, and in all that province nightly walked to and fro, on errands wise, far, serene, the two children of the cedar tablet, until the tale of them reached certain high and lordly rulers, who set a trap to surprise and tether those who thus went forth, a trap that failed miserably. But after this happened, to the sorrow of many, only once more, when the old wood-carver passed away, did the children of the cedar tablet go out among men. That once they stood together before him, in the darkness of his hut, as the tale runs, kneeling, as if he were their father. Then the bright one embraced him, and the serene one of silence and awe put her arms about him, and took him to the wood-carver's ancient cave on the side of Fujiyama.

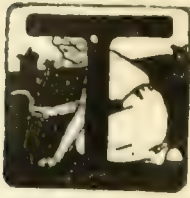
Almost they breathe still, so instinct with life and beauty they are. Almost their eyes shine, their limbs move. But the old faith perishes, and no more till time ends will the children step down from their cedar panel.

SEEDS

THE seeds I cuddle in my hands are dreams—
The waiting earth and dew
The wind and rain, the sun with magic beams
Will make them all come true.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

VALUE TO OUR NATION OF THE VANISHING WATER BIRDS, DENIZENS OF THE AIR, EARTH AND SEA



THE persistently uttered cries of warning from the naturalists as to the rapid vanishing of our shore and water birds has at last awakened us to an appreciation of the seriousness of the situation and made us realize how desolate our ponds, marshes and beaches would be without those beautiful and useful feathered denizens. How sweet their plaintive cries as they fly low over the reeds and grasses of the marsh! How charming their advancing and retreating dance with the waves of the sea, as they rush up the beach just ahead of the white breakers and as swiftly follow the ebb! How graceful the strong-winged flights straight out to the deep waters where they rest and sleep on the bosom of the sea in safety, far from the reach of mankind, their dreaded foe rather than their trusted protector! These wonderful birds are equally at home on the land, the sea and the air. They are clad, as Mabel Osgood Wright says, "in feathers that blend in their hues the sky, the water, the mottled sands of the shore, the bronzed splendor of the seaweeds and the opalescence that lines the sea-shell." They are indeed wildings, never coming to nest in our gardens, never permitting the least friendly advance on our part, hiding their nests in regions so remote that the most enthusiastic bird lover has been unable to locate them. We who wish to understand them better, to claim tardy friendship with them, must go to their haunts—"the banks of a river or lake that furnishes shelter and sustenance alike to nesting bird and the restless migrant; or the shore of the sea with its possibilities and changing moods,—the sea that stretches infinitely on, ribbed by light-guarded reefs where the gulls flock and the petrels dash in the wake of cautious ships, its arms reaching landward until the bay where the wild ducks float, laps the shore, where the sandpipers patter, and creeping on through the land as a sluggish creek, traverses the marshes where the rail clamors about his half-floating nest and finally mingling with fresh downward currents loses its way among gaunt trees, where the herons and bitterns build, and is absorbed by some low, wood-girt meadow, where the last earth-filtered drops make mud, from which the snipe and woodcock probe their insect food, and give a deeper green to the coarse grasses where the plover pipes."

Their songs and nesting habits are so different from the other birds that they have opened up new fields of observation, as if they were a separate creation. They have been given a wonderful power of concealment, in their protective coloring, even in their structure of



Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

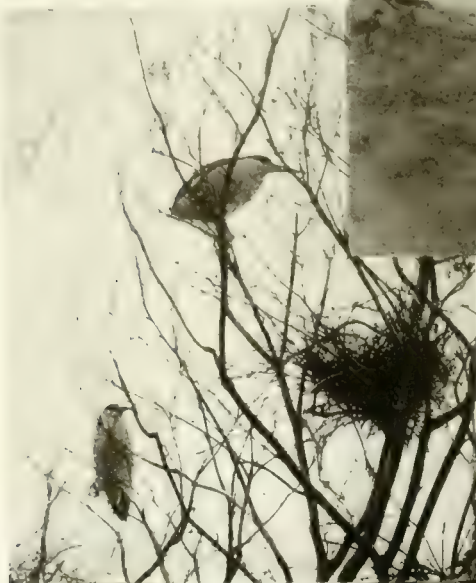
FOUR YOUNG HERON, THREE TO FOUR WEEKS OLD, GOING UP
LIMBS OF A TREE, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A MORNING MEAL.

A PAIR OF NIGHT HERON RETURNING TO THEIR NEST.

*The photograph at the right and below
were made by the same photographer.*



TURNSTONES AND SANDPIPERS ON THEIR WAY NORTH DURING MAY, THE HEIGHT OF THEIR MIGRATION.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co

THE BLUE HERON: THE COLORING OF THIS BIRD IS HIS BEST PROTECTION FROM HIS FOES: HIS PLUMAGE IS MUCH LIKE THE GRAYISH BLUE WATERS OF PONDS AND HIS LONG DARK LEGS MIGHT WELL BE MISTAKEN FOR THICK REEDS OR TWIGS OF FALLEN TREES.

YOUNG GREAT WHITE HERON, WHICH
AUDUBON DISCOVERED ON THE FLORI-
DA KEYS.



INTERESTING PICTURE
OF A YOUNG GREAT
WHITE HERON ON
NEST: ALTHOUGH
THESE BIRDS ARE THE
SHYEST OF WILD
CREATURES THEY
WILL BREED AND
THRIVE IN NATURAL
OR ARTIFICIAL PONDS
IF FED AND CARED FOR
WITH WISE AFFEC-
TION: FOR DECORATIVE
QUALITY ON AN ES-
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PAIR OF GREAT
BLUE HERON ON
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IF THEY WERE A
SEPARATE CREA-
TION.



Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

EVERY LARGE ESTATE THAT CAN IN ANY WAY ACCOMMODATE WILD FOWL SHOULD ARRANGE
FOR HOMES AND BREEDING PLACES FOR HERONS, BOTH THE BLUE AND THE WHITE; THERE
ARE NO MORE PICTURESQUE WILD BIRDS, CAPABLE OF BEING DOMESTICATED, THAN THESE
GRACEFUL SHY CREATURES.



Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

TWO PAIRS OF GREAT BLUE HERON ON NESTS: THE BREEDING GROUNDS OF THESE BIRDS HAVE BECOME RESTRICTED AND RENDERED UNSAFE BY THE EXTENSION OF AGRICULTURE, WHICH IS ENCROACHING YEARLY UPON THE FEW WILD PLACES LEFT.

THE HERRING-GULL BREED ON THE COAST OF MAINE AND WINTER TO THE SOUTHWARD, BEING ABUNDANT ABOUT ALL HARBORS AND ALONG TIDAL RIVERS FROM OCTOBER TO APRIL.

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

which they cunningly take advantage. The American bittern, when he sees the approach of man, will stand motionless among the reeds with his long bill pointing upward, seeming to know that in color and in general shape he resembles the reeds and that his long yellowish green legs help in deceiving man into the belief that he is but a clump of marsh grasses. The blue heron's coloring is much like the grayish blue waters of ponds and his long dark legs might well be mistaken for thick reeds or twigs of fallen trees. The loons and grebes will sink out of sight in the water without making the least telltale splash and swim long distances under water thus cleverly evading their enemies.

THERE are about seventy-six species of shore and water birds in North America with about eight sub-species, and many of them are vanishing so fast extermination seems imminent. The black-bellied plover or beetle-head is now only a straggler, the golden plover is rarely seen, the long-billed dowitchers are reared to occasional flocks of half a dozen or less. The Eskimo curlew has not been reported for a long time and all the other curlews have been greatly reduced in numbers. Wilson's snipe, the marbled godwit and the valuable woodcock are becoming scarce. The beautiful wood duck is also in great danger of being exterminated.

Until recent years there has been almost no protection for these birds, but the Government has been investigating the causes of the rapid disappearance of all shore birds and is taking active steps to relieve them of persecution. In the past, countless numbers of them were shot in the spring and fall along the route of migration, for they decoy readily and persistently, coming back again and again to the dangerous decoys, thus being an easy prey to the hunters. Their breeding grounds have become restricted, also rendered unsafe, because of the extension of agriculture which yearly encroaches upon the few wild places left. Many perish on the long migratory marches, some by sudden cold storms and some from exhaustion, for many of the stronger winged ones fly from Nova Scotia to northern South America, a distance of about two thousand five hundred miles without a pause for rest. They sometimes drop into the sea a few miles or even rods from the shore, unable to continue the journey. Another reason for their decreasing numbers is that they lay but a few eggs at a time,—generally but three or four and only once a year, so that their injured flocks are not readily renewed.

Protective laws to shorten the open season and to prohibit spring shooting, which is their nesting time, are being urged in many States. The recent enactment of a State law in New York, prohibiting

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

shooting and sale of ducks in the spring has had a markedly beneficial effect. At Palm Beach, Florida, where ducks are protected, they increase rapidly and become almost tame, showing how easily the confidence of wild creatures can be won. At San Luis Valley, California, is a protected enclosure around an artificial pond fed by artesian wells, showing the possibilities of providing protective districts.

Close seasons have been established until nineteen hundred and fifteen in Massachusetts for the piping plover, in Massachusetts and Louisiana for killdeer and in Massachusetts and Vermont for the common plover. This is certainly a move in the right direction and as a better understanding of their great economic value to agriculturists and to the health of the community at large is reached, defenders of these feathered servitors will arise in other States, who will see that protective laws are passed.

According to the Bureau of Biological Survey of nineteen hundred and eleven, the birds who do good service in destroying mosquitoes and their larvæ are the Northern and Wilson's phalarope, stilt pectoral, the Baird, least and semipalmated sandpiper, the killdeer and plover. These birds and all shore and water birds whose economic worth cannot be overestimated are also a great addition to the beauty and interest of our country. They are in truth valuable national resources and the silencing of their melodious, plaintive calls would rob us of much that has given us deep joy. How we have been stirred by the wild calls of the geese as they fly past in the night on their mysterious migrations! What if we were never again to hear the loon sobbing out the very spirit of the lonesome lake! How strange a storm along the shore of the sea without the vibrant thrilling call of the petrel rising above the storm, as if it were the voice of the wind itself!

Because the majority of these birds breed in the far North, near the Arctic Circle, even to the known limits of land, they are migrants in the United States. In past years the prairies of the Mississippi Valley formed a great highway for their migration, and they would alight on the lakes and great rivers to feed and rest. But the vast flocks belong to the past, even as the buffalo herds are now known only in memory. The Government has made some effort to protect districts where they can alight and feed in safety, and has been experimenting with wild rice, wild celery and other food, for water fowl, with the hope of restoring the popularity of depleted sections and thus increasing the wild ducks and geese. The purpose being to restock the ponds and waterways with their foods, so that the birds will rest there, and breed in security.

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

IF THE owners of large estates would make some effort to sow or plant the ponds, boggy places and the tide flats near their land they would not only be of benefit to the whole community, but would find they had added a great feature of interest and delight to their own homes. The favorite vegetable food of wild ducks, which is wild rice, celery and the many pondweeds, may be transplanted or sown in almost any section of the United States, so that old grounds can be restored and new ones created. These plants thrive best on a mud bottom, though they will grow in sand and on tide flats, but are not adapted to stagnant water.

It is comparatively new in America to raise water fowl commercially, yet a few such experiments have recently been tried that have been financially successful. The birds are pinioned or clipped to prevent their flying away, and soon learn to feel at home in their new quarters, many of them becoming quite tame. The pretty little plover, godwits and snipe, the stately herons, cranes, storks, the noblest of all water fowl, the swans, will breed and thrive in natural or artificial ponds if fed and cared for properly. The demoiselle cranes will follow one about in their dignified, long-stilted way, the great and little blue heron are easily tamed. Sea-gulls, pelicans, flamingoes, stilt-plover, sandpipers, avocets, turnstones, curlew, sanderlings, godwits, lapwings, many teal, duck, grebes, trants, geese and swan have been successfully bred for sale, being sold to city parks, for private estates and for the market.

That the sentiment for bird protection of all kinds is growing is proven by the fact that the Government has established fifty-five reservations where they are fully protected and in many cases fed during the winter months. The National Association of Audubon Societies also maintains a number of reservations patrolled by dependable wardens who report also upon the number and species of birds that breed in their districts. They have several islands under protection, where the shore and water birds feel safe and resort yearly at the nesting period. They have established a number of reservations along the coast of Florida, in addition to those of the Government. The great delta of the Yukon River in Alaska is one of the most important protected regions for shore birds. There is another at Breton Island, Louisiana, Siskiwit, Lake Superior, one at Arch Rocks in the Pacific Ocean and Bird Rock in the Atlantic Ocean.

Raising wild geese, duck and swan for commercial purposes bids fair to become a paying industry here in America because the flavor of wild game is valued by many epicures above that of their domesticated descendants.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-THREE



HERE are many advantages in planning cottages in quadrangular groups. The arrangement offers pleasanter and safer places for children to play in, wider and more cheerful outlooks from windows, and comparative immunity from dust and noise. This method of planning makes it possible to obtain architectural effects beyond any that can be gained for cottages in rows, and the utter dreariness of the long row is eliminated. Instead of each cottage being a unit of design, the quadrangle as a whole becomes that unit, and the scale is one which offers opportunities for a bigger and broader treatment, capable of a pleasant relationship between the sizes of the buildings and the spaces onto which they front. Cottages built around squares or closes demand no sacrifice in economy of land, and as the space between any cottage and those which come opposite to it on a square is greater than it would be on a street, each cottage becomes more private and less conspicuous. This plan also would tend to foster that corporate feeling which is at present so weak and so difficult to nurture among cottage dwellers.

At present the cottager has not begun to realize the economies in time and money which coöperation would effect for him, and though his wife would gain even more than he would, she is perhaps further away from it than he is. When will people understand that the number of things they may enjoy is practically only limited by their ability

to substitute the sharing in great things for the exclusive possession of small things? When will they realize that through the medium of coöperation all may enjoy a share of many advantages, the individual possession of which can only be attained by a few?

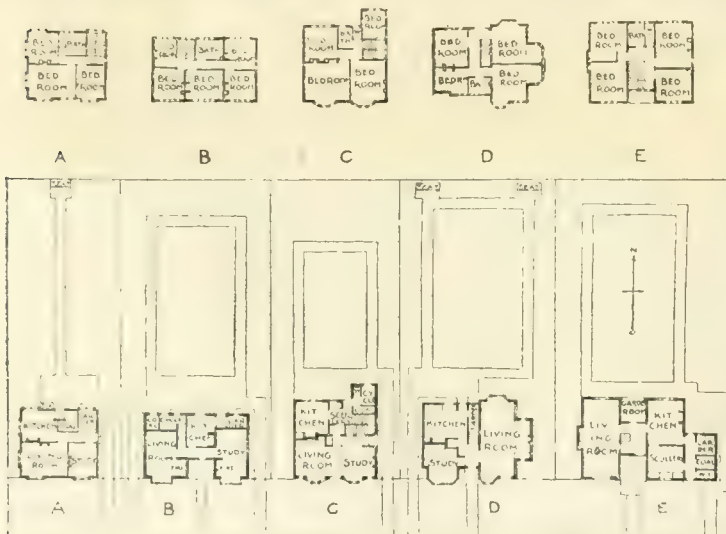


DIAGRAM ONE.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS TO FURNISH OUTLOOK UP AND DOWN THE STREET.



See page 54.

VIEW OF STUDY AND ENTRANCE
LOBBY IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.
GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM FROM
STUDY IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.



See page 54.

SECOND VIEW OF LIVING ROOM FROM
STUDY IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.
FIREPLACE CORNER OF LIVING ROOM
IN HOUSE D, DIAGRAM ONE.

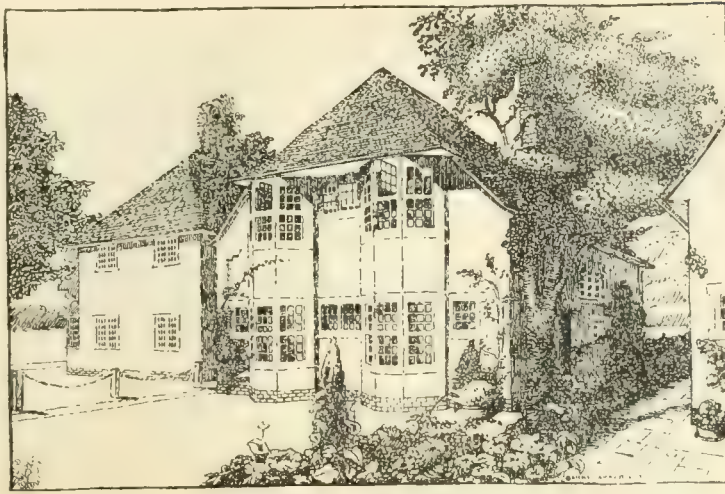


Bury Barker & Raymond Unwin, Architects

A HOUSE IN DERBY, ENGLAND, SHOWING TWO GROUPS OF WINDOWS SET DIAGONALLY, ONE GROUP AT THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE, AND ONE RECESSED IN THE FRONT WALL.

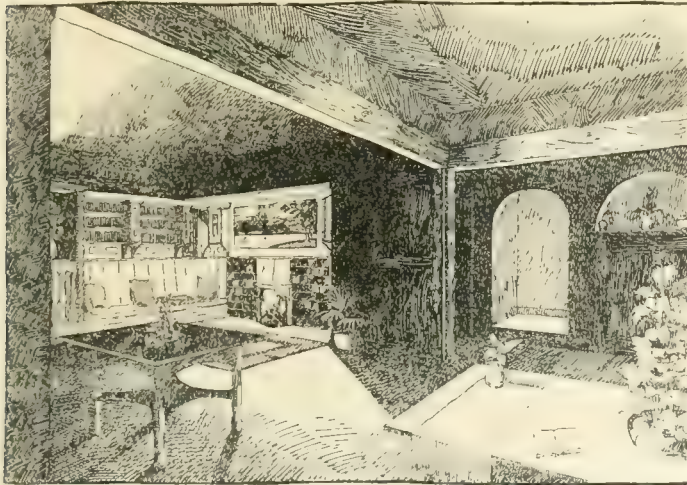
COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

Nothing could be more wasteful both of first cost, and expense of maintenance and labor, than the way in which hundreds and thousands of little inefficient kettles are heated on Monday mornings in small,



PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.

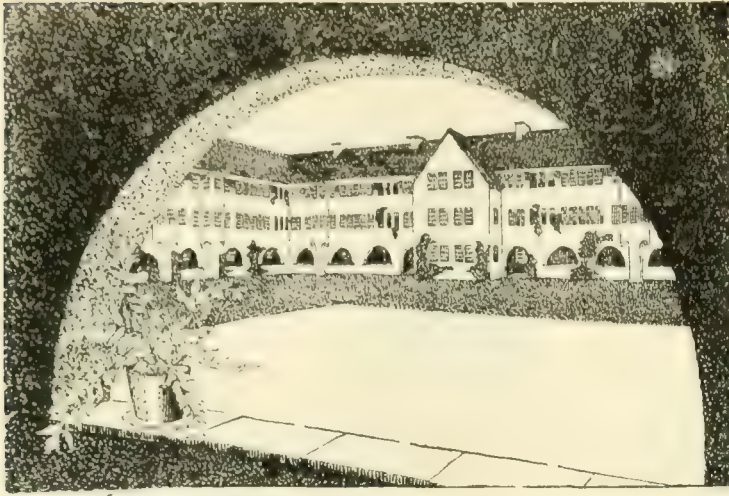
badly equipped sculleries to do insignificant quantities of washing, and fill the house with steam. Here, at least, one would think it possible to take a step in the direction of coöperation. Where cottages are built around quadrangles, how simple it would be to provide a small well-arranged laundry with proper facilities for heating water, plenty of fixed tubs with taps to fill and empty them, properly heated drying rooms and a children's playroom. The distance from the laundry to each cottage using it must not be too great, and such laundries should be accessible without passing through a street. As the opportunities which coöperation makes possible come to



PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.

be realized, the probability is that a boiler would be erected near this common laundry, from which pipes carrying hot water into every cottage would be laid. Common rooms in which to read and entertain friends would be a natural progression along these lines, and some of these

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING



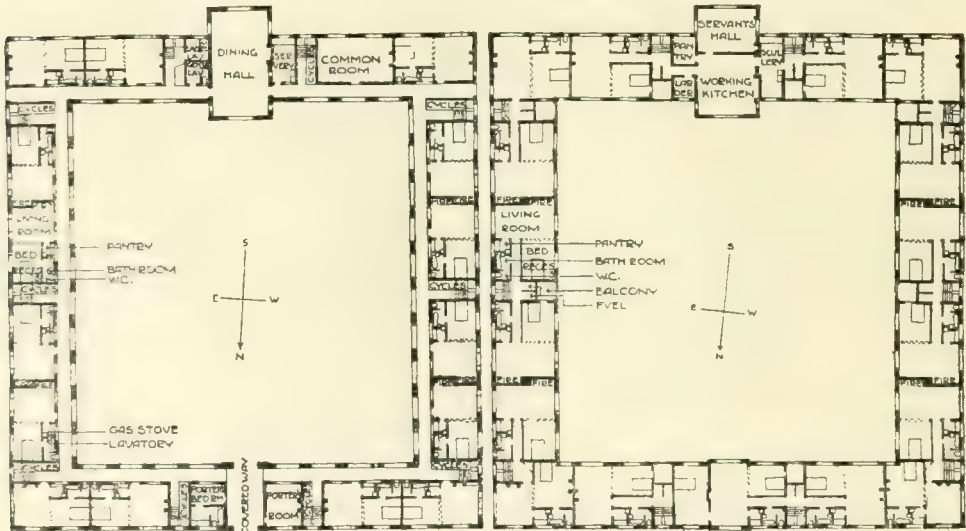
ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS SHOWING CLOISTERED WALK.

quadrangles might even become associated homes, with common dining rooms and kitchens.

But if the average cottager is still far from seeing the advantages of coöperation in this respect, many thinking people are more alive to

it. A large number of these people are seeking the advantages of living in associated homes, and even coöperative housing; among them are many in those rapidly increasing classes,—business women and bachelors who make their home in rooms.

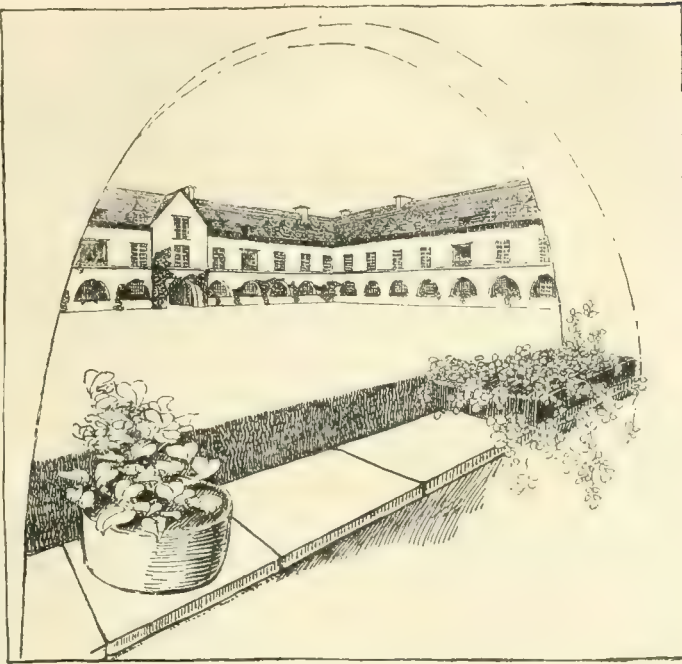
We give here plans and sketches of some associated homes, designed for people interested in coöperation, for a site in Brussels. In each flat there is a large living room with a bed recess which can be closed off from the main body of the room, a bathroom, a pantry



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS OF ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS.

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

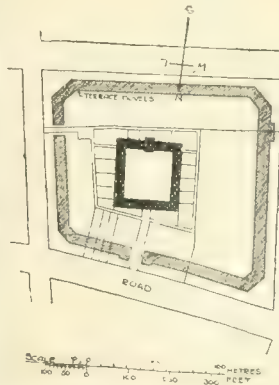
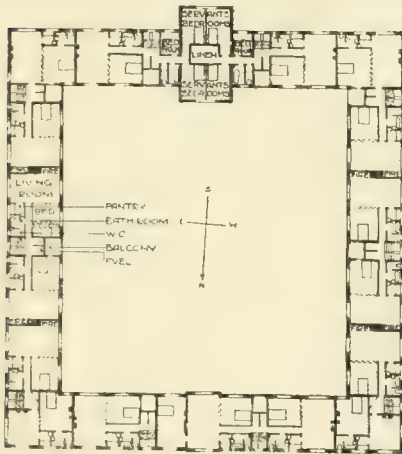
with sink and gas stove in it, a coal place and a lavatory. There is accommodation for bicycles on the ground floor, and each alternate flat on the upper floors has an open balcony. The living room in every flat on the east or west side of the quadrangle, being a through room, gets both east and west sunlight, and has one window looking out into the court and one looking out onto the gardens



SECOND VIEW OF ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS.

which surround the whole building. In order to enable the occupant of any flat to go under shelter to the common rooms or to another flat, a cloistered walk runs around the quadrangle on the ground floor. In addition to the flats, the block of buildings contains common room, common dining room and kitchens, and servants' quarters, with

accommodations for the manager. There are forty-nine flats. Think for a moment of the economy that can be effected by common cooking alone,—of the obvious extravagance of forty-nine separate small households cooking one of forty-nine small dinners on one of



THIRD FLOOR AND BLOCK PLAN FOR ASSOCIATED HOMES.

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

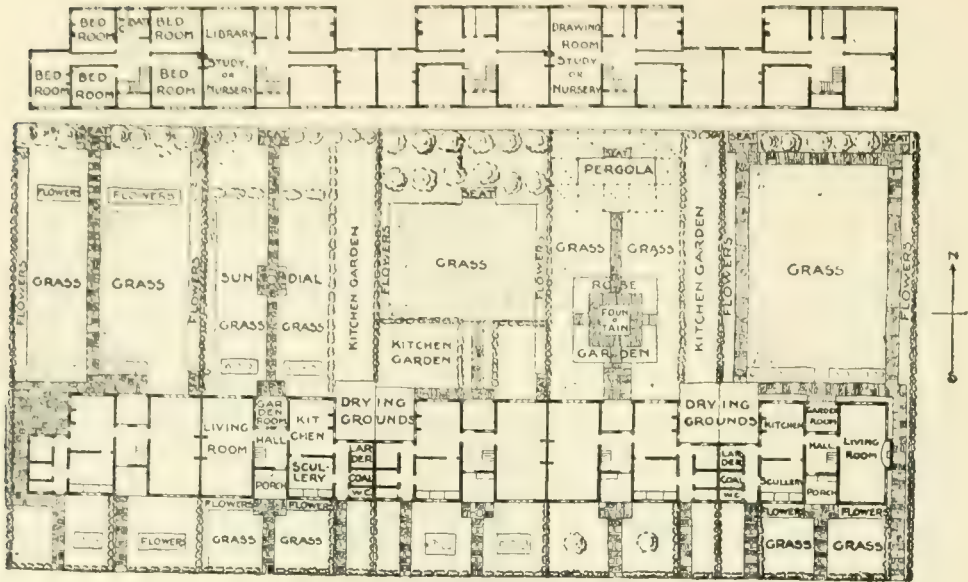


DIAGRAM TWO, SHOWING A ROW OF TERRACE HOUSES

forty-nine small ranges, using and washing one of forty-ninesets of pans, when one cook with the help of a kitchen maid and one fire and a really effective cooking apparatus could do the work for all.

At the same time the occupants of a flat need only avail themselves of as much as they choose of the accommodation open to all. They can do such cooking as they like in their own flats, by means of the fireplaces and gas stoves provided there, and may live as completely isolated a life as they wish. Hot water could be laid to all baths, lavatories and sinks in the flats, from the boilers in the central

block, and such domestic help as is needed in any of the flats could be provided from the administrative block, at a fixed rate per hour.

Associated homes such as I have been suggesting are scarcely less practicable when they have

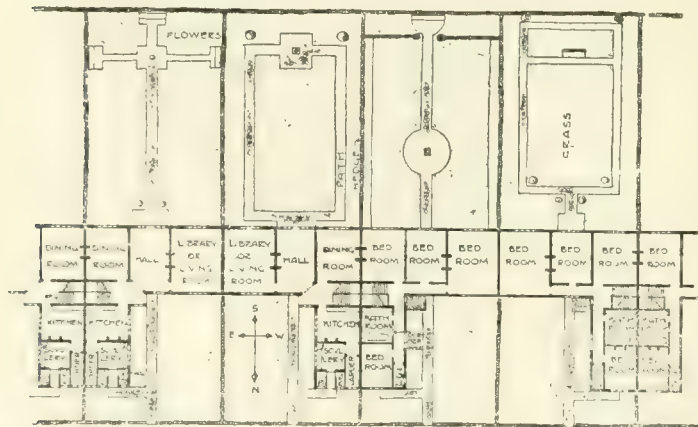


DIAGRAM THREE: A SECOND ROW OF TERRACE HOUSES.

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

the accommodation necessary for a family than when they have to meet the requirements of individuals only, as is the case in the Brussels homes illustrated here. The households which can afford one fire only would not necessarily have it in a cooking range, but could have the comfort of a sitting-room fire, and those households which under ordinary conditions would burn two or more fires would probably burn one less. In addition to this economy the community would be benefited by an abatement of the smoke nuisance, for this nuisance in large towns is not so much created by the comparatively small number of factory chimneys as it is by the large number of domestic fires. One has but to experience the cleanness of the atmosphere of an Italian town to have forcibly brought home this advantage that an Italian town has over an English town, as the domestic fire in Italy is a rarity.

We must also remember that any system involving material waste stands self-condemned from an ethical standpoint. In associated homes for families many further developments of the coöperative principle naturally suggest themselves. Common gardens greater in extent than could be included within the quadrangle could be laid out. Something in the nature of a small hospital, while not only facilitating greater comfort for the sick and more efficient nursing than it is possible to obtain in small houses, would also obviate the necessity of each household having its own limited preparations for illness. Also, the only child, being a member of a larger community, would have some of the advantages that now belong only to the child with brothers and sisters.

Viewing the suggestion from the standpoint of the planner of houses, associated homes would mean an increase in many advantages which the house in a terrace may have over the detached house built in close proximity to other houses. To make this plain, we give here the plans and sketches of a row of six houses and some interior and exterior photographs of one or two of the houses of which the row is made up. (See Diagram One.) We also give plans for houses in a terrace or quadrangle. (Diagram Two.) In both instances the road runs on the south side of the houses. Assuming that the size of the plot and, therefore, the width of frontage is the same in each case, the entire frontage, both on the road and garden side of the house, is available for the terrace and not for the detached house, because in the latter case some of it has to be expended on the awkward gaps between the houses. The expense of one exterior wall to each house is saved and the wider frontage makes it possible to devote to any room the outlook over the garden or over the street or both, as may be wished. The coal places and other outbuildings and the drying grounds may be placed between the houses, leaving the out-

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look over the garden unobstructed and unmarred. In the terrace the doubtful advantage of having windows overlooking gaps between the houses is, of course, gone; but, as I have said before, in the terrace house with a sufficiently good party wall, especially if the outbuildings are arranged between each two houses, there are fewer disturbances from sight and sound of neighbors than in the detached house. This is partly because the houses are planned with no windows overlooking neighboring houses. In the terrace house it seems to be essential for the principal living room to run through from front to back, so that (should the street run on the south side of the house) the view over the garden may be enjoyed, and the room still have a south window to secure sunshine. If the direction of the street be north and south, it is no less important for the principal living room to be a through room, as this would secure for it both east and west sunshine and the views over both garden and street. Of course, many would hold (and local conditions more frequently than not would force me to take the same stand) that houses should be placed at the north end of a plot when a road runs on the south side of a terrace or row of houses, so that the gardens may be on the south side of the houses and the principal windows may overlook them. But this arrangement has several disadvantages, the chief one perhaps being that the gardens become less private, as callers and errand boys will have to pass through them in order to reach the houses. There is also the expense (which is often sufficient to prevent the adoption of this plan) entailed by the length of sewer, gas and water mains. Another disadvantage which applies to every house with a south aspect is that the view from the windows, whether it be of distant objects or nearby gardens, is of the shady side, whereas a house facing north commands the sunny side of everything which is in front of it. Thus the house with a north aspect has a compensating advantage.

In an earlier article I have pointed out how, by arranging the rooms so that their principal windows look out diagonally, some of the disadvantages of detached houses in rows may be minimized by substituting a view up and down the street for that of the houses on the other side of the street. The bay windows in some of the houses illustrated here in Diagram One have this advantage to some extent, and the angle bays and the windows set diagonally in the recess in front of the house in Derby, also illustrated here, have been planned with this object in view. In the past, terrace houses have not always been planned so as to secure the advantages enumerated here. There are many instances where the frontage has been very limited and, therefore, the outbuildings have been put on the garden side of the house, which is, of course, quite as much of a disadvantage

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

here as it is in the detached house built on a comparatively narrow plot. My contention is that, given the same width of frontage as would be devoted to detached houses in close proximity to one another, the advantages are almost all on the side of the terrace house, for then it can be designed with two fronts, one overlooking the garden and the other the road. One type of house only is shown in Diagram Two, but, of course, this house would not do on sites with the road on the north side; here something designed on the lines of Diagram Three would be required. Neither would the accommodation it provides fulfil all requirements. Instead of the garden room many tenants would prefer a dining room, others a third sitting room on the ground floor, and so on. Some again would prefer not to have the kitchen overlooking the garden. There are few things in which we show our inherent, if thoughtless, selfishness more clearly than we do in our general acceptance of the idea that any outlook is good enough for the kitchen, and that it is not desirable to have it overlook the garden. We lose sight of the disparity between our own loss and the gain to our servants in having cheerful exposures for the service part of the house, and also of the fact that an occasional inconvenience to ourselves amounts to nothing when compared with the enormous difference it may make to the happiness of whoever has to work in the kitchen.

The height and placing of fences on an estate often give some indication of the character of the owner,—how far he considers the well-being of others and how far he is self-seeking alone. There are few things which are more often made the instruments of thoughtless cruelty than are high fences. We see them erected in front of cottages which would otherwise overlook a park. In some instances they are so close to the cottages as to militate seriously against sanitation; in other instances it is only the great detraction from the sum of happiness in the cottagers' lives which is evident.



COTTAGES ON THREE SIDES OF A QUADRANGLE.

A CHANT OF SPRING



SONG of dreary days

And ways forlorn,

Before the lambs like lily buds appear

Scampering amid the herds of sanguine, foolish sheep

That through the meadow hoof their way sedately;

When the cold winds of March have called only

A single crow from woodlands far away;

When pines have scarcely dreamed of greener days,

Yet dreaming, thrill with pleasure through their veins,

And softer glow.

Beside our cottage door the rambling rose,

A naked, thorny shoot, has slowly brightened;

Upon the hill, a fire, a ruddy fire of spring,

In stalks of underbrush the landscape lightened.

There is a music in the wandering air,

When stars are bright and all the world is bare,

A music wild and rare.

Thrilled to the core, the poplar's single purpose

To reach unto that mystic dome above us;

The bending, waving, undulating motion

And curves that tell of quaint caprice and notion

Of myriad trees; the gracious airs and ways

Of tall centurions, or fantastic plays

Of trees that dance and caper all their days—

All these would still proclaim in forest gloaming,

When stars come out and winds have hushed their moaning—

Would tell how all the forest doth respond.

To strains supernal.

Sometimes, I think, the air with joy is ringing,

Far overhead the stars still solemn singing,

Forever joy and life its rapture flinging.

See, when the summer time to fullest seeming

The things of earth has brought—

In August days, when incense fills the air,

Of pines and flowers and herbs, like old wine flowing,

From the pure wine press of the wild grape growing in the warm sun:

The loon sends o'er the lake his soft, low call.

The cricket chirps, the lisping katy-did

After a hush begins again in chorus.

Tender, yet rapturous, the music swells.

Joy takes his lordly flight

Across the moor, and in the darksome glen

Makes pure the night.

A CHANT OF SPRING

O thou, dear heart, who in the twilight walketh,
And in the starry time, alone,
Thou who hast wondered at the eternal chanting,
The wailing from the depths of stately forests and boundless sea,
Wherefore thy wonder?

Hath not some luscious melody fashioned thee,
Some music more divine played on thine hungering ear,
Far lovelier than the darkened forests hear?

For thou, beloved, art sweeter than the lilies,
Thy hands are fair, and thou art full of beauty;
So tall and fair thou art, so lithe and youthful,
Godlike thou movest, and thou art very fair.

There came a form and spoke.

His hand was on a golden harp, his voice like the sounding sea.

"Surely thou knowest the influences that are sent from the Pleaides.
The spirit of jasmine and roses, and the blue of Hesperides;
In the awful gloom of the mountain storm
Thou exuldest, and over the heights art borne;
Thou walkest, and each footfall keeps time
To some exquisite minstrelsy:

For thou art very sweet and passing fair."

Now he has gone away who spoke to me.
And silence reigns where once was melody.
His voice that sounded like the sighing sea,
His eyes that softly turned and looked on me,
Their glory yield no more.

And I am left alone with heart aflame,
A pale white flame of longing and desire.
I journey far beyond the farthest star—
Into the depths I plunge—to quench that fire.
But all things whisper to me, "Peace, be still!
Wait thou, and time shall all thy wants fulfil."

So I, who am afire, along the shore
Will linger till they come to me once more,
All those celestial ones we dream and know
Have waited for us since the long ago.

Unsheathed, before us now the mountains stand;
In naked elegance the woods are waiting the dainty pipes of spring.
Go softly, too, and in the light of Heaven
And the cool dews that soon will fall where roses grow
Refresh thyself: in His warm love refresh thyself,
Nor tempt the white flame passion of Heaven for thee.

BLANCHE ABLESON.

A FRIENDLY GARDEN WITH PICTURESQUE FEATURES AND MANY FLOWERS



ALMOST anyone can start a garden or a picture, but only an artist can finish one perfectly, for it is much easier, as everyone knows, to lay in pictures and to plan gardens than it is to bring them to satisfactory completion. The first bold sweeping strokes and plans are always full of promise, appealing strongly to the imagination, but when each detail has been carefully worked out the result is generally disappointing. "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive" could well be paraphrased into a garden epigram: "It is better to plant joyfully than to have finished." The average gardener, whether professional or amateur, finds greater joy in seeing his garden respond to his care, than in walking about in it after the last vine has been trained, the last weed removed from the lawn. It is well not to attempt to do in one year all the beautiful things that a garden spot suggests, but let it grow in grace like a child, passing leisurely through the charming stages of infancy and youth, not desiring it to spring at once into full glory, as Athena sprang from the mind of Jove. So do not call in the services of an army of workmen who would magically remove huge trees from one spot to another, lay out paths, build pergolas and arbors and set out thousands of potted plants according to the chart of a professional landscape gardener. Some main plan, of course, there must be, but the wisest of designers cannot foresee all the details required to make a garden the lovable place it should be.

If you were given a garden with only the large sweeping strokes, as it were, in evidence—the groups of trees, stretches of lawn, drive-ways, buildings—and a large assortment of seeds, slips, roots, bulbs and young plants to set out in it, the one thing uppermost in your mind should be not to mar, to cut up these main features by unrelated details, for the large features correspond to the masses in a picture, without which the whole looks insignificant. They give a sense of spaciousness, and their impressiveness must be retained and not cheapened or ruined by overornamentation. Naturalness must be the aim when adding the details, as it was when laying out the ground in the first place. In nature one finds an infinitude of detail in even a small space, but everything appears inevitable, as if the whole scene were improvised rather than composed.

One of the most charming features for a large garden is a flower-strewn grass patch. Could any formal arrangement of crocuses exceed in beauty those that are "star scattered through the grass?" Some Indian summer day take a basket of daffodil, narcissus and crocus bulbs on your arm and wander down by the pool, up the

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

slope of a hill, on the lawn by the house, and scatter them as designlessly as though you were Demeter herself leaving a trail of flowers over the land. Make a hole in the ground with a sharp-pointed stick and push the bulb in, covering it firmly. This is all that is needed if the ground be loose and rich, taking care also to set them below the reach of frost. Colonies of them can be set out in one spot, a few scattered nearby, so that they will have the appearance of having come to live in your garden of their own accord. They will multiply and thrive happily with no more attention, for if left to their own devices they do much better than when disturbed continually. A mass of white poet's narcissus on the bank of a brooklet, yellow daffodils straying through the grass of an old orchard, pink, white and rose trilliums carpeting a grove, snowdrops, snowflakes and crocuses on the lawn of the house, or a drift, anywhere, of one of the sweetest flowers that grow, the blue squill, would quicken the heart of the veriest dullard, while a poet would pass by a formal crescent or star-shaped bed of them unmoved.

The best daffodils to naturalize in grass are the golden spur, emperor, P. T. Barr, Sir Watkin, double Van Sion, Horsfieldi. Jonquils, also at their best among grasses, must not be overlooked. The Dutch campernell, rugulosus, heminalis, are hardy, vigorous species. Good narcissii are poeticus praecox and ornatus.

ROCKS are one of the most effective mediums in the hands of a wise gardener in bringing about informality and emphasizing natural beauties. Selected flat field stones or split boulders make the most delightful flight of steps to an arbor or lookout, as one of the accompanying photographs proves. The tangle of rhododendrons, mountain laurel and ferns that encroach upon the steps, the big lichen- and moss-covered boulders among the evergreen and deciduous trees at the top make a romantic wildwoods picture hard to improve upon. In another photograph is shown a flight of stone steps that jut directly from the wall with a charming informality. The flowers and vines of the garden crowd up to the steps, trail over the wall, creep up the side of the house and border the paths in delightful profusion, yet with a certain trimness that harmonizes finely with the evenly chiseled stonework. Still another way of using stones is illustrated where they support the bank of a terrace and provide three steps to the terrace garden. The few boulders left where they were found or else purposely rolled to the side of the wall add to the naturalness of the delightful picture. If high boulders at the edge of the lawn appear too conspicuous and bare they can be partially screened with any of the rock-loving wild flowers, such

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

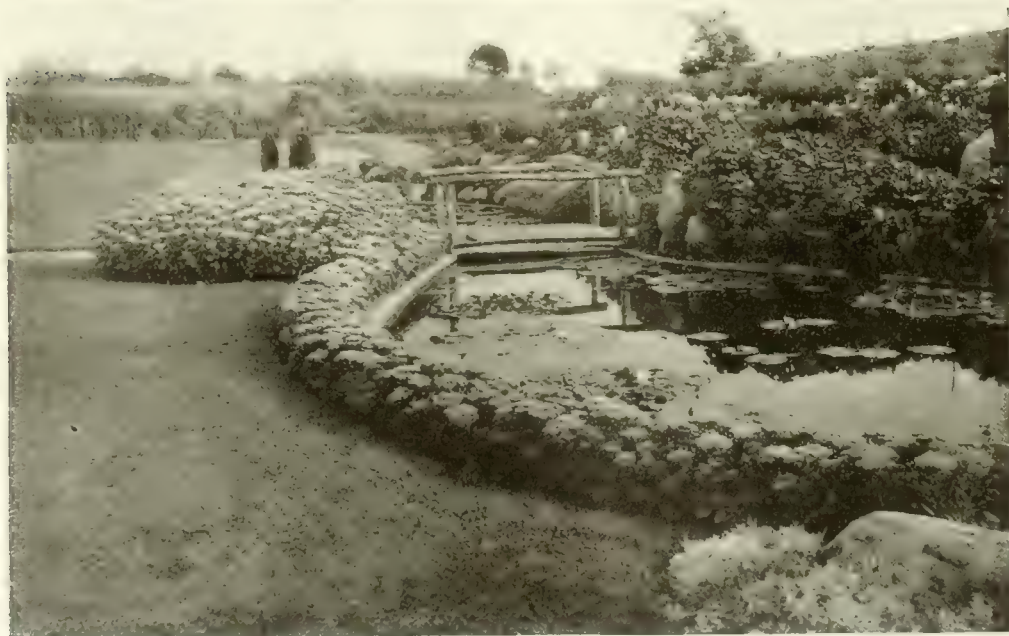
as ox-eyed daisy, Queen Anne's lace, wild roses, golden rod. If the boulder be in some shady, moist place, plant hepaticas, violets, columbine, rock ferns or other graceful flowers which will appreciate such a gray, staunch windshield.

Though many people give perennials the full value due them as aids in bringing color and grace to a garden, they frequently undervalue the flowering shrubs. No plant can surpass a shrub for beauty when it is in full bloom, so every garden should have as many as it is possible to find room for. About ninety-five per cent. of the shrubs bloom in May or June, so the garden will be a riot of color during these months, the annuals and perennials beginning and ending the carnival of beauty and fragrance. One of the loveliest of all shrubs is Van Houtte's spirea. Its perfume scents a whole garden and the large clusters of white flowers hang in heavy masses, bending the branches in graceful curves to the ground. Bridal wreath is another deservedly popular shrub with numberless little rosettes of double white blossoms clustered thickly on drooping branches. No garden seems complete without the fragrant and lovely lilac, weigela, syringa, snowball, and no modern shrubs can supplant them in our hearts. The shrubs that bloom sometimes even while the snow whitens the earth must be given place, because they announce the coming of spring as certainly as the bluebird or robin. Pussy willows, golden bells, redbud, magnolia, Japanese flowering crab are always eager to shake out their blossoms. Shrubs that can be used with groups of trees to bring about a natural tangled wildwood effect are the dogwood, elder, sumac, chokecherry, wild plum, bush honeysuckle. For hedges and windbreaks use the California privet, if you want a quick-growing one, or the white thorn, mallow, barberry or Rose of Sharon. The broad-leaved evergreen shrubs are almost the most useful and beautiful things that can be grown in a garden. They enliven the landscape in the winter with their polished, shapely leaves, their blossoms are exquisite in color and form and they are hardy and dependable in every way if given proper attention. Directions for planting and culture were given in the March nineteen hundred and twelve issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Lilies planted among these evergreens thrive better than when in a bed by themselves, for their roots being well shaded are kept moist and cool, a most important item of lily culture. The golden banded Japanese lily is a general favorite for planting in such conditions. It sends a tall stalk of showy white blossoms, spotted with purple and banded with yellow that are sometimes eight inches across and blossom profusely in August and September. The orange-red Humboldt and American Turk's cap lilies grow to a height of five feet or more and appear at their best when grown among the



AN OCTAGONAL SUMMERHOUSE ON A HILL TERRACE: A GRACEFUL LINE OF WALK AND ROUGH ROCKS: DWARF PINES, JAPANESE UMBRELLA PINES, LAUREL AND AZALEA FURNISH COLOR IN THE WINTER.

INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF STONE STEPS BUILT IN THE CORNER OF A WALL, WITH MOUNTAIN LAUREL, DICTAMNUS, DWARF PHLOX, HOLLYHOCK, EUONYMUS IN THE GARDEN.



TWO VIEWS OF A SMALL JAPANESE WATER GARDEN BORDERED WITH SEDUM, MOSS VERBENA, AMPELOPSIS, BUSH CATALPA, RUDBECKIA, DIANTHUS, CHRYSANTHEMUMS: THE THATCHED ARBOR ADDS AN INTERESTING AND CHARACTERISTIC NOTE.

THE PICTURE AT THE RIGHT IS AN EXCEL-
 LENT EXAMPLE OF TREATMENT OF STONE
 STEPS BORDERED WITH LAUREL, RHODO-
 DENDRON AND FERNS LEADING TO WOOD-
 LAND GROUP OF HEMLOCK AND DECIDUOUS
 TREES.



MAXIMUM
 AND CATAW-
 BIENSE
 RHODODEN-
 DRONS WILL
 THRIVE
 EVEN UNDER
 THE HEAVY
 SHADE OF
 SPRUCE
 TREES AS
 SEEN IN
 THE PICTURE
 ABOVE.



INFORMAL TERRACE GARDEN WITH
 RETAINING WALL OF ROUGH STONES.



GARDEN WALK OF BRICK LEADING TO A SUMMER HOUSE, BORDERED WITH A CALIFORNIA PRIVET HEDGE, STANDARD BAY TREES, BOX BUSHES AND LAUREL; A GARDEN THUS PLANNED WITH PERMANENT FEATURES, SUCH AS ARBORS AND WALKS, AFFORDS SECLUSION AND SHELTER FROM THE GLARE AND HEAT OF THE SUN IN SUMMER, AND CAN NEVER BE A DESOLATE SPOT EVEN IN WINTER: FOR THE TREES AND SHRUBS OFFER PROTECTION FROM ICY WINDS, AND THE EVERGREEN VARIETIES FURNISH A COLOR NOTE WHEN IT IS MOST NEEDED.

A CHARMING TREATMENT AND LOCATION OF INFORMAL TERRACE GARDEN, WITH A TANGLE OF FLOWERS, LILY POOL AND OVERLOOK ARBOR.



AN EXCELLENT FEATURE IN BOTH OF THESE PICTURES IS THE PICTURESQUE SUMMER HOUSE. A COMBINATION OF CONCRETE AND SHINGLES, THE IDEAL SPOT FOR REST FROM GARDEN WORK AND PLAY.

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

shrubs. Good yellow lilies for such a bed are the Persian, Japanese *maximowiczii* and the *L. Canadense*. Chief among the white lilies are the Bermuda, *L. Japonicum*, annunciation. A good red lily is the Lombard. Planting lilies among the evergreen shrubs is comparatively a new custom, but offers so many advantages it bids fair to become universally popular.

JUST as no landscape seems quite complete without a glint of water somewhere, so no garden is quite perfect without a pool in which float some of the many lovely aquatic plants. There is a wealth of flowers that will thrive in a water garden even if it be but a tub sunk in the ground and filled with water from a hydrant. Many artificial pools have been made which are but holes in the ground where clay has been puddled on the bottom, though the more satisfactory ones are made of stone or concrete. Of course, there must be an inlet and an outlet to insure the gentle flow of water that will prevent stagnation. A list of the best aquatic plants was given in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for June, nineteen hundred and eleven, with descriptions of construction of the pools. We are showing two photographs of a successful water garden that has been devoted mainly to water-lilies, but it illustrates a charming treatment of the margin of the pool. Low-growing sedum have been thickly set on one side as a border and massed at the crossing of the simple little rustic bridge. This gives a much better effect than if the border had been continuous in size. Moss verbenas, rock pinks, dianthus, bush catalpa, ampelopsis are banked together on the other side, and Irish juniper and Norway spruce have been chosen to help hold living color in the winter.

A more informal treatment of the banks of a water garden is shown in another photograph where flowers have been allowed to riot and tangle to their heart's content. Phlox, double poppies, candytuft, forget-me-nots, mignonette, bleeding hearts, yarrow, sweet alyssum, double columbine grow with friendly intimacy, putting forth a profusion of blossoms that will reflect bright colors in the pool from early spring until late fall. This little pool has been particularly well located, for it glitters in answer to the lure of the river that it will eventually join, on its life-giving journey to the sea. This charming pool and garden breathe the very essence of gardens and lead us to consider two other important features of a garden,—terraces and arbors.

The name terrace suggests a grassy flower-bordered lawn, near a house, on which the members of the family can place a tea table or promenade leisurely. It presupposes a view and invites one to step from the house if only for a few minutes, to see the glory of the

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

sky and watch the cloud shadows creep over distant hills. But terraces are equally alluring on the brow of a hill, where a graceful arbor will afford protection from the heat of day or chill of night in lieu of a house. This photograph shows the delightful possibilities of such a terrace and vine-draped arbor, which leaves little to be desired in the way of garden wonders. A pool, a simple garden fragrant by day and by night, a fruit tree or two, a wonderful view, a wide expanse of sky and a cozy arbor!

AS TO the design and material of arbors or summer houses, the main suggestion, repeated again and again, must be simplicity and suitability. In another photograph can be seen an octagonal summer house of stone, serving the same delightful purpose, a shelter at the side of a terrace where one can enjoy the view shielded from the roughnesses of wind and sun. Here it receives protection from both elements, by the shield of trees. Rhododendrons, retinosporas, dwarf pines and the trim sciadopitys will give it color in the winter, while the ever cheerful nasturtiums and geraniums, stocks, asters, verbenas will add color touches in the summer. The irregular line of rocks soon to be even more attractive as the nasturtiums mature is an excellent feature, for it contributes to the naturalness of the picture. The boxes of flowers in the arches of the observatory give a homey touch, as if some friend often visited and attended them.

Pergolas have grown so into the hearts of people that it is difficult to plan a garden, no matter how small it is, without an attempt to have one of some kind. No one feature combines more of the romance and attractiveness of gardens than the useful and beautiful pergola, but the design, materials for their construction and vines for their draping have been treated so often in *THE CRAFTSMAN* that we will but urge them now as one of the garden details.

Rock gardens are cheerful, charming places that are easy to establish and that will thrive in sunny sections where nothing else will. They are especially at home on the bank of the water garden, for one complements the other. Suggestions for the making and planting of them are given on another page of this number.

Herb gardens, old-fashioned gardens, bog gardens, sunken gardens, Japanese gardens, rose plots, shrubbery walks, rustic bridges, sun-dials, fountains, tennis courts, bird tables, fern banks, can be incorporated as special features of almost any garden. They should nestle closely to one another, blend unobtrusively with large features, fit harmoniously in nooks and corners, never attracting undue attention, but sweetening and gracing every part of the whole.

THE DAFFODIL



TODAY I crossed the grass until
I met a yellow daffodil,
Who took such tiny steps and slow,
I wondered if I saw her go:
She seemed to tremble in the grass:
I stood quite still to let her pass,
And whispered soft as kelpies do,
“It’s corners make *you* dizzy too?”
I couldn’t hear one word she said:
She held her arms above her head,
And it was shiny gold, but all
The rest of her was green and tall.
I waited—*hours*—until I thought
The little way that she had got
Was making her feel shy maybe,
—And not to be as big as me:
I kissed her then and left her there
Turning the corner with great care:
I could not hear one word she said
But hoped that she was comforted.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

THE VASES OF HUGO ELMQUIST: BY EVA MADDEN



IN THE "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," there occurs, it will be remembered, a highly amusing account of the casting of his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi of Florence. In this recital, — which for its vividness, its succession of adventures, its dramatic culmination, we might well consider the epic of the act of creating by casting, — Cellini refers to the fact that in his belief there was some quality in the earth of Florence that made it especially felicitous for casting. Donatello, he adds, already had proved the virtue of its earth for that purpose, and "by great art I contrived to make a compound earth, which was of great service to me."

While the world has not always heard of the results of their labors, as with Donatello and Cellini, there has always been more or less experimenting going on by artists at Florence, in the hope, by the use of its earth in casting, of reviving some old art, or creating a new one.

Not long since, for instance, a young English girl succeeded, like Benvenuto, in making a composition earth of her own, not for casting, but for pottery. Her vases, taking inspiration and shape from Etruscan models, seemed by their beauty to prophesy their own future. Lack of capital, however, for furnaces (Benvenuto tells us that casting requires "entire strength of body and of purse," and adds something concerning the demands for fuel for firing) left this prophesy unfulfilled.

There is, however, an artist, one better known to the European world as a sculptor, at present casting vases at Florence, which, well known as they are in Germany and his own Sweden, have yet to be brought to the knowledge of Americans. Professor Hugo Elmqvist, maker of these truly notable works of modern art, has set up his own furnace in an old and disused chapel on the grounds of his villa at Ponte a Ema, to the east of the city on the slope of one of the hills overlooking the Val D'Arno. Here he does his own casting in a bronze whose composition is his discovery and secret.

His vases, as may be seen from our illustrations, are his own modifications of the recognized, or antique, vase forms. One of the most beautiful last spring became the property of Prince von Lichenstein and is now in his collection at Vienna; another, not shown here, was the last birthday gift made to the late King Oscar of Sweden by the present reigning sovereign, then Crown Prince, and a collection has been purchased by Queen Alexandra of England and taken to that country.

THE BRONZE IN WHICH THESE VASES ARE CAST, BEING ORIGINAL WITH THE ARTIST, GIVES AT ONCE A UNIQUE VALUE AND CHARM: ITS COLOR SUGGESTS BURNISHING AND IS EFFECTIVE BY ITS RICHNESS AND WARMTH AS WELL AS ITS DELICATE IRIDESCENCE.

HUGO ELMQUIST DOES HIS OWN CASTING: THE RESULT IS THAT EACH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSIONS OF HANDICRAFT ATTAINS A UNIQUE VALUE IMPOSSIBLE TO IMITATE.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF MR. ELMQUIST'S WORK IS THE COMBINATION IN HIS NATURE STUDIES OF INSECTS AND VINES: THERE IS A SENSE OF LIFE IN EVERYTHING HE PRESENTS, WHICH IS SO OFTEN LOST WHERE REALISTIC COLORS ARE NOT USED.

HUGO LINQVIST HAS CALLED TO HIS USE FOR ORNAMENT THE FOLK SPIRIT OF HIS OWN NORTH LAND, AND THE DECORATIONS OF HIS VASES ARE ALMOST ALWAYS INTERESTING OUTDOOR DESIGNS.—CRICKETS, GRASS-HOPPERS, BUTTERFLIES. ALL LIVING A FAIRY EXISTENCE ON THE BRONZE SURFACES OF THESE JARS

THE DECORATION OF THESE VASES IS RAISED, AND SUBJECTS ARE ALWAYS TREATED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND ELEMENTAL FASHION



A NEW SWEDISH CRAFTSMAN

The bronze in which the vases are cast, being original with the artist, gives them at once a unique value and charm. It possesses the power of preserving water in its freshness, it yields gracefully to the forms in its effect, and glows with a wealth of color, suggestive of burnishing, charming at once by warmth and richness as well as by its softened suggestion of iridescence.

It is, however, along the line of decoration that Professor Elmquist has made each individual vase a work of art and set himself apart as an original modern vasemaker. Disdaining to copy the conventionalized Etruscan patterns, to struggle after the Japanese, or to avail himself of the Cupids and the emotional exuberance of the Southern vasemaker of the past, he has called to his use the poetic spirit of his own North, and on the lovely vase forms has depicted the crickets, the grasshoppers, the butterflies, the small creatures of the fairy tales, utilizing also the slender stemmed and delicate-leaved plants of his own region.

On an especially beautiful vase, shown at Professor Elmquist's spring exhibition in Florence this year, the artist has used for decorative motif the wedding procession of two crickets, whose miniature coach is followed by a train of the tiny denizens of earth and air that are best known to Northern folk-lore and poetry. So exquisitely is this little scene portrayed that the admirer does unconscious tribute to that artistic dignity which can exalt and beautify any subject.

Another of these vases had for its handle a butterfly, curving, as butterflies do, its slender body as it drew close its fairylike wings.

These decorations, which are not part of the flat surfaces, but raised, by nature of their subjects depend for their success upon the poetry and delicacy of touch possessed by their maker, and it is just this poetry of execution which makes these Elmquist bronze vases so beautiful.

PROFESSOR ELMQUIST is as yet in need of a biographical introduction to Americans. His history is not unlike a Hans Andersen story, and begins in a little village in Sweden, where one morning two little boys stole away to a neighboring town and, dusty and footsore, one bearing in his arms something carefully covered, appeared at the entrance of the building where on the morrow there was to open an art exhibition, with a prize of a small sum of money for some fortunate craftsman. The two little fellows requested entrance so that they might speak with the director.

"Impossible!" cried the officials, outraged that village boys should come troubling them at the last moment.

But nothing would make the two boys take no for an answer, and

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forgetting all about how hungry and tired they were, for hours they waited until the officials, tired of the sight of them, at last passed them in, and into the hands of the august director was confined the carefully covered parcel borne for so many hours.

The director, in an indulgent way, removed the wrappings.

"Who did this?" he cried, his eyes beaming with surprised wonder.

"I," said the little fellow who had presented it.

"Your name?"

"Hugo Elmquist," the child answered, trembling.

The director had no idea who Hugo Elmquist might be, but he did know that nothing had been entered for the competition in any way equaling the miniature wall cupboard carved by the fingers of the little boy before him. The Jury being of his opinion, the prize was officially awarded the little boy carver, and back trudged little Hugo and his friend, home to the carpenter's shop of his father, and into the room where sat his mother. Into her lap went the prize of coins, and from that day forward little Hugo worked toward his goal of the artist.

His career, though rewarded by many of the honors of Sweden, was one of struggle, incessant labor, much privation and of indomitable courage. Carving left behind with childhood, the little prize-winner became one of Sweden's best-known sculptors. Winner of the Prix de Rome, Professor Elmquist studied in Italy, later returning to Paris. Here he met Fräulein Erna Wichmann of Hamburg, a water-color painter, whom he married. Returning to Sweden he entered upon his vase making, his work quickly attracting attention. King Oscar displayed royal interest in the beauty of his work and, on one occasion, had the artist bring him the model of a vase that he especially admired, so that he might write his name upon it before the casting.

For some years now Professor and Mme. Elmquist, with their three children, have made their home in Florence, and there he is constantly creating new models in bronze, as well as continuing his work as a sculptor in marble.

TO UNDERSTAND what the work of casting in bronze involves, and what labor and devotion Professor Elmquist must give to each of these vases, it is only necessary to recall for a moment Benvenuto's old story of his making his model in plaster, of his resource "to another expedient," that of earth, of his model covered with wax, of its outer coat of clay, of his firing and melting and carrying off in tubes of the wax, of the pouring of the molten

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metal into its vacated space, of his falling into fever from the heat of the furnace, and into a rage when, retiring to his bed he thought to die, his assistants let the metal cool to congealing, of how wood failing him, he dashed on all the family pewter to the number of two hundred dishes and utensils, and at last the metal flowing, how he lifted up his eyes to Heaven saying: "I acknowledge in gratitude this mercy that my mold has been filled. I fall prostrate before Thee and with my whole heart return thanks to Thy divine mercy," while the women of the family, in order to cook or serve dinner, had to go forth and replace their treasured pewter with cheap earthenware.

While Professor Elmquist's firing proceeds along more conventional and less dramatic lines, the days when his models are in the furnace are momentous, for a single negligence will bring about the ruin of the labor of months, as well as the expense of new fuel. It is the custom of Professor Elmquist to do his firing absolutely unaided, denying himself even the assistance of a man for the actual manual labor. From start to finish his vases are absolutely his own work, no other hand coming near them, a single-hearted devotion not often found in a day when haste in achievement means money. Turned out in a commercial way, these vases might mean a fortune. As it is, we have the example of an artist daring to do his work with the personal labor of the old-time craftsman.

POVERTY AND WEALTH

A NIGHTINGALE that aye escapes the thorn;
A sun that sinks unburning in the sea;
A rose by pelting raindrops never torn;
Ah this, ah this is Poverty!

A hope that stings in bruised and baffled heart;
A thought that shines from gross of self all freed;
A love that smiles through sorrow's bitter smart;
Ah this, ah this is Wealth indeed!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.



TWO INEXPENSIVE CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

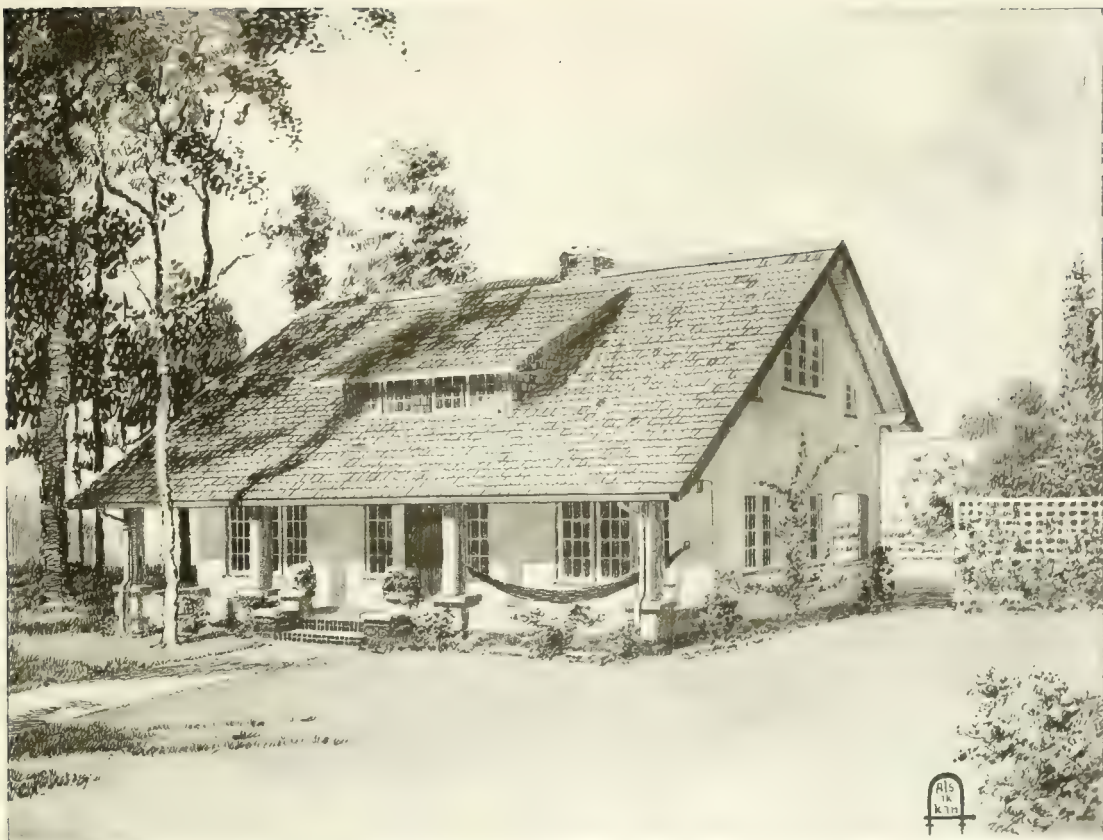
EXCELLENCE in house building depends upon good materials, careful and intelligent workmanship, and these imply a certain amount of expense, varying according to the rarity of the materials, the price of labor, and the length of time required in the making. But upon these principles have been built up strange theories of values. We have reversed things. We have come to regard expense as the infallible symbol of artistic excellence. We have used the dollar sign as a hall-mark of worth. And so great has been our eagerness to possess this outward semblance that in our haste we have failed to demand the æsthetic value and excellence of workmanship which it was supposed to represent. That is why so much of our architecture today is elaborate and costly without being beautiful. That is why our homes are filled with expensive furnishings which not only are devoid of real loveliness but are unrelated to our daily lives.

To dethrone this superstition from the hearts of the people, and set up a standard of real value in its place has been one of the chief aims of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and fortunately we are not alone in our crusade. In this country as well as abroad are clear-thinking men and women who have seen through the fabric of fallacies into the true meaning of architectural beauty, and are striving to make their vision a reality. They are pointing out that such beauty does not consist in expensive trimmings nailed upon practical (or impractical) walls; it must be an inherent quality in the building itself, the inevitable expression of wise structural purpose.

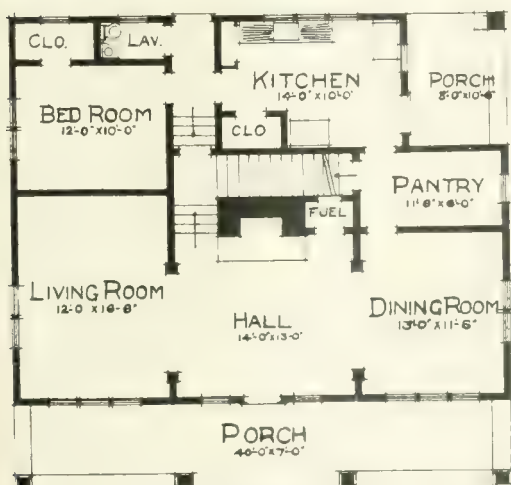
The fact that this attitude is becoming more and more popular seems evident, also, from the many letters which we are constantly receiving from people all over the

country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, asking us to design small and inexpensive homes. Most of the houses and bungalows which we have designed and published have cost a little more than these people could afford. They want something that will be easily within very moderate means, and yet which will still retain those craftsmanlike qualities of structure which have interested them so deeply in the larger and more expensive type of Craftsman building. They want to build cottages which shall cost them as little as possible, and yet shall be well-built, durable, comfortable dwellings, full of friendliness and beauty, the sort of places that will make home life and home duties a pleasure instead of a care, that will give the right kind of environment for their children to grow up in, and themselves a place in which to grow old usefully and happily.

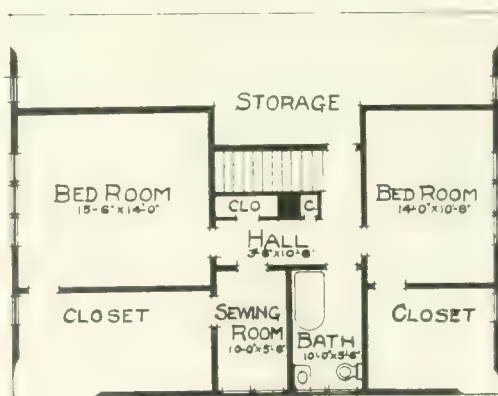
Aside from the pleasure it naturally gives us to find our ideas and plans meeting with such wide-spread appreciation among our subscribers and friends, we are glad, for impersonal reasons, to find that there is this demand. For it seems to us to denote a return of public interest to the sort of architecture which stands for sane, wholesome, happy living, the kind of homes that make for that real democracy of spirit and of practical government of which we have heard so much and seen so little. It seems to indicate that the "common" people, the people of the working class, those of limited income but increasing intelligence, are beginning to think more clearly about the fundamental facts of life and work, and to want more eagerly and earnestly the real things instead of the shams which a false civilization has offered them. It seems to denote that they are gradually ceasing to think with the thoughts of others, and beginning instead to reason things out for themselves.— simply, directly, honestly. And when they do this they will no longer be content with



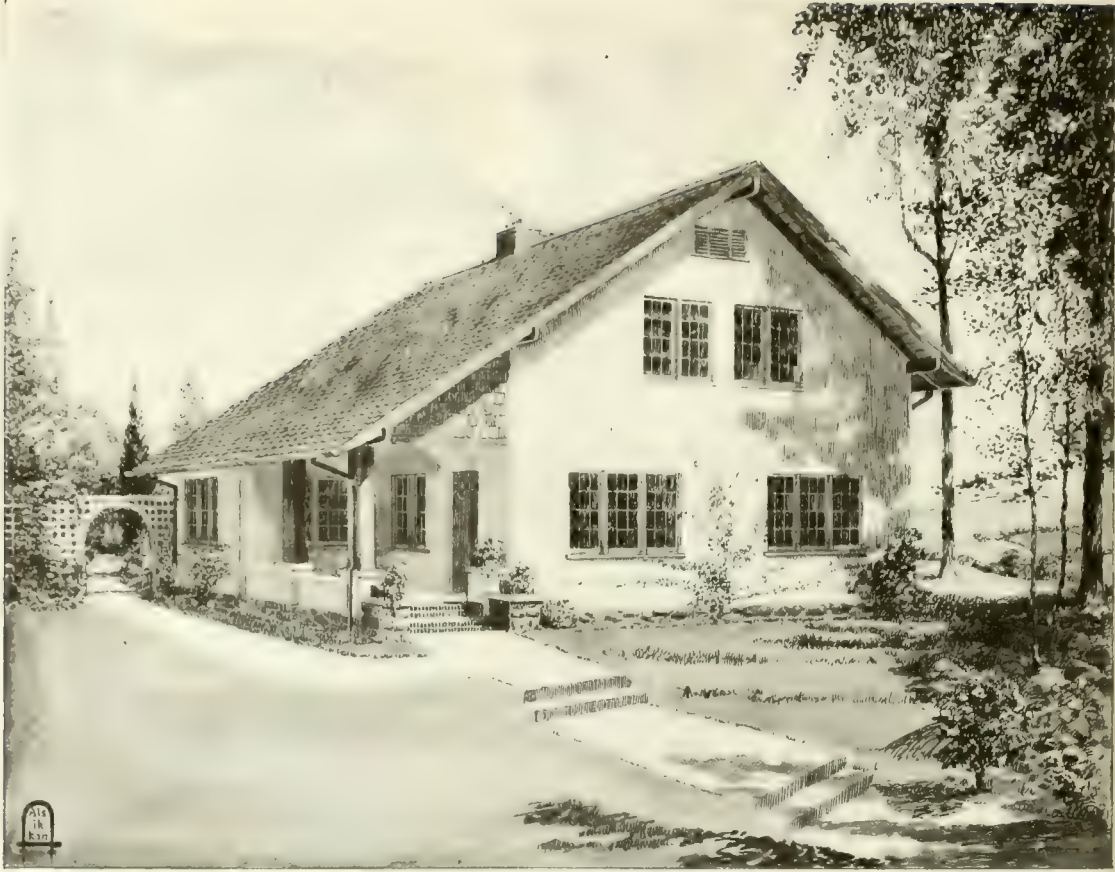
CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGE NO. 133; SIX ROOMS



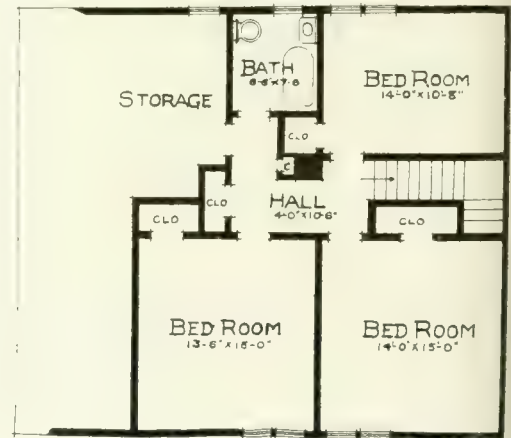
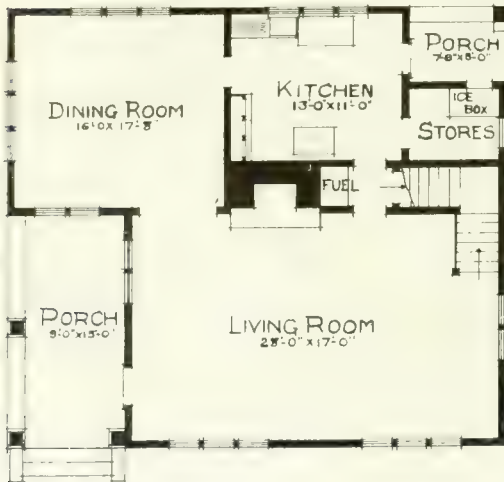
NO. 133; FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



NO. 133; SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



CRRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGE NO. 134: SIX ROOMS.



TWO CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

the clever imitations in buildings, furnishings and dress which fashion and commercialism have offered them; they will demand the sort of homes and surroundings that will make their work more efficient and their lives happier.

And if they keep on insisting upon the right sort of things long enough and earnestly enough, they will eventually get them; for architects and builders and furniture-makers will realize that it is no use trying to trick the public into buying what they do not want, into cluttering up their lives with what they have ceased to respect or believe in. They will find that if they wish to "cater to the popular taste," they must do so by giving the people the kind of things and the quality of workmanship which their awakening intelligence and sincerity demands.

It is for these people, therefore, and with these thoughts in mind, that we are presenting this month two cottages which suggest how beauty and comfort may be achieved in home-building, simply and at very little expense.

Both cottages are designed for small families in moderate circumstances, and can be built on small lots. The interiors are as compact as possible, being so planned as to reduce the cost of construction to the minimum. In both instances concrete is used on a stone foundation, with shingled roof, and the small-paned windows are all casement—being cheaper than the double-hung, as well as more picturesque. The chimneys are of brick.

A very practical and durable construction can be obtained, and the expense greatly reduced, by casting the exterior walls by the method described and illustrated in detail in the last number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—a process which includes the use of interchangeable wooden forms in which the concrete walls are cast. These forms, when removed, leave two vertical layers of concrete with a continuous layer of insulating wood between, the wall being reinforced by metal ties embedded in the concrete. Such a wall is durable, practically fireproof, and does not sweat. This method, moreover, includes a simple and satisfactory way of providing for the door and window openings while the walls are being cast.

The concrete mixture and also the shingles used for the roofs of these cottages may be tinted to whatever colors will best harmonize with the surrounding landscape. We

would suggest that each shingle be dipped first in an oil stain, the surplus stain being wiped off to avoid waste. After the shingles are laid they may be given a brush coat with the same oil stain. In the dipping process the wood absorbs the stain and is thus made permanently weatherproof and waterproof, while the brush coat equalizes the color and gives the roof a uniform tint.

We have shown no interior views of these cottages, leaving the question of trimming to the judgment and purse of the owner. The walls could be plastered and ordinary trimming used around the doors and windows, or some of the rooms could be paneled or wainscoted up to the height of a plate rail or frieze. We would recommend chestnut for use downstairs and gumwood or yellow pine upstairs. As for the flooring we have never found anything more suitable than maple.

Either cottage can be built with or without cellar, and can be heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, which, as the buildings are small, will require very little piping to carry the heat to the various rooms.

Cottage No. 133 is the larger of the two, and is an interesting example of the attainment of architectural charm by adherence to great structural simplicity. Nothing could be more unaffected than the flat walls and plain lines of the building; they are the natural result of an interior planned for comfort and economy. And yet there is an air of friendliness about the little dwelling that is irresistible. It has somehow the indefinable quality of "home." The long sloping roof, the low dormer, the square-paned windows, the little parapet around the roomy porch which hammocks or swinging seats and comfortable lounging chairs make into such a pleasant outdoor living room; the unpretentious entrance door with its three wide panels of wood and small lights in the top—all these things, while part of a most economical construction, show what can be accomplished along the lines of homelike beauty by thoughtful planning and the careful use of each structural feature.

The first impression on entering the cottage is one of hospitality. The door opens from the porch into the big square hall with an open fireplace. Wide openings lead into the living room and dining room on either side, with their pleasant window groups, so that the front part of the house gives one a sense of generous spaces, while the sepa-

TWO CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

rate rooms could, of course, be curtained off if more privacy were desired.

On one side of the fireplace the stairs go up to a landing, reached also from the rear, and thence to the second story. On the other side of the chimneypiece is a convenient fuel closet which communicates also with the cellar stairs. A large pantry is provided between dining room and kitchen and at the corner of the house is a recessed porch where much of the kitchen work can be done in fair weather. On the other side of the floor plan are the bedroom and lavatory which will serve for the maid if one is kept.

Upstairs the arrangement is equally compact. Two bedrooms, sewing room and bath open out of the small central hall, and the sloping roof in front and rear affords ample space for closets. Windows have been provided here also—an arrangement which always adds much to the convenience of a storage place. The sewing room could, of course, be used as a bedroom if extra sleeping accommodation were required.

The second cottage, No. 134, while somewhat smaller than the first, is equally attractive in its way. The porch, though not so large as in the preceding design, is even more sheltered, being recessed in the corner of the building and protected overhead by the long sloping roof. The walls, though plain, are saved from monotony by the groups of casement windows, and a few vines trained up between them would still further soften the effect, and, with their long tendrils and masses of leaves, would link the cottage to the garden about it. The stone and concrete posts and parapet likewise afford an opportunity for flowers, ferns and shrubs, which add so much to the picturesqueness of the approach, and if the cottage is in the suburbs or country, clumps of ferns could be transplanted easily and brought to beautify the place—a task that involves practically no expense and gives keen joy to those who do it. It is upon just such individual touches, in fact, that the charm of a home depends. A wall of lattice-work with arched opening such as that shown in the illustration would form a happy division between the front lawn and the garden in the rear, giving a needed sense of privacy and yet leaving a glimpse of whatever garden beauties there may be beyond it.

The interior of this second cottage is even more simple than the first. The rooms

and their partitions have been minimized, and the whole plan is one which would make the work of the housewife very light. Almost half the floor plan downstairs is occupied by the big living room, in one corner of which the staircase is placed. From this room one gets a glimpse of the dining room through the wide opening on the left of the chimneypiece, and the various window groups admit ample light and cheerfulness. The kitchen communicates with both rooms, also with a storage room in which the ice-box is placed, and with the small recessed porch in the corner.

Three bedrooms and bathroom of convenient size lead out of the upper hall, and in addition to the five closets there is a large storage place under the slope of the roof.

Unlike most of THE CRAFTSMAN house plans, these cottages contain neither fireplace nooks nor built-in furnishings. We have omitted these friendly features not because we prefer to design a house without them, but because in the present instance we have tried to make each construction as cheap as possible, and in order to reduce the expense we were obliged to minimize also the number of partitions and amount of woodwork and trimmings required in the interior. If, however, the builder cares to add a little to the cost of either plan, seats could be built in, around the hearth, in inviting corners, or beneath some of the windows.

In cottages as simple in design as these, where the interior is without any decorative interest save that afforded by the arrangement of the windows and the plain woodwork, the home-maker must rely a great deal for beauty upon the color scheme of the furnishings. If the walls are plastered, they should be tinted to some pleasant shade that will harmonize with the wood used in the floor and trimmings,—a green-gray, buff or dull yellow, not too obtrusive in tone and yet sufficient to give the keynote for the rest of the room. Rugs, portières, casement curtains and sofa pillows can all be chosen to carry out a general decorative scheme, with touches of brown and orange, or green and gold, or rich splashes of red or terra cotta, or shades of old blue, whatever welcome bits of color will bring warmth and cheerfulness into the rooms. Stenciled, appliquéd or embroidered patterns will add greatly to the interest of the hangings.

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW



HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW: BY CHARLOTTE DYER

Illustrated by Helen Lukens Gant.

LIKE most young girls I built a "castle in the air" and waited for the "fairy prince." My "castle" was a bungalow. I studied descriptions and illustrations of these pretty little houses far more earnestly than I did my Latin or the fashions, and waited. Of course, I knew I should never have a bungalow of my own until after the arrival of the "fairy prince." And at last, however, though even now it seems too good to be true, every wish is realized. My "castle," without a bump, a thump or a bruise, has settled gracefully to terra firma, and my "fairy prince" has come and has turned into a king, and we are, as the story books say, going to live happily ever after.

We started housekeeping in an apartment house, but we both hated such a life. Electric cars whizzed and rumbled in front of us, while a bull terrier and a poll parrot barked and shrieked at the back of us. We wanted to be quiet and alone, and almost at once we began looking for a ready-made bungalow into which we could move our bags and baggage, and in which we could turn our unrest into peace. We looked at scores of houses, and while we didn't feel we were especially hard to please, we couldn't find anything that just suited. We wanted a view of the mountains, and we knew we

FRONT VIEW OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, SHOWING COVERED AND PERGOLA PORCH.

wouldn't be satisfied with anything else. Several friends said: "Why don't you buy the lot you want and design and build your own house?" I told them I couldn't do such a thing as design a house, that I knew absolutely nothing about building. I kept their suggestion in mind, however, and the more I thought about it, the more I thought that perhaps I could design my house. Whenever I passed a bungalow in course of construction, I looked over the foundation, framework, finish, etc., until I acquired a certain familiarity with house construction.

About this time I met a woman whose business was that of designing and building houses to sell. She was most proficient in her line, in fact, had made a small fortune in this work. She encouraged me to go ahead and build my bungalow, saying she would be glad to help me in any way. These talks with her gave me inspiration and courage, and very soon I began the actual planning and superintendence of our home. I decided not to engage an architect. I knew exactly what I wanted, and so often an architect will insist on incorporating his own ideas, and I wanted just us, my husband and myself, in the "thought" of our home. I wanted a bit of our personality driven in with every nail.

We now began lot hunting in earnest, and finally found one that pleased us im-

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW



SIDE VIEW OF BUNGALOW.

mensely, for it had a long sweeping view of valley and mountains. This lot, however, was somewhat small, only 40 by 120 feet, and we had set our hearts on having one with at least sixty-feet frontage. On making inquiry we found that the adjoining lot was for sale, so we decided to buy both of them. After holding a "family" consultation, we made up our minds to build a long narrow bungalow on a part of one of the lots, leaving the balance to increase the size of the other lot, on which we intended to build later on. As neither of us had ever built before, we concluded

to call this first house our experiment, a sort of elementary schooling to fit us for building the next, which was to be, so we then thought, our real home. We planned to live in the "experiment" for a little while, then sell at an advance, or rent it. But that was at the beginning. Now that the Bungalow is finished and we are living in it, we have neither desire nor intention of giving it up. Scarce a week passes that some real-estate agent does not stop to inquire if the bungalow is for sale, and somehow I can't help feeling a bit indignant that anyone should suggest my giving it up. I watched it grow so lovingly, from the first thought and foundation stone, to the last timber and pot of paint, and I prize every board and shingle and nail in it as if they were piece and parcel of my very soul.

While there is nothing very technical in building a small bungalow, there are lots of little points to be considered, and lots to be avoided. The very first thing to do is to find an honest carpenter foreman, one, if possible, who has some understanding of drawing up plans



FIREPLACE CORNER IN BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL TREATMENT AND FURNISHINGS.

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

and specifications. My architect friend sent out the right man to me with highest recommendations, and I immediately engaged him to draw up the plans at my suggestion, and to act as carpenter foreman on the job. Fortunately he was an excellent draughtsman.

During the previous month I had made as thorough a study of bungalow construction as I could. I always carried a rule and spent much time measuring the width of shakes and the number of inches they were laid to the weather, in fact I measured the heights and depths and widths of everything that interested me, and took particular note of building materials of all sorts, so that I was able to explain with a certain degree of accuracy, just what I wanted. I couldn't see any reason why plans and specifications should be drawn up, for I was to have the work done by the day, and intended to give it my personal supervision, but my friend advised me strongly to have them, so there could be no possible chance of confusion or misunderstanding with the workmen. She said I should sublet contracts for the plumbing and the masonry, the electric wiring and the roofing; in this case plans and specifications would be absolutely necessary to



THE LIBRARY END OF THE LIVING ROOM

bind the contractors. When the plans were all ready, work began in earnest. My husband had urgent business affairs to look after at this time, and seeing how deeply interested I was, and feeling confidence in me, inexperienced though I was, he gave me entire charge of buying the materials and the superintendence of the building. At first I was a bit nervous and several times asked advice of my friend. After the first week, however, I gained independence and relied entirely on my own wits and judgment to carry me through safely. I employed four men, a working foreman at \$4.00 a day, a carpenter at \$3.50, a helper for \$2.50, and a painter at \$3.15, and just nine weeks after the first foundation stone was laid, the house was completed.

I felt that a bungalow to be harmonious, must have a low, flat roof, and the only difficulty I had with my foreman was in trying to convince him that a roof with a pitch of one to six would be practicable. But I had my way in this, as in all things, and the roof is quite satisfactory. Instead of shingles I had asbestos roofing, which is white and contrasts attractively with the



GLIMPSE OF DINING ROOM OUT OF LIVING ROOM

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

dark walls. The eaves, which have a four-foot extension, are supported by heavy redwood timbers.

Fortunately, my men were most agreeable and willing; in fact, they seemed pleased with every suggestion. I had heard so much about workmen disliking to have a woman "hanging around," that I was, to be sure, happy in finding them so amiable. When I gave an order I stuck to it, and I guess the novelty of a woman who didn't change her mind every minute rather pleased them. I also guarded myself against being "fussy." My foreman often 'phoned for me to come out and explain just how I wanted this or that when he could have gone ahead and finished it up in his workmanlike way and I would never have known the difference. He would go into detail about the various ways of doing the inside finishing, and ask me which I preferred. He was a first-class carpenter; in fact, a cabinet maker, and it all sounded so "pretty" when he told me about it, that I had all the woodwork in the house mitered and finished in the most careful and approved style. Of course, this cost a lot of money, but I wanted my bungalow to be frank and strong and true, so I didn't skimp or economize in anything. I visited the house once a day, usually in the morning, so that I could outline the work for the day if it seemed necessary for me to do so. My husband went out twice a week.

The only real trouble or annoyance I had was with the man who was sent out to do the cobblestone work. He was a foreigner, very independent and very impudent, and two or three times my carpenters, hearing him "boss" me, threatened to throw him bodily off the premises. He insisted that the wall and porch supports ought to be of little stones laid smooth and even, while I insisted that they should be of large stones of irregular sizes laid in the mortar with ends and sides projecting outside the main plaster line. He paid no attention to my wishes, but went ahead, doing exactly as he pleased, mortaring the little round stones together like so many marbles. I realized if this continued the house would be ruined. The first day or two I was too proud to say anything to my husband about the matter. But after laying awake all night I "gave in" and cried out my trouble on his shoulder the next morning. He 'phoned to the contractor

who had taken the masonry work, asking him to discharge this troublesome man and get another. I lost no more sleep over the cobblestone proposition, for another and perfectly satisfactory workman was sent me. I was particularly anxious to have a large flat stone on which to put the house number, laid in the mortar in one of the porch pillars, and this man put aside quite a heap of boulders so that I might take my pick. It is such little considerations that make a woman eternally grateful to a workman.

All along the porch wall, and at the tops of the stone piers supporting the rustic porch timbers, I had the mason leave space for flowers, a trough six inches wide and sixteen inches deep. I think this arrangement much prettier, and certainly it is much neater than the ordinary wooden flower boxes, that invariably leak muddy water over the porch floor when the plants are irrigated. I decided on black pointing for the stone work. It brings out the shape and size of every stone, and somehow it gives more character to the masonry, especially where large boulders are used. I had the porch floor cemented and marked off in twenty-four inch blocks, while the ceiling was of narrow wood beading, varnished.

I deliberated quite a bit before settling upon what to use for the exterior walls, finally deciding that split redwood shakes would be best. These called for an inter-wall lining of heavy building paper. Without the latter the house would not be weatherproof. All window and door casings were made of finished lumber and painted green, while the shake walls were stained a corresponding shade. My painter advised two coats of this stain, which consists of paint and distillate mixed in equal quantities, so I bought the material and told him to go ahead. I have since learned, however, that one coat of stain is quite sufficient. By putting on two coats the painter doubled his time check, but I don't blame him. If I had as big a family to support as he has, I might also try to make my jobs elastic. At any rate my house is sufficiently puttied and painted to last for some time.

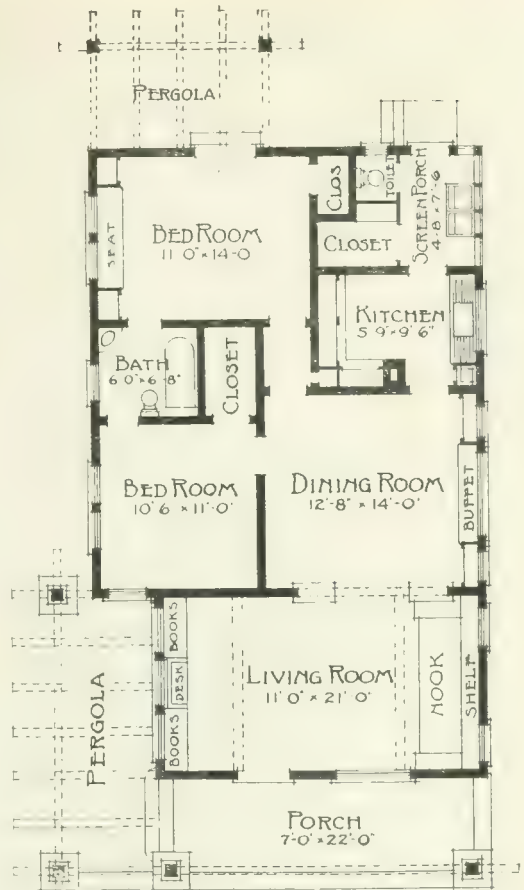
I had my heart set on a sleeping porch, so incorporated it in the plan. It consisted of a wood platform, 12 x 14, with a pergola roof, and was to be accessible from our bedroom by means of a double

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

French window. I asked a dealer for an estimate on the canvas for the walls of this sleeping porch. The roof was to be left open, so I could look up at the stars. His bid was \$16 for canvas on rollers. This price seemed rather high. After looking about I decided to buy material and sew it and hang it myself. I bought twenty-seven yards of drilling at twelve and one-half cents a yard, the whole coming to a trifle over \$3. I measured off breadths for each of the sides, sewed them, and fastened them to the timbers by means of rings sewed to the cloth, and hooks screwed into the wood. I did this so the curtains could be readily removed and laundered. Just now I am having a struggle to prevent the vines which have clambered up the sides, and which are most welcome there as sun screens, from covering the roof. It is such a delight to see the stars the last thing before going to sleep, and the blue sky the first thing upon opening my eyes in the morning.

Floors throughout the house are double. The first, or foundation floor is of six-inch tongue and groove Oregon pine. In living room and dining room the finish floor is of number one quarter-sawed oak, and in the other rooms the finish floor is of white maple. I should never have a maple floor in my kitchen again, for it absorbs the grease in such a way that spots are practically impossible to remove without taking the floor along with them. If building again I would have an ordinary pine floor in my kitchen and give it three or four coats of paint, or better still, cover it with white and green checked linoleum, which always looks clean, even when it is dirty. Adhering throughout to the idea that a bungalow should be low, my ceilings are only eight and one-half feet high. Doors are six feet six inches by thirty inches and are No. 1 grade.

I gave a great deal of time and thought to the interior finish and furnishing of the bungalow. I firmly believe that domestic harmony applies to the things in a house as well as to the people who live in it. An execrable color combination in a room is bound to make one feel out of humor. Furnishings should be harmonious, so that when one comes in tired, one will feel rested and comforted. I struggled and planned and matched things and samples, in an effort to bring about just such a restful result



FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW

My color scheme for the living room was brown, with here and there a dash of yellow, ruby and green. I selected two small art-glass windows to go above the mantelshelf on either side of the fireplace. In these were shades of yellow, green and ruby. I got small pieces of this glass from the factory where the windows were made, took them to a wall-paper store, and finally succeeded in finding a narrow frieze in which the colors exactly matched those of the glass. I studied out every little detail in just this same way, even to the glass in the copper and iron electric fixtures. In the living room, bookcases, desk, mantelshelf and buttresses are all four feet high. The paneling ends on the same line, while the square lattice windows are the same height from the floor. Between the paneling and the picture molding, excepting a six-inch space that is given up to the frieze, is a gold-brown wall paper. Above the picture molding, walls and ceiling are

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

covered with deep cream paper. Mantel and hearth are of eight-inch red brick tile, while the hood and twelve-inch facing under the mantelshef are of hammered copper. I had considerable difficulty in finding tile the right shade. The first lot sent to the house had to be returned. I then went to the shop armed with a bit of copper and a piece of the brown wall-paper, and selected enough red-brown tile of uniform color that blended perfectly with my color scheme. All the woodwork in this room I had stained in imitation of Flemish oak. One arrangement that I find most convenient is that of having a wide, deep box seat on either side of the fireplace, one in which to keep wood, and the in which to keep kindling. They do not leak dirt like baskets, and they hold enough fuel to last a long time. Filling in one entire end of the living room under the lattice windows, is a built-in desk with a bookcase on either side, and now that we are living in the house, we make amusement for ourselves and friends by designating this end of the room as our "library," the central portion where the piano is, our "music room," and the other end as our "living" or "reception room." I fully intended having my foreman make all the furniture for this room, but after he had finished a table, a chair and a foot stool, I found the work, as well as the materials were proving unreasonably expensive, in fact the three pieces cost us \$75.00, and while they were beautifully made and finished, I could get just as good in the shops for much less money. I selected a golden-brown bungalow net for the curtains in this room, a color matching exactly the wall-paper.

For our bedroom I chose white paper with white dots—an imitation of dotted swiss, also a cut-out frieze showing garlands of blue roses and green leaves. For the other bedroom I selected a striped paper in white and palest pink-gray, with a cut-out garland frieze of pink roses and green leaves. In both these rooms, as well as in the bath, I had the woodwork finished in white enamel. I planned a built-in arrangement for one side of my bedroom which proves a great blessing. Under the wide window is a roomy box seat with a lid. On either side of this, and fitting into the corners are buttresses thirty inches wide, two feet deep, and four feet high. These have shelves and doors.

In one of them I keep my big hats, in the other my shirt-waist boxes as they come home from the laundry.

I had my kitchen done in cream enamel, even to the furniture, which I bought in the shop unfinished, and had my painter finish it just as he finished the woodwork. For my sink casing, as well as for my drain board and molding board, I selected a cream wood stone. This is better looking, and far more serviceable than the white pine usually used for such purposes.

I had the dining-room woodwork finished to correspond with that of the living room. Under the high windows on the east side of the room is a built-in buffet with shelves and drawers. The color scheme in this room is Delft blue and cream. The furniture is all of white ash of special design. The chairs have woven reed seats.

All the electric fixtures in living room and dining room were made to order from my designs, and while they were somewhat expensive I feel repaid because they are "different."

COST ESTIMATE.

Building permit	\$2.00
Water tap	9.00
Cement and stone work, including walks	381.00
Plumbing	190.00
Sewer connection	28.00
Electric wiring	22.00
Electric fixtures	95.00
Lumber	480.00
Doors and windows.....	116.00
Roofing	90.00
Plaster	75.00
Hardware	57.00
Paint, stain, etc.....	90.00
Copper hood, etc., for mantel....	30.00
Wall-paper	30.00
Wood stone drain board.....	12.00
Screens	23.00
Duplex window shades.....	11.00

LABOR.

Carpenters	540.00
Painter	92.00
Helper	148.00
Floor finisher	12.00

Total.....\$2,531.00

Since my bungalow has been completed I feel more and more that the building of one's own house is the great step toward reducing this American tendency of moving practically every spring.

A FEW ACRES OF ALFALFA

HOW TO MAKE A FEW ACRES FEED YOU WITH SMALL INITIAL OUTLAY: BY W. H. JENKINS

I WANT to tell my friends in the city or town who have decided no longer to pay high prices for inferior food, how I have been able to solve the problem of getting the best foods from the soil with little cash outlay. The foods I have produced on my little farm are Jersey milk, cream, butter, buttermilk, cottage cheese and various preparations of milk, eggs and all the fruits of highest quality adapted to the climate as well as a complete succession of green vegetables. If people in the city were to buy these articles at their best, fresh from the farm in large supply, the prices would be prohibitive to the ordinary wage earner.

But those who have a little portion of the earth's surface, where nature has made for them some fairly good soil, will find the cost of living greatly decreased by learning to grow a miracle-plant that can take nitrogen from the atmosphere and mineral food from the lowest depth of soil (where no other plant sends its roots down to get it) storing up these good things in its stems and roots. The stem or foliage of this plant feeds my Jersey cow and poultry so well that both milk and egg production are considerably increased; the roots of this plant feed all the edible plants in my garden, from luscious strawberries, cane, bush, vine and tree fruits, to potatoes, mealy and white as flour, asparagus, rhubarb, green peas and all the cabbage family.

I want to tell my amateur friend who is going out to farm this spring, with the idea that he must cart animal manure or buy chemically compounded fertilizers, that he need not do it, except perhaps in small quantities for the plant that later will help to feed him, a medium through which he gets food direct from nature's inexhaustible storehouses.

To grow successfully this plant (which is to revolutionize our agriculture in most parts of the United States) requires a thoroughly trained and painstaking man. When every condition essential to the growth of the plant is complied with, it cannot possibly fail. When one of them is neglected or the work is not done at

the right time, failure may follow. This plant is almost equally valuable in diversified farming or gardening, in fact in all branches of agriculture, for where it fills the soil with its roots, all forms of vegetation thrive best. It is a very old plant, as old as Egyptian civilization, but only some American agriculturists are discovering its full value.

About fifteen years ago I began to grow *alfalfa* on my little village farm; after some failures I commenced to get some good crops, and learned its value for cows and chickens. The large quantity of good milk the cow gave us when alfalfa was the main feed (with little or no grain bill to pay) taught me how I could have all the yellow and best flavored Jersey butter we wanted, and not costing forty cents or more per pound. And when the chickens out on the alfalfa field began laying more eggs and refused almost to eat any grain, I saw why we were getting our supply of nice fresh eggs without our usual large grain bill.

It was not until I plowed the alfalfa field that I learned how this plant had been working for me under the surface of the ground while at the same time it had been feeding the animals so well. I found the soil completely filled with roots, some a few inches in diameter, that extended several feet down through the penetrable surface soil, to the impervious subsoil. Here was a supply of humus and plant food for any crop I wished to grow, but this was not all. The mechanical condition of the soil was changed. The roots aerated the soil and made it more light and mellow. I saw that the best and cheapest soil renovator on earth is the alfalfa plant. When I planted sweet corn and other garden crops in soil where alfalfa had sent down its roots, the growth was far more rapid and vigorous than I had ever obtained with any other fertilizer. My neighbors told me they could see the crops grow.

It is not difficult to grow good alfalfa,—just follow closely a few simple requirements of the plant. First we should know that, like all the clover family, one of the foods of alfalfa is lime. Only the virgin soils that have not been mined of their fertility by years of cropping have sufficient lime, except in the limestone belt in the country. To grow alfalfa it is necessary to have one foot or more of tillable

CAN ANYONE MAKE A LIVING FARMING?

soil. If there is not a porous subsoil under it that makes natural drainage, the land must be artificially drained, for there must be no free water in the soil. If the soil is sufficiently fertile to grow a fair crop of corn you need apply only the lime, and the soil should have been planted to a cultivated crop of some sort the previous year.

The only right time to sow alfalfa in the latitude of New York is in the spring or early summer. The best time is in May when the leaves first start. Plow early in spring, harrow, then put quick or stone lime, one ton per acre in piles on the ground, and cover with earth. When slaked, spread with a shovel. Procure some soil from an old alfalfa field, pulverize it and sow over the land, as you would grain. First sow one-half bushel of barley per acre and harrow it in. Make a fine seed bed and sow thirty pounds per acre of guaranteed pure alfalfa seed. For information about pure seed and soil for inoculation, lime, etc., apply to your State agricultural college or experiment station. Cover the alfalfa seed with a roller or plank drag. Mow first crop for hay when the barley is in the milk stage, and leave second crop on the ground to cover roots in winter.

From my own experience in trying to get the best things from the soil, with little expenditure of money, I would advise those who have a few acres of land and want to get the best results, to seed part of the land to alfalfa. The first year the crop will pay all cost of seeding, and there should be three to four crops each year, aggregating five or six tons of hay per acre, with a market value of \$100. One or two acres will practically keep your horse, cow, poultry and pigs. On the other part of your land grow such cultivated crops and apply such fertilizers as will fit it for alfalfa. Grow alfalfa alternately on the different portions of your place. In this way the green alfalfa and the hay will feed the animals, and the alfalfa roots will feed the crops in your fruit and vegetable garden, so the alfalfa plant ultimately feeds you. The soil is your workshop. You solve the food problem when you learn to cause great natural forces to work for you. Thus science unlocks nature's storehouses, and helps to readjust life and the cost of living by revealing the earth's bounty.

BUSINESS FARMERS

From the Long Island Agronomist.

“CAN anyone make a living farming?” is the question asked us daily by some of the numerous modern methods of communication. The answer to this each time it is asked is practically the same and is as follows:

In our personal experience we have never known a farmer who did not make a living and practically always a far better one than the same man of the same capital, or the same knowledge, or the same energy, or the same brain power, could make in any other profession or business. Some farmers, like some manufacturers, some professional men and some merchants, make but a bare living. Some farmers, like some merchants, manufacturers or business men, make what is called a “fair” or “good” living. Some farmers, like some manufacturers, merchants or professional men, make fortunes, and in farming life as in other methods of securing a livelihood these three contrasting kinds of success are found side by side in the same community, be that community where it may, and in the farming community it is extremely easy to make an estimate and to draw an absolutely just conclusion for nearly always the hand-to-mouth man, his so-called “well-to-do” neighbor and likewise their rich neighbor had, times without number, identically the same start in life, oftentimes practically the same acreage, the same buildings, the same animals and the same tools, also the same market and the same transportation facilities. At the end of ten years the “hand-to-mouth” individual is still barely coming out even. The “well-to-do” man has his home and farm fitted with modern labor- and brain-saving appliances and conveniences. The quality of his stock is improved. He has earned more money, spent more money and has more money in the bank than the other fellow.

The rich man has in the same period of time greatly increased his acreage, fitted up his farm and his home with every convenience he has run against, and in addition is enjoying the luxuries his surplus enables him to secure. Very easy is it for any individual of even average observation and powers of reasoning to arrive at an absolutely correct reason for this marked difference in farming success, for not the slightest argument is necessary to prove conclusively that these varying degrees of achievement are due to the individual.

A BUNGALOW FOR OUTDOOR LIVING



A BUNGALOW PLANNED FOR MUCH OUTDOOR LIVING: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

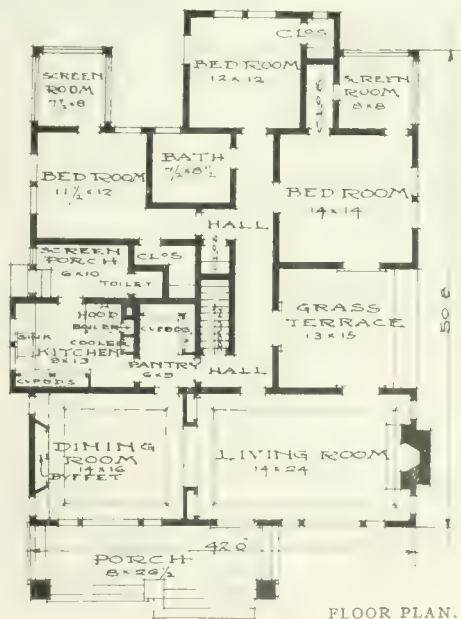
THE appreciation of living as much as possible in the open air has swiftly taken root here in America. Less than a decade ago a house built with a sleeping porch or planned for the slightest opportunity for outdoor living was a most unusual thing in any part of the United States. Today all over the country, but more especially in the West, we are beginning to build porches, screened, perhaps, with blossoming vines, on which to do some of our household tasks or to eat suppers in the cool of the evening; we are planning for pergolas which will bring the outside world of growing things directly to our doors, and sleeping porches where we may lie at night and watch the gleaming stars.

When once the delights of outdoor sleeping (with its healthfulness, which follows as a matter of course) have been tried, it is hard to understand why so many of us have been willing to live for so long a time in the shut-up stuffy houses that have been our homes for so many years.

In the bungalow illustrated by the accompanying photograph and floor plan, open-air sleeping rooms are made an important feature. There are two of these rooms in this plan, one open on three sides and the other on two, screens affording the needed seclusion. The rooms, which adjoin indoor

A BUNGALOW BUILT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM LOS ANGELES: E. B. RUST, ARCHITECT.

bedrooms, are furnished with beds suspended by chains, which can be removed, thus making it possible to change the porches into partly secluded outdoor rest rooms. Another feature of the plan that will be appreciated by lovers of the open air is a small court or grass terrace, as it is called here. It is thirteen by fifteen feet in size, enclosed on three sides, and affords an excellent place for swinging a hammock, where the open air can be enjoyed in practically absolute privacy. If desired, this court can



FLOOR PLAN.

be converted into a flower garden, into which open doors from the living room, hallway and one of the bedrooms.

Even were these open-air features omitted from the plan, this bungalow would still be a most attractive home. The design is particularly pleasing and the house is well and substantially built throughout. It is low and rambling in appearance and the exterior color scheme is unusually effective. The flat roof, of a patented composition, is almost white, which harmonizes with the rough plaster-coated chimneys and porch pillars, as well as with the cement walks and porch steps. The siding, which is of shakes, is stained a dark green and the window sash is painted a light cream. Cement is also used for the foundation, the porch floor and the basement walls and floor. The chimneys and porch pillars are of rather massive proportions, and the structural lines are simple and regular. The house has a frontage of forty-two feet and a depth of fifty-four feet eight inches, exclusive of the front porch.

Including the two screened sleeping rooms, the house contains eight rooms, as well as a bathroom and screened porch. The living room and dining room occupy the front, and from the former an irregular hallway leads to all of the other rooms (except the screened rooms) as well as to the basement stairs. There is a large fireplace, with a simple tile mantel, in one end of the living room, and a built-in buffet in the dining room. The kitchen and the roomy pantry contain ample cupboard space, a draught cooler and the other conveniences usually found in the modern bungalow. In each of the three bedrooms there is a long closet. The floor plan is particularly good for a house of this size.

Oak floors are used throughout the house, except in the kitchen, bathroom and screened rooms, where pine is used. The woodwork of the living room and dining room is of California redwood, with a plain waxed finish, and basket-matting panels and waxed redwood are used as finish for the screened rooms. In the rest of the rooms the woodwork is of cedar, enameled white. The dining-room walls are paneled with imitation leather, and in the living room an interesting effect is obtained with plaster panels. The ceilings in these two rooms are coved, and indirect lighting is used. A broad arch, with built-in bookcases on either side, separates the rooms.

The house has a large basement and is heated by a furnace. Complete, it represents an expenditure of about \$3,500, and, according to the prevailing cost of material and labor, it should be duplicated in almost any locality for from \$3,400 to \$3,700.

This particular bungalow was built on a small ranch only a short distance from Los Angeles, California, just close enough to one of the subdivisions of the city to obtain nearly all the conveniences that a city location would afford. Its architecture blends well with the level and unpretentious rural environment, but at the same time it would be most suitable for city duplication. It was designed by E. B. Rust, a Los Angeles architect.

THE CRAFTSMAN has from the beginning of its career advocated the need in America of an essentially democratic, a new, type of domestic architecture. We have realized that the most of our people did not want and could not have the elaborate imitation villa or country house, and yet that in ever-increasing numbers Americans would insist upon having comfortable and attractive homes. Now for a home to be significant for a certain kind of civilization, it must conform to the life of that civilization; that is to say, it is perfectly impossible for people who are earning their own living and working out a scheme of life on a reasonably small sum of money to get any joy in a pretentious home beyond their means, with elaborate ornamentations, but no everyday comfort. There is just one way in which busy, intelligent, home-loving people can be happy, and that is in houses which satisfy their really varied needs. Busy people must be comfortable when they are at home, and yet too great a price cannot be paid for this comfort. Intelligent people must be satisfied artistically in their home, and yet the beauty must not be gained at the cost of too much labor and time. So the type of house that will give comfort and beauty and at the same time prove a fairly economical proposition is going to be, when once thoroughly evolved, the architectural triumph in this country.

It is because we feel that in the far West so much has been accomplished in the development of the home architecture that we reproduce so frequently the beautiful houses from the Pacific Coast, printing pictures of the interior and giving details of construction.

A PRINTER AND A FIVE-ACRE HOMESTEAD

HOW A PRINTER BOUGHT A FIVE-ACRE FARM WITH THE SAVINGS OF HIS SALARY: AND BOTH OCCUPATIONS ARE BEING RUN SUCCESSFULLY: BY C. W. GOVIER

“**W**HEN I lived in the city the doctor could find my house blindfolded, his visits were so frequent.” That, in the main, is the story of why a Toledo, Ohio, printer, George F. Mueller by name, went back to the farm. But there were other reasons aplenty. In his own words, “I wanted to watch the wonders of nature; as spring came on and the buds swelled and burst and the call of the robin greeted me in the morning I had an unconquerable desire to be one of them—to get into the open, where I could feel that I really was a part of that wonderful organism—in which, unfortunately, so few can see the beauty. A sedentary worker, the better air and greater freedom of the country had a direct appeal to me. Another reason, and not the least important, was the fact that Time would inevitably fill my place at the print shop—for newspaper work requires young and active men.”

With the above reasons as a spur the printer-farmer sought a location. In this connection proximity to schools, good roads, distance from city and adaptability of soil to fruit growing were considered, the latter being the kind of farming to be attempted.

The place decided upon carried a purchase price of \$3,500 and an eight-room Queen Anne cottage, a large barn and lean-to wagon shed were included. But a few hundred rods from the Toledo city limits this arrangement made the two vocations, printing and farming, possible. The deal was closed, the yearly payments being made easy as possible to allow improvements on the place—for both expenditures had to be met from the savings of a salary of approximately \$20 per week.

The family settled in their new home they started, and like many other people in the same circumstances, started to make mistakes. Compared to their tiny city lot the five acres appeared a vast area. To their sorrow they planted the entire tract, excepting a small portion already set out

in small fruits, to hoed crops. Before the frost came that year to kill the weed growth the embryonic farmers were nearly disheartened and almost ready to vote the project a failure.

But here the wife's determination asserted itself. The whole of the following winter was employed in making new plans, reading everything of any value to their farming idea, inspecting their neighbors' property and treasuring every word of their methodical and successful partners in soil work. The spring found them much better prepared.

A carefully planned system was followed. The 2 x 12-inch planks which did duty for a walk were replaced by a three-foot cinder path; a poultry house was constructed and 16 x 100-foot run made, this space being set out to plum trees, which served the double purpose of furnishing shade to the money-making flock of buff wyandotte chickens, and later, fruit for the market. (It is only fair to the beginner to say that Mr. Mueller was interested in fancy chicken breeding before taking up farming.)

The second spring was a busy one. Currants, gooseberries, strawberries and cherries were set out. A half-acre of grapes, grown too heavy for the light stakes which supported them now required posts and wires. Vegetables were planted in all available space, and 200 peach trees, diseased with the San José scale, were removed. This was a disheartening experience, as only 45 trees were saved out of the entire orchard.

More fruit was set out the following year—apples, quinces, cherries, pears, raspberries and currants, the now fast-learning farmer realizing that if a livelihood was to be gained on so small a place the fruit industry alone would make it possible. Although fruit was planned as the ultimate crop to be raised, while the trees were young, considerable attention was given to truck gardening. The profits were satisfactory, but the work of planting, cultivating and preparing for market was very arduous, and as the fruit came into bearing the area set to vegetables was cut down.

Not all of the berries and fruits set out at the Mueller farm were successful. The best money-maker has been currants, the farm now boasting 1,200 bearing plants. Of gooseberries there are 300, but as this

fruit is objectionable to pickers it has been restricted. Strawberries are set out each spring, and the crop, except that used by the family, is sold. After the last picking the bed is turned under and sown to turnips. A half-acre asparagus bed has proved easy to care for and immensely profitable. A money-making early spring crop is rhubarb, this patch having been built up from two dozen to 250 plants.

The horse, of course, is indispensable to the farm, being used both for cultivating and marketing the crops, besides the innumerable other tasks assigned him. A cow is not a necessity, but the one on this farm not only supplies the family with butter, cream, milk and cottage cheese, but several of the neighbors as well. Two or three pigs are also raised each year, which supply the family smoked meats and lard.

A part of the plan adopted by the Muellers after their first disastrous season was to make the setting out of fruit, improvements, and paying off the indebtedness keep pace with each other, thus resulting in the place being entirely set out to fruit, fully improved and paid for at the same time. This made the work of improvement practically a one-man task, although help has been called occasionally for the extra heavy jobs.

From a place practically without improvements it now has an ice-house, an artesian well; the cellar has been enlarged for the caring of root crops; the yard has been piped for lawn-sprinkling purposes; a gasoline engine and pumping outfit do the sprinkling and furnish power for washing machine, grinder, etc.; concrete sidewalks, steps and approaches have been made and a cement cistern, with filtering wall and cement slab, besides many other minor improvements.

"The credit belongs to Mrs. Mueller and my three daughters," insists Mr. Mueller. "Without their help the proposition would be impossible, as so much help would have to be called in that the profits would be considerably reduced. In the spring they have the sprayer ready when I return from my print-shop duties, in fruit-picking time the girls pick the berries and crate them, after which I load them for market, my wife marketing them next day, leaving home between four and four-thirty and returning at seven. Small fruits command good prices and the de-

mand is great, buyers often making an offer for the entire load some distance from the market."

Unless the fruit ripens too fast the plan on this farm is to pick every other day, the alternate days being employed in weeding the vegetable patches. The main plowing job is hired done in the spring, the dragging, planting and cultivating being done by the one-man plan. By keeping the cultivator going the weed problem is in a great measure solved, thus doing away with two of the most trying tasks—weeding and hoeing.

Poultry and beekeeping are taken up on only a small scale at this farm; not because they are not profitable, but because, as the owner says, "It is possible to have too many irons in the fire."

The farm's success is a good lesson in system—system for the whole family. Aside from the first season, the place has paid a profit each year and will soon reward its owners exactly as their system was planned—it will be paid for, set out to fruit and fully improved. And then—but not until then—Father Time can fill Geo. Mueller's place at the print shop.

IN THE WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA: BY MRS. A. S. HARDY

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Ferned grot,—

The veriest school of peace; and yet the fool

Contented that God is not.—

Not God in gardens! When the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign,

'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

CALIFORNIA is literally a land of bells. Mission chimes still ring from some of her crumbling arches, but every spring all along the paths trod by the faithful *padres*, Nature renews her arches and hangs new bells. In California it is always spring somewhere, and after the rains have done with their gospeling and the flower choirs on low meadows and plains have sung their "Gloria," we may follow them to arroyos and cañons and up mountain stairs to where California keeps her heart of youth.

California's wild gardens are unlike gardens anywhere else on earth. Cut off from the rest of the world by mountain walls and a stretch of sea, this land has been a favored place for Nature's miracle

WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA

working. She has moved her floral colonies here and there suiting their grace of line and color to backgrounds of mountains and of sea. The great glittering Sierras, standing with their feet among flowers, upbear gardens of great beauty upon their sun-warmed granite ledges in the very zone of snow.

The broken ranges of the Coast Mountains are walls around shy "cloister-loving flowers," and rocky fortresses on steep ravines protect tribes of delicate wildings. As we take the pains to follow into cañons and hidden gardens, more lavish grows sweet Nature and billows her blossoms about our waists, and of no flowers is she more prodigal than of lilies. These are of every size and shape and color. Some grow singly, others in chimes of as many as fifty bells, some are hidden under leaves, while others swing on tall green steeples. Not lilies alone, but so many other flowers have chosen the pattern of bells that one is led to wonder if from the beginning California was not set apart to be a land of bells.

None of all the lilies is fairer than the ruby queen, or chaparral lily. We find it among the high rocks of the Coast



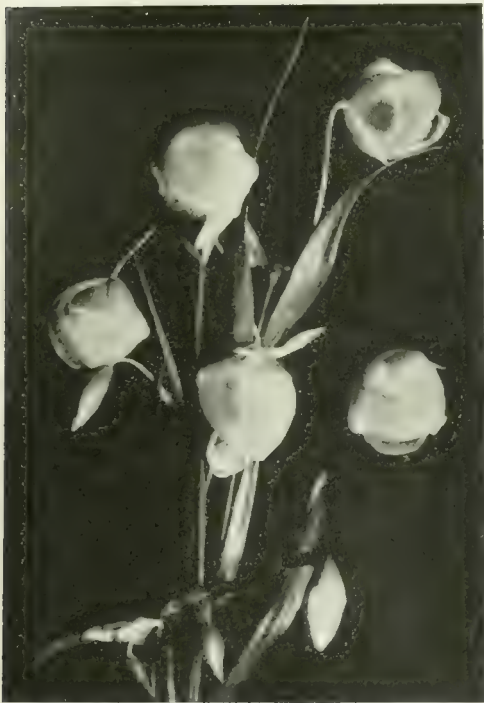
THE MARIPOSA FROM A WILD GARDEN.

Range, and her throne is canopied by live oaks and redwoods of a thousand years. These lilies bloom pure white, their petals studded with gems of amethyst; then Nature waves her wand again and the blossoms change to pink and afterward to a kind of ruby purple.

Their fragrance is said to surpass that of every other lily in the world, and often by the perfume their hiding places are revealed and by the leash of fragrance many a mountain climber has been led up almost inaccessible ledges to pay his homage to this queen.

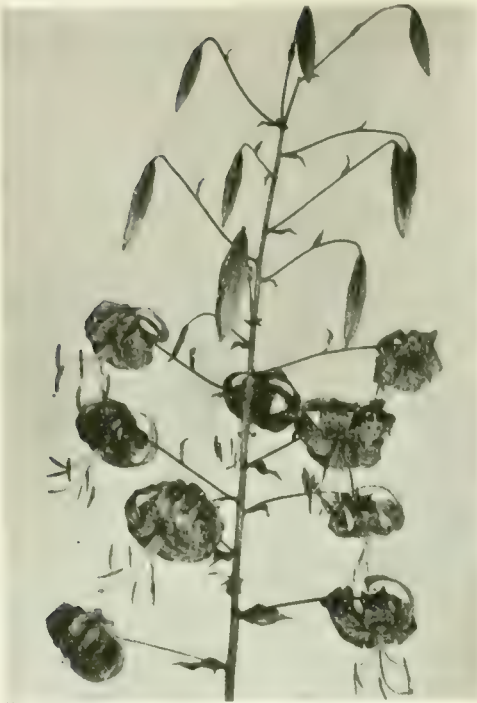
A royal sister is the hunted Shasta lily, for centuries unnumbered, sought after for the bulb, coveted food of Indians, bears and smaller wood folk. Only among the boulders and in the thickest of thorny tangles does this lily find safety.

There is a legend telling how this snowy lily came to dwell upon the earth. Once, 'tis said, a maiden whose heart was as white as the snows of Shasta, was discovered alone in the forest by a chieftain coarse and cruel. He seized her, resolved to carry her to his lodge. He bore her through the pines, but when his lodge was reached her guardian spirit tore her from his arms, and the earth thrilled



LANTERNS OF THE FAIRIES, A CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWER.

WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA



TIGER LILIES FROM CALIFORNIA FIELDS.

at the touch of her feet, sent up lilies as white as the soul of the maiden and with a fragrance as sweet as her breath. These lilies are not confined to Mount Shasta alone, but blossom in the Yosemite as purely white and with as sweet fragrance as upon the mount of snow where the maiden's feet are said to have thrilled the sentient earth.

Think of our wealth when we may have the beautiful mariposas by the armful. *Calochortus* is the name science bestows upon these lilies, which are as royal as the taller queens at whose feet they are content to dwell; but *calochortus* means a "garden of beautiful grasses," and since their grasslike leaves wither before the flowers open, the name seems less fitting than the one which the old Spaniards gave,—naming the lily from their hearts. They saw the flower with its "petal wings of broided gossamer" atilt on its thread of a stem, and delighted, they cried, mariposa!—the butterfly!

Wheresoe'er we wander, still we see these lily tulips in our dreams, white and lavender, and pink and purple, dashed with claret and yellow, their petals ocelated like the "eye" of a peacock's plume,

or marked and shaded as if Nature had used a butterfly's wing for her pattern.

In an old Eastern garden, hung thick with memories, a clump of tiger lilies gleams. I see the fire-gold of their dappled chalices three thousand miles away and through the haze of forty years. But here in California one might deem the souls of all the tiger lilies that ever lived and died have bloomed again in this paradise of flowers. Whole cañons are ablaze with their glory, and as the wind sways their emerald stalks, gracefully they bend and bow. Are they camps of Indian beauties? Or are they lilies of memory saluting us down the years?

Lovers of the wild gardens of California will never forget the little *fritillaria* of many colors, and especially those bronzy brown bells which the people call "mission bells," and never the bells of old San Gabriel called better than they to prayer and praise.

As spring slips into summer the wild gardens of California are lit with "fairy lanterns" without number. *Calochortus albus*, science calls these lily globes of pearly satin sheen, each lantern filled with multitudinous rays of finest gossamer.

This lily John Muir calls "the very loveliest of all the lily family, a spotless soul, a plant saint that everyone must love,—and so be made better." And as if this were not praise enough, he adds, "With this plant the whole world would be rich though no other existed."

Go to these mountains and meadows whenever we will, God is always there, looking over His gardens. He plants and tends the shy little blossoms as carefully as He does the tall ceanothus bushes.

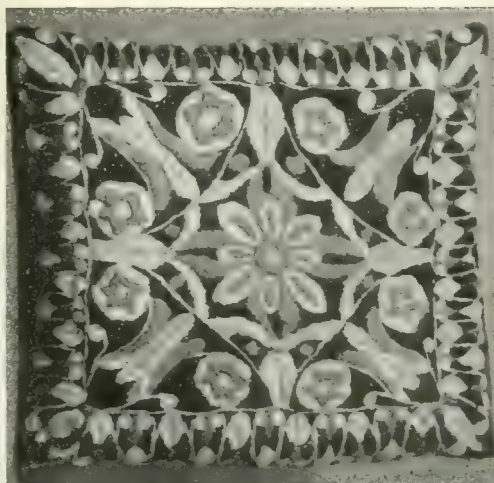


A BED OF CALIFORNIA MARIPOSA

BRILLIANT COLORS IN DECORATIVE WORK

BRILLIANT COLORS IN DECORATIVE WORK: THE INTEREST IN WOOL EMBROIDERIES INCREASES

IN the last year or two we seem to have got completely away from the old Parisian idea that nothing was beautiful unless it was silk and pastel-hued and more or less destructible. And, yet, strangely enough, the man who has brought about the renewed interest in practical, vivid colors and materials, is a Frenchman—Poiret, the famous fashion designer. Probably no man in modern days in France has so influenced artistic ideals as Poiret. His impression has been made not only upon dress, its outline and color, but upon the fine arts, the handicrafts, and the example which he has set Paris of using whatever is beautiful in the world for dresses (that is, whatever texture, whatever color, whatever line) has affected all phases of æsthetic



A BLACK CUSHION COVER EMBROIDERED IN BLUE, GREEN AND GOLD WOOL.

development on the Continent. We owe to Poiret the present interest in and use of Oriental materials; we owe him the original and novel styles of dresses that have been the fashion for the last year or two. It was Poiret who condemned the corset; the high-heeled shoe; the fashion of wearing gloves indoors in the evening, the pompadour; in fact, it is hard to recall an excrescence in modes that this fearless artistic Frenchman has not at least in part suppressed. If women are comfortable today it means that they are following to some extent the fashions which he has established. If they are going about without tight waists, pinched shoes, without carrying weighty dresses and masses of artificial hair, it is because this man has had the audacity, as it has been said, to insist upon freedom and naturalness of body in dress. Of course, he has been accused of being eccentric, of being risqué, of being whimsical. Always the person that is nearest to nature is accused of these three particular sins. It is because realities are so little understood that the world is so annoyed by them and attacks them so fearlessly.

But not only has Poiret's influence reconstructed fashion, which means comfort for women, and brought about a



PILLOW COVERS AND SCARF ENDS DECORATED WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY.

BRILLIANT COLORS IN DECORATIVE WORK



CUSHION COVERS AND TABLE SPREAD ORNAMENTED WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY AND STENCIL.

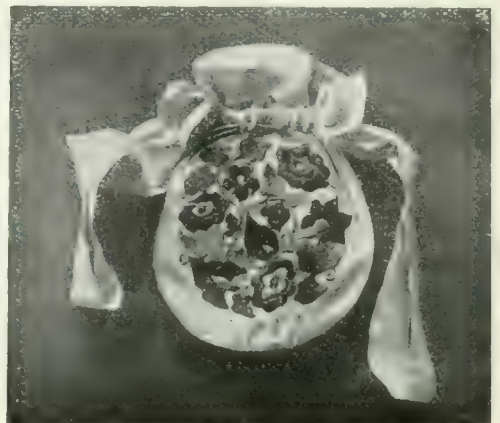
sane revival and interest in color in the fine arts, but he has reestablished our love of really wonderful hues in the crafts; that is, in all the household decorations in which color could appear. There is a craze just now in both London and Paris for bright colored prints. It is Poiret's use of these colored cottons in his summer dresses that has forced the manufacturers to meet the demand.

No detail of the craft work has so swiftly responded to this interest in beautiful colors strikingly or harmoniously arranged, as the thing we call fancy work. Our portières, our table spreads, our cushions, our handbags have all become more practical, more durable, simpler in material, richer in effects. The wool embroidery with which Poiret trimmed his dresses three seasons ago has become the most fashionable ornament for all kinds of household decorated articles. In this present article we are illustrating by a series of pictures of German craft work

table spreads, pillows and a small bag all ornamented with wool embroidery or with a combination of wool and stencil. The most brilliant colors are used in these wools, and the effects are gorgeous, though surprising. Of course, these bright hues are not brought together in a haphazard fashion. It requires just as much art to combine the bright colors interestingly as it does to arrange a scheme of pastel tones.

Poiret is especially fond of green and red, but these he nearly always brings together with dull browns, or with gold and black. Blue he uses a great deal with green or with red, but seldom all three in juxtaposition, and his ideas of colors are closely followed in the most interesting and most elaborate of the wool fancy work.

There will be, in addition to this use of wool embroideries for all kinds of cotton coverings for the summer, a craze for bags, card cases and belts of crash or linen embroidered with wool. They are already being shown in London and in Paris. Usually they are made to match the costume, but the ready-made ones are smart and interesting and also furnish very good ideas for the home craft-workers. Delightful designs for the embroidering of fancy work and dresses can be had from Oriental strips of embroidery, Japanese or Indian.



ONE OF THE NEW WOOL EMBROIDERED BAGS.

FLOWERS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN

FLOWERS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN

THE secret of a successful rock garden is perfect drainage, and this is not always easy to manage in an artificially made heap of stone. Still with a little clever observation and imitation of Nature's methods, it can be done. Nature's rock gardens also furnish the extremes of hot sun-baked rock surfaces where small bright-eyed flowers can crowd in masses, running their rootlets through the inch or so of soil upon them, clinging as they love to do in the crevices of the rocks, and the moist pockets of rich earth at the foot of big boulders where the larger plants can keep their feet in watery places and their heads in the bright sun. Nature also will have sunny and shady places close together, to suit all sorts and conditions of her rock-loving flowers. So do not roll rocks of even sizes out into a sunny spot and expect to have a colony of flourishing plants, for they will simply wither away, even though watered faithfully every day. But place rocks of different sizes near a group of trees, or where large shrubs can furnish dense shade part of every day, let some of the largest boulders project into the open air, arrange others so that pockets of earth will be found in the interstices. This earth should be pressed compactly into the corners to provide good root growth, yet not too hard, for the earth must also be well aerated. Pieces of sticks and decaying wood or bits of calcareous rocks should be mixed with the soil, for the plants feed upon disintegrating material. Some of the large rocks should receive a top dressing of soil,—two or three inches will be enough,—for the moss pinks and such sun-loving plants. A bed of gravelly soil at one side of the rockery will be appreciated and quickly tenanted by colonies of rock cress and its numerous relations.

If possible build the rockery on a decided slope so that water from a concealed hydrant may be turned on occasionally at the highest end and allowed to seep gently all through the ground, not moistening the leaves and flowers, yet providing them with the cool, damp atmosphere they require. After the rock garden is well started it should receive a top layer of good soil and manure at least once a year, in early spring or late fall,

to replace the wastage caused by rain.

Chief among the flowers for such a rocky location will come the Alpine and Iceland poppies, because of their beauty, brightness and eminent suitability for such a place. The Iceland poppy is a hardy little thing, bright as sun spots and requires the full rays of the sun to bring out its deepest and brightest colors. It will grow anywhere, in borders as well as in rock gardens, and although it is a perennial, fresh seeds should be scattered among the plants every year or so to keep them in perfect condition. The Alpine poppy is sometimes confused with the Iceland poppy, but they are really separate species. The more robust Iceland poppy has bright golden-yellow blossoms, with leaves only partly cleft, and with short thick seed pods or capsules. The Alpine poppy is strictly a rock-loving plant with pale red, orange, pink, salmon and even white blossoms. Its leaves are finely cleft and the seed pods are long and narrow, so the two plants are distinctly different in habit and color, one hardy and vigorous, the other delicate and sensitive.

The edelweiss can be coaxed to flourish in the rock garden if given a little understanding encouragement. The seeds should be sown in April or May in a flat about three inches deep, in rows about one inch apart. They should be covered to a depth of twice the diameter of the seed with a light finely screened soil, watered well and covered with a sheet of newspaper. In six weeks the seedlings, which look like balls of white cotton, will be ready to transplant. They require plenty of moisture at the roots and love the sunlight and free circulation of air, but must not be watered or given rich manures or fertilizers. Under such careful treatment they will flourish and be the center of attraction, for they are beautiful things and full of romantic interest.

The moss pink (*phlox subulata*) in its shallow bed of soil upon some bold rock will be at its best through April, May and June, covering the gray surface with a dense mat of pink blossoms. The thick-leaved saxifrage is another pink flower that blossoms in early spring. Others that should be cultivated for their beautiful pink shades are the sea pink, mother of thyme, coral bells, woolly woundwort, columbine, showy sedum, yarrow, Japanese and Queen Charlotte anemones, Michaelmas daisy,

CARE OF GAME BIRDS

shooting star, spotted cranesbill, cardinal flower, moss verben, alumroot and portulaca.

The yellow flowers that must not be neglected are the two stone crops,—love entangled and hybrid,—downy milfoil, evening primrose, prickly pear, bird's foot trefoil, bachelor's button, silver tuft, golden tuft, spring adonis, mimulus, blanket flower, cowslip. A few blue or purple flowers should be scattered among the yellow ones or allowed to drift around the rocks in a corner of their own. Do not neglect the Carpathian bellflower, hoary speedwell, self-heal, beard tongue, hairy ruellia, mountain aster, periwinkle, wild sweet william, forget-me-not, autumn crocus, blue leadwort, mist flower, plantain lily, bluebells, foxglove, pasque flower, harebell.

The white flowers can be dropped like snowflakes in almost any place, though like all the Alpine flowers they are seen to better advantage in masses by themselves. The best white flowers are baby's breath, edelweiss, candytuft, rock cress, saxifrage, woolly-leaved chickweed, Japanese and whirlwind anemone, horned violet, lily-of-the-valley, snowdrop, glory-of-the-snow.

These flowers can with a little effort be grown almost anywhere in the Eastern States, and their human little ways and exceedingly bright faces will more than repay one for the slight trouble in starting them.

THE PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION OF GAME BIRDS

THE recent joint meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and kindred organizations held in Springfield was notable for the unusual favor given to the idea of protection. The question of protecting insectivorous birds received much attention, for the farmers are realizing that they are losing much from insect damage and are endeavoring to check their raids by preserving the birds. There were vigorous protests against the great slaughter of wild geese and other migratory birds, and also of the pheasants, ducks, brants and upland birds. George H. Graham, the State Game Commissioner, speaking of the urgent necessity of protection said that "We must do something very soon, and the only way is for the sportsmen and the farmers to coöper-

ate in restocking the covers and the waters."

Especial support was expressed for the Bayne law, the new statute of New York, which is an absolute prohibition on the "taking and sale of game birds and animals with permission to engage in the propagation and sale of birds and animals in captivity and with permission to import game from Europe." Breeders' licenses are issued for those who rear game in captivity.

Massachusetts, working under an act passed by the Legislature last year appropriating \$10,000 for the establishment of game farms, has decided to start two farms, where pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, wild turkeys and several species of ducks are to be raised. These will be used in restocking depleted covers in sections where shooting is prohibited, so that the birds may have a chance to propagate and overflow into the shooting covers.

The first farm will be started at Wilbraham where the commission has leased, for a term of years, 150 acres of land, and if more land is needed, additional sections will be leased. Buildings are now being erected and by spring pens, coops and runways will contain many hundreds of birds. They now have about eight hundred pheasants and two hundred quail, besides various other game birds.

The full board of commissioners, after visiting the game farms of Illinois, Missouri, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, investigating approved methods of propagation and of distribution, feels confident that Wilbraham is an ideal location for this important work.

It is extraordinary in America how little we have appreciated and hoarded our resources, and also how lightly we have taken the tremendous relation of the forces of Nature, the need of one element for another, the dependence of one great force upon the right expression of another. We have destroyed our trees without knowing or caring that our streams went with the trees; we have shot down our game birds without for a moment realizing that we were not only destroying beauty in the country but the protection of fruit and grain. We have exhausted our soil until we have destroyed great stretches of country in the most reckless and extravagant fashion, and for a time it seemed as though we were laying waste the country as an invading army might.

THE ORNAMENTAL GRAPE-VINE



GRAPE-VINE FESTOONED FROM TREE TO TREE.

THE PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL GRAPE-VINE

HOW shabbily we have treated the grape-vine in the past, relegating it to the dingiest corner of the garden, training it over ugly old shops, chicken houses, letting it cover an arbor under which no one sat and where its beauty never appealed. And yet it possesses a wealth of beauty, a world of grace, sweetness and color. There is no vine that will train more advantageously; there is no perfume more delicious than the blossom of the grape in the spring and the fruit in the fall, and there are few if any vines that offer such variation of allurements from the first breath of perfume and sight of pale green leaf to the rich autumn foliage and luscious fruit.

In New Jersey, between the woods and rolling pasture land, there are two beautiful homes built by the owners, and the grape-vine is used on these houses and about them in the most interesting and decorative fashion. One of the houses carries a wide pergola-porch where all the summertime meals are taken on bright days. No vines are used over the beams and posts of the pergola except the grape-vines.

Two or three different varieties were planted, which blossom at varying seasons, and bear fruit from early autumn on late into the fall. A more delightful place than this pergola-porch in hot weather could not be imagined. The wide, fresh leaves overlap each other, forming a perfect shade, and the sight of the bunches of grapes forming and slowly changing color is delightful. As for the early fall days and the wonderful Indian Summer days, the meals taken out on this porch, with the dessert picked from overhead is a joy, having experienced, one can never forget.

The illustrations in this article show the use of the grape-vine as a festoon from tree to tree along the pavement, also as a new and original entrance to a small estate. I know of a country place in a small town in New York State where the streets for blocks



FESTOONING GRAPE-VINE ON THE ENTRANCES.

HERBS FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

along the beautiful living portion of it are festooned with long trailing lengths of grape vines, a fragrant street to pass down in spring time and a delightful one through the autumn, for, after the trees are bare the grape-vines will hold some color in leaf and fruit.

HERBS FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

AN herb garden nowadays arouses in us a romantic rather than a medicinal or culinary interest, for our trust is no longer placed in the "simples" brewed by our great-great-grandmothers and our palates are no longer pleased by the spicy flavors that delighted our great-great-grandfathers. We love them now because they appeal to our imagination and our memory; we enjoy the aromatic fragrance they exhale as we brush carelessly against them or purposely touch leaves and blossoms with our hands; we delight in their sturdy, homely grace and modest blossoms. They are easy of cultivation, accommodating themselves to almost any loose soil, if it be in a warm corner of the garden. The annuals, biennials and perennials can be grown in one plot of ground, just to center the interest, for with the exception of cress and spearmint they require a similar condition of soil, sun and cultivation. A strip of ground three or four feet wide along the sunny side of a garden fence makes a good collecting place, for it is apt to be sheltered from the wind.

The aromatic flavor is more pronounced when the plant is not of too luxuriant a growth, so the ground should not be very rich. The seed can be saved by cutting off the pods just as they are ripening and beginning to shed them. Those herbs grown for their leaves should be cut down when full grown, the stems tied together and hung in an attic or some equally dry place. It is good to sow fresh seeds of the perennials occasionally, or else dig up the old roots and separate the woody dead portions from the vigorous sections, resetting the vital roots and discarding all the older parts. In this way the perennials will be kept in a vigorous condition with little trouble. The biennials, those that produce the leaves and roots the first year and the flowers and fruits the second, should not be disturbed, and the annuals can be sown

in the spaces between the other two without interfering with their growth.

Aside from the medicinal use of the more familiar herbs, which is of little interest to us, is their value as salads, garnishing for meats, flavorings, for confectionery and dessert. We really should revive some of the old-time uses of herbs in our cooking, put summer savory in our soups, chives in our picnic sandwiches, sage in our poultry dressings. A list of herbs that could easily be grown in the corner of the garden devoted to herbs is given below.

Anise—the seeds are used in making a soothing tea for little children. In the old world apple sauce, cookies, cakes and candies are flavored with them.

Balm—for flavoring summer drinks, commonly called lemon, garden or bee balm.

Borage—an annual useful for flavoring soups.

Caraway—a biennial herb of parsley family, used in cakes, cookies, rye bread, cottage or Dutch cheese.

Catnip—used in making medicinal tea for children; also called catmint.

Chives—a perennial allied to the leek and onion. Europeans use it, on slices of rye bread and butter. Americans like it in salads or chopped finely and beaten in with mashed potatoes.

Coriander—an annual, seeds used in flavoring.

Cress—both the common and water used as salad dressing for meats.

Dill—old world annual used for flavoring pickles. It is put in brine instead of vinegar.

Hyssop—used as domestic medicine.

Horehound—for flavoring candy and as simple medicine.

Lavender—an aromatic shrub of the mint family, for use in the linen closet.

Lovage—its aromatic seeds are used in candies. The roots are sliced and candied like sweet flag, sometimes steeped for a domestic medicine.

Parsley—leaves used for dressing meats and flavoring soups.

Pennyroyal—chiefly used for domestic medicines, belongs to the mint family.

Peppermint—an aromatic herb from Europe, naturalized in America, much in favor for medicines and confectionery.

Peppers—the small red ones are used for soups and dressing.

MORE ABOUT THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE

THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE: MORE DETAILS ABOUT THIS HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM

IN the last issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we published drawings and a description of the Craftsman Fireplace in its improved and simplified form, and for the benefit of those readers who may be interested in this new heating and ventilating system we are presenting here two more illustrations which show the fireplace fitted with our removable shaker grate, adapted

for the burning of either coal or coke.

Figure 1 is a front view of the fireplace, looking down upon the row of roller grates, and Figure 2 is a sectional perspective through the lower part of the fireplace.

The roller grates are very simple in construction, being fitted to revolve in a frame which rests upon the brick ledge inside the fireplace opening. To the front of this frame is fastened an upright metal plate. Through this plate project the bars on which the grates revolve, and when the fire needs shaking a shaker or handle is engaged with the end of each bar. In this way any portion of the fire can be shaken when it

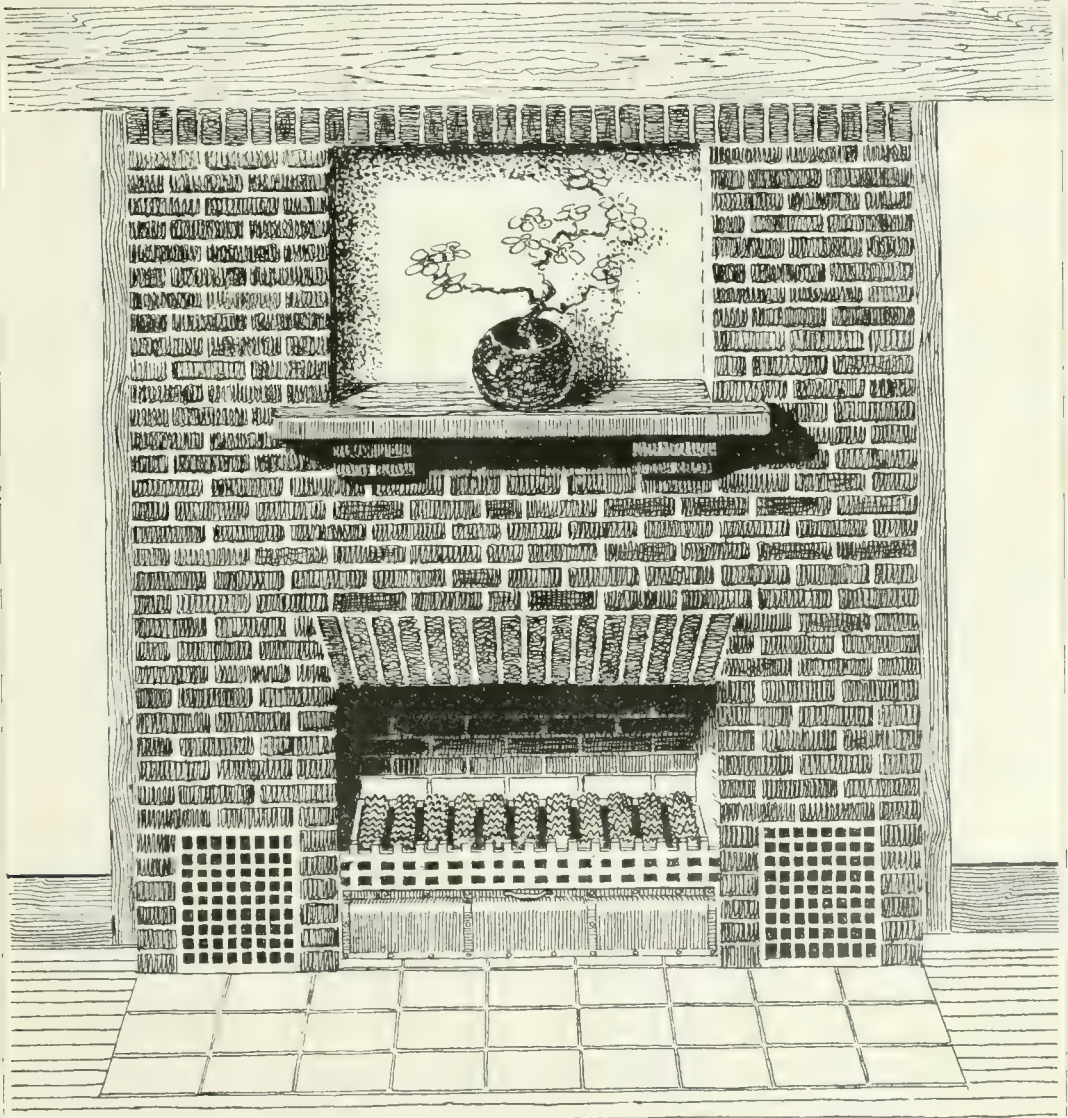


FIGURE 1: THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE EQUIPPED WITH SHAKER GRATE FOR THE BURNING OF COAL OR COKE.

MORE ABOUT THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE

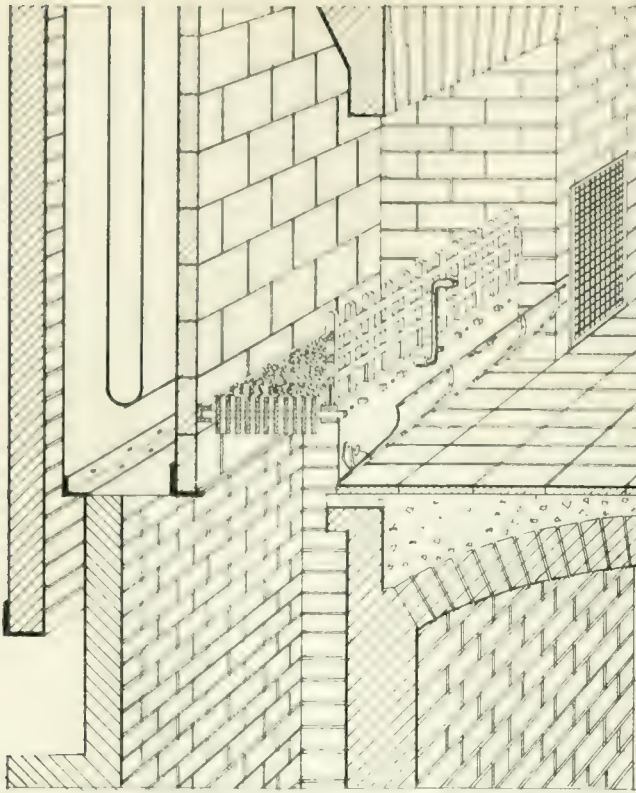


FIGURE 2: SECTIONAL PERSPECTIVE THROUGH THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE, SHOWING COPPER HEARTH SWUNG FORWARD AND HANDLE ENGAGED WITH ONE OF THE ROLLER GRATES READY TO SHAKE THE FIRE.

needs it, without disturbing the unburned part. When there are clinkers among the ashes between the grates, the turning of any one of the grates automatically turns the next one, grinding and breaking up the clinkers and thus preventing clogging.

The inner metal plate fits tightly inside the fireplace opening so that no dust or ashes can escape onto the hearth, the plate being made adjustable as to height and length to allow for any slight variations in the measurements of the brickwork around the fireplace opening.

In front of this inner plate is a second plate or hearth which is pivoted to the lower portion of the inner plate, and is kept normally upright, close to the latter, as shown in Figure 1, so that no mechanism is apparent, only the burning coals and flames appearing above the hearth. This outer plate is made of copper or brass, and with its metal bands, studs and handle forms an ornamental and attractive part of the fireplace. When the fire needs shaking, the

copper hearth is swung forward on its pivot (the inner plate forming a convenient stop), and the handle is applied to the bars of the roller grates, as shown in Figure 2. When the fire has been sufficiently shaken, the handle is removed and the copper hearth is swung back into place.

As will be evident from the drawings, the upper portion of the fire receives a draught from the room through the upright grates in front, but that portion of the fire which is below the top of the copper hearth receives no draught from the room, only from the ash pit below.

In order, therefore, to insure a current of air below the fire when necessary, we provide a damper in the wall of the ash pit, which may be opened or closed to admit air to the fire from the cellar. This damper is regulated by means of a rod which goes up into the room in which the fireplace is built, and may be worked by a handle or knob. As the air in the cellar is much cooler than that in the ash pit or in the room, the opening of the damper causes a draught of cool air which makes the fire burn briskly, and the closing of the damper holds the fire in check just like the closing of the lower damper and the opening of the top door in the ordinary furnace or stove.

Although any material may be used in building the chimneypiece, the one with which the greatest heating efficiency can be attained is brick. The ordinary terra-cotta brick absorbs the heat slowly but thoroughly, and retains it a long time. The brick chimneypiece thus acts as an equalizer of the heat, which it continues to radiate after the fire has been checked or allowed to go out. This prevents a too rapid change of temperature. Moreover as the fireplace is in one of the main rooms instead of in the cellar, all the heat which radiates from the chimneypiece helps to heat the room instead of being wasted on some basement below, as is usual with the ordinary furnace.

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THE MEANING OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY

WHETHER we welcome it with fear or with faith, with hostility or with enthusiasm, the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt on the platform proclaimed in his Columbus speech bears startling witness to a crisis in our political history. In that speech the Ex-President merely declared his faith in the right of the American people to self-government, incidentally reaffirming the doctrine that human rights are above property rights, yet instantly he was greeted with a chorus of denunciation as a "firebrand," "a demagogue," "a reckless agitator," "an apostle of unrest," "an enemy of constitutional government."

Whether we accept the word of his friends that the Colonel was forced into the race against his intention and inclination because La Follette's breakdown at a critical moment left the Progressive cause without a leader strong enough to keep up its fighting heart, or whether we give ear to his enemies who declare that his own ambition was the force that impelled him, we are compelled in either case to recognize in his action convincing evidence of the force and reality of the Progressive movement—that stirring and awakening of the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, which is bringing consternation to the Bourbons of both parties. For even Colonel Roosevelt's enemies admit that as far as personal fame and honors are concerned he has little to gain and much to lose in this contest, and even his enemies credit him with an amazing faculty for catching and reflecting public opinion. Many who do not like the Ex-President's doctrines acknowledge the transcendent importance of his Columbus speech as an instinctive reflection of public sentiment. As one editor remarks, it proves more conclusively than a census on the subject could that the people are demanding that the machinery of government be made more immediately and truly responsive to their will. The dominant, persistent note of Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus speech is "Trust the people." Whereas, stripped of its innumerable sophistries and indirections, the message that special privilege is insistently whispering into the ear of government in nation, State and municipality is "Fear and distrust the people,

trick them that they may not understand their wrongs, shackle them with intricate laws lest they discover their own strength, and exploit them that we may prosper."

In his clarion-toned declaration of faith in the people, Colonel Roosevelt states that "we Progressives believe that the people have the right, the power and the duty to protect themselves and their own welfare; that human rights are supreme over all other rights; that wealth should be the servant, not the master, of the people;" that "we hold it a prime duty of the people to free our Government from the control of money in politics," and that "for this purpose we advocate, not as ends in themselves, but as weapons in the hands of the people, all governmental devices which will make the representatives of the people more easily and certainly responsive to the people's will." Among these weapons he commends the short ballot, direct nominations, the direct election of Senators, the initiative and referendum, the recall of judges "as a last resort," and the recall of judicial decisions.

On the subject of "big business" he says that we should not fear, if necessary, to "bring regulation to the point of controlling wages, hours of labor, and monopoly prices;" that "it is both futile and mischievous to correct the evils of big business by an attempt to restore business conditions as they were in the middle of the last century;" and that "it is absurd to endeavor to regulate business by means of long-drawn-out lawsuits." Among the other uncompromising affirmations which the capitalistic papers cry out against as "appalling," and which move a Justice of the New York Supreme Court to exclaim that Colonel Roosevelt "has the daring of a madman, the instinct of a beast," we may select as representative the following:

"It is impossible to invent constitutional devices which will prevent the popular will from being effective for wrong without also preventing it from being effective for right. The only safe course to follow in this great American democracy is to provide for making the popular judgment really effective. * * * It is often said that ours is a government of checks and balances. But this should only mean that these checks and balances obtain as among the several different kinds of representatives of the people—judicial, executive and legislative—to whom

the people have delegated certain portions of their power. It does not mean that the people have parted with their power or cannot resume it. * * * Many eminent lawyers believe, and sometimes assert, that the American people are not fitted for popular government, and that it is necessary to keep the judiciary independent of the majority or of all the people; that there must be no appeal to the people from the decision of a court in any case; and that, therefore, the judges are to be established as sovereign rulers over the people. I take absolute issue with all those who hold such a position. I regard it as a complete negation of our whole system of government; and if it became the dominant position in this country, it would mean the absolute upsetting of both the rights and the rule of the people. * * *

"If the American people are not fit for popular government, and if they should of right be the servants and not the masters of the men whom they themselves put in office, then Lincoln's work was wasted and the whole system of government upon which this great democratic republic rests is a failure. * * *

"There is no question in a state of any conflicting sovereignties. There is only one sovereignty—the sovereignty of the people.

"I will speak of ours as a government of division of powers. That is true in so far as we deal with the division among the representatives of the people of the power delegated to them by the people. But it is not true if by it we mean there is a division of power between the people and the representatives. In the last resort the people, after due deliberation, are to be and must be the masters and their representatives their servants. * * *

"If you do not believe in the people, say so, and abandon our system of government. But, above all things, do not make believe that you trust the people, do not in speech claim to trust the people and then underhandedly endeavor so to frame the constitution and the laws that you shall trick them out of their right of self-government. * * *

"Our system of government is a confessed failure unless the people are to be trusted to govern themselves. * * *

"I do not say that the people are infallible. But I do say that our whole history shows that the American people are more often sound in their decisions than is the case with any of the governmental bodies

to whom, for their own convenience, they have delegated portions of their power."

Of the recall of judges, that device so abhorrent to President Taft and to the legal mind generally, Colonel Roosevelt says:

"The judge is just as much the servant of the people as any other official. * * * The question of applying the recall in any shape is one of expediency merely. Each community has a right to try the experiment for itself in whatever shape it pleases. I do not believe in adopting the recall (of judges) save as a last resort. * * * But either the recall will have to be adopted or else it will have to be made much easier than it now is to get rid, not merely of a bad judge, but of a judge who, however virtuous, has grown so out of touch with social needs and facts that he is unfit longer to render good service on the bench."

Colonel Roosevelt goes on to urge the immediate adoption of another kind of recall, namely "the recall of judicial decisions" applied to the decisions of State courts on constitutional questions. In his own words, "When a judge decides a constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can or cannot do, the people should have the right to recall that decision if they think it wrong." In spite of the outcry instantly raised against this "radical" suggestion, and its cold reception by the lawyers even among the Republican insurgents, it is pertinent to remember that this is the only nation on earth in which the courts have acquired a position of irresponsible dominance over the legislative and executive agents of the people.

No matter to what extent factional clamor over secondary aspects of Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy may for a time confuse the real issue, that issue is one which cannot be evaded. By his Columbus address the most dynamic personality in modern politics awakens the country as no other could have done, to the imminence of a crisis, transcending personalities or parties, in the age-long struggle between human rights and property rights. Among the politicians and the newspapers furious and resounding battles are being waged over the validity of the anti-third-term tradition, the ethics of his attack upon his old friend and protégé in the White House, and the rights and wrongs of the innumerable charges and countercharges which have always swirled around the Colonel's exultant and unhesitating footsteps. But not all the dust and con-

THE MEANING OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY

fusion thus raised will suffice to obscure the fact that these are merely minor skirmishings, important only because of their relation to the momentous conflict pending between the attacking armies of the people on one side and the entrenched forces of special privilege on the other. And this conflict gains rather than loses in impressiveness from the fact that it must be decided by ballots, not bullets.

This is the reason why the Progressive press hails the Columbus speech as "a new Declaration of Independence," "a twentieth-century bill of rights," and declares that Roosevelt's work, like Lincoln's, is one of emancipation. A rugged figure, aflame with courage and conviction, he dedicates himself to the cause of the people. As he characteristically remarks: "I am happy, entirely happy, because I am fighting for a principle and the issue is in no sense a personal one." Again, in an *Outlook* editorial, he states that the issue, reduced to its simplest terms, is "Do you believe in the rule of the people?" And after reasserting his belief that, as regards the great fundamental questions of public policy, "courts, like executives and legislatures, must bow to the sober and well-thought-out judgment of the people," he goes on to say:

"I do not propose to give the people any new power. I propose to restore to them the power out of which they have been defrauded, the power which it is their right and their duty to exercise. I propose to provide a better and more effective method for the exercise of the power reserved and inherent in the people to make or unmake their Constitution or construe the Constitution in accordance with their well-considered needs."

But because he uncompromisingly declares his faith in the right and the power of the people to rule—a doctrine formulated no less definitely in the Declaration of Independence, in President Washington's farewell address, in Thomas Jefferson's utterances, and in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, he is howled against as a "firebrand," "a revolutionist," "a would-be destroyer of the Constitution." Thus among the reactionary papers even of his own party we hear him denounced for his "assaults on the constitutional stability of our institutions," while his Columbus speech is declared to be "not only un-Republican, but un-American." And it was of the Progressives whose leadership Colonel Roosevelt has accepted,

and who share his faith in the people, that President Taft said in his memorable Lincoln Day speech:

"There are those who look upon the present situation as one full of evil and corruption and as a tyranny of concentrated wealth, and who in apparent despair at any ordinary remedy are seeking to pull down those things which have been regarded as the pillars of the temple of freedom and representative government and to reconstruct our whole society on some new principle, not definitely formulated, and with no intelligent or intelligible forecast of the exact constitutional and statutory results to be attained. With the effort to make the selection of candidates, the enactment of legislation, and the decision of courts depend on the momentary passions of a people necessarily indifferently informed as to the issues presented, and without the opportunity having been given them for time and study and that deliberation that gives security and common sense to the government of the people, such extremists would hurry us into a condition which could find no parallel except in the French Revolution or in that bubbling anarchy that once characterized the South American republics. Such extremists are not progressives; they are political emotionalists or neurotics."

And on another occasion, speaking before the American Bar Association, President Taft said: "There are those who do not believe all people are fit for popular government. The fact is, we know they are not. Some of us don't dare to say so, but I do. We are called upon now to say whether we are to continue the judiciary independent of the majority or of all the people."

Thus we have the two sides of the case stated by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, both sincere and able men, and both solicitous for the nation's welfare, but typifying divergent basic principles. Sharing Mr. Taft's point of view we find not only all the beneficiaries of special privilege, all the exploiters of the people's forests, mines and waterpowers, but also, as one editor well expresses it, "all the host of honest citizens who intellectually and temperamentally are incapable of consent to progress, who see revolution in every change, and, consciously or unconsciously, are worshipers of the sanctity of property even though it be illicit." Sharing Mr. Roosevelt's point of view we find a large and increasing progressive element in both parties, an element whose full strength we

have not yet had a chance to measure. And Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy means that this element in the Republican party, left without adequate leadership by Senator La Follette's temporary breakdown, turned instinctively to the Ex-President as the man for the emergency. The progressives at least realize that an acute stage has been reached in the conflict between human rights and property rights.

Among numberless symptoms of such a crisis we may mention the tariff revolts, the growing and insistent murmurings against the arbitrary and unregulated power of the money oligarchy, the widespread uprisings against bossism and machine rule both in State and national politics, the ferment in the labor world, and last but not least the amazing increase of the Socialist vote in recent elections. Moreover, special privilege, realizing that its strongholds in the legislatures are crumbling before the advance of an awakened and organized public opinion, is falling back for sanctuary upon the courts. Particularly timely, in this connection, is Colonel Roosevelt's reminder that judges, like all other public officials, are the servants, not the masters, of the people. Nor is the demand for popular government which is troubling the waters in this country a local or isolated manifestation. It is part of the same great stirring of the spirit of democracy which is changing the course of history in England, in Germany, in Russia, in Portugal, in Turkey and in China. Everywhere the people are making imperious demand for a controlling voice in their destinies.

Conditions in this country which have produced our glaring inequalities in the distribution of our national prosperity cannot be wholesome. When a banking house receives a fee of \$69,000,000 for merely promoting a great industrial trust is it surprising that our papers exclaim: "This is standing by the turnstile of opportunity and exacting tribute?" As Colonel Roosevelt has said, we have provided for the production of prosperity, we must now pay more attention to its distribution. One boy in the United States, not yet fifteen, has a fortune of \$72,000,000, which was heaped up for him in one generation. It is estimated that one-tenth of the people own nine-tenths of the wealth, and the disproportion is growing. As a recent writer has said: "It is well in this connection to reiterate that a storm is caused

by the difference in pressure between two atmospheric areas—nature abhorring a too great inequality. When that overplus of pressure piles up in the social atmosphere, by terrible things in righteousness is the equilibrium restored." Reformers like Mr. Roosevelt, who seek a means of correcting these precipitous inequalities, are not the revolutionaries. That term applies rather to those reactionaries who would make revolution inevitable by bolstering up and maintaining such abnormal conditions.

As that dauntless progressive, Robert M. La Follette has said, what the situation demands is "a programme of legislation which, once enacted into law, will break the hold of privilege on the industrial life of the people and free them from the burden imposed by thousands of millions of fictitious capitalization." The real danger to democracy, says Mr. La Follette, lies not in the ignorance or want of patriotism of the people, but in the corrupting influence of powerful business organizations upon the representatives of the people. The real cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Arts and Craft of Our Teutonic Forefathers." By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Illustrated. 238 pages and index. Price \$1.75 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Woman from Wolverton": By Isabel Gordon Curtis. 342 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 11 cents. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"The Fighting Doctor": By Helen R. Martin. 242 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 7 cents. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"The Great River": Poems: By Frederick Oakes Sylvester. Illustrated. Price \$3.00. Published by F. O. Sylvester, St. Louis.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam": Illustrated with drawings by Isabel Hawxhurst Hall. Price \$3.50 net. Published by the Alice Harriman Co., New York.

"The Practice of Water Color Painting": By A. T. Baldy. Illustrated. 167 pages. Price \$5.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Fairies Afield": By Mrs. Molesworth. 252 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Ceilings and Their Decorations": by Guy Cadogan Rothery. Illustrated. 271 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.



See page 121.

"THE MADONNA OF THE LAUREL."
LOUIS D. VAILLANT, PAINTER



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THE FUTURE OF GARDEN CITIES IN AMERICA: DEMOCRATIC TOWN PLANNING TO BE ACCOMPLISHED BY COÖPERATION

"The city is a place where men lead a common life for a noble end."—Aristotle.



THE interest of the American people in the garden city movement is steadily gaining ground. Not only have we seen what Europe is accomplishing along this line, but in our own country we are being awakened by the crying need of a saner distribution of population, better working and living conditions and greater opportunity for outdoor life. We are beginning to understand that if we are to become a nation of healthy, happy and efficient men and women we must see to it that our young people have the kind of public training and home influences which will make for strong physical, mental and spiritual growth,—and this implies both the intellectual opportunities of the city and the wholesome inspiration of the country.

These things, we find, are most difficult under present badly adjusted social conditions. The bitter experience of our civilization has proved conclusively that neither city nor country, as existing today, furnishes opportunity for the development of the best individual and social life. Each has its virtues and defects; each, in part is essential to our well-being, but each has failed to give us much happiness, health or a true democracy. We have yet to build our ideal city, to find a means of reconciling civilization and nature, getting the advantages of the city without congestion, and the healthfulness and beauty of the country without social isolation.

In view of these facts, it is no wonder that the garden city movement makes strong appeal. Its ability to combine the good and eliminate the evil of both country and town life has been so successfully demonstrated abroad that it seems to present the only obvious and satisfactory solution to our problem. But if it is to be effectual and permanent in its results it must be the direct expression of the common will and effort of the people, the outcome of their own conscious and united action for a clearly defined end, and not an individual philanthropy, or the imposition of some temporary reform or altruism. We may apply many of the principles and gain much

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valuable experience from the successes and failures of the various experiments in Europe, and the few in our own country; but we must build our own garden cities in our own way, according to our own local and national needs, opportunities and limitations. We believe that the garden cities of America to be a success must be coöperative and democratic rather than paternalistic or proprietary as in England and Germany.

But democracy must forever be born of the wish of the people, for it implies both interest and responsibility in the relation of the individual to the State. And people do not really desire coöperation until they are sure it is the best thing for them to plan and act as a unit and invest their collective capital for a common end. Also they must be convinced that such coöperation will result in personal as well as in common good. It might be possible to enlist the aid of a few large-souled individuals by appealing to their sympathies and ardor for reform; but if the garden city movement is to be put on a firm footing in this country it must appeal to the enlightened self-interest of the majority. The people must realize that intelligent united action along this line will result in actual benefit to themselves and their families. They must feel not only that their collective effort will bring them in the long run what they most highly value, but also that it is possible for their economic ideal to be carried forward on a sound basis. They must understand that the planning and building of a model garden city is a straight business proposition, not a philanthropic scheme or a risky speculation. As Grosvenor Atterbury has put it, "The future of the garden city depends on its ability to earn its own living, to pay its own way."

Moreover, only in such collective and harmonious action lies the protection of the people from the ravages of the land speculator. The keen competition in real estate circles has not only produced many wasteful conditions and artificial values in our suburbs, but it has frequently upset whole farming communities. The buying up of land for purely speculative objects and the use of fertile acres and pasturage by the "gentleman-farmer" for golf links and other purposes, has given many farmers an unnatural view of land values and uses, and they are apt to lose interest in the real work of their fields and live idly in the hope that some rich city man may come along and buy their acres at fabulous prices for speculation. And this sort of purchase not only means that the land may remain unused for years, or may be cut up into small lots for the possible future erection of badly built houses, but it also means that the individual who eventually buys one of these lots will have to pay the original speculator an exorbitant price or a correspondingly large yearly in-

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terest. This, of course, is inevitable under present conditions, and to some extent is right; for the value of the land will have been increased by whatever improvements or transit facilities may have resulted from the speculator's ownership. But how much more to the interest of the home-seeker it would be if he were able to avoid this expense of the speculating middleman, buy his land direct and build for himself the kind of home that he wanted, a place of permanent comfort and beauty.

But this can never be accomplished by the average citizen of small income, and here again we see the necessity for coöperation. If private persons who wish suburban or country homes would unite into a group and act collectively, buying and improving on a large scale as the speculator does now, only with a view to the establishment of an ideal community, then our garden cities might be begun. By such unified and consistent action the people would get the kind of homes and environment which they really want, embodying the combined advantages of city and country life, and at the same time, by acting on an economical basis, they would be saving the interest on their money which would otherwise have gone to the speculator. Such an undertaking as this obviously would not be an easy task, nor would it mean getting something for nothing. It would require money, brains, personal and collective effort.

In the development of a model community, the people will have to band together for the securing or raising of capital; they will have to pay expert business men to manage the financial and executive end, and competent architects, builders, town planners, landscape gardeners and other professionals to carry out their wishes and help them put their ideals into practical, economical and beautiful form. Such enterprise will need wise and careful consideration, insight into present needs and forethought for future possibilities. In fact, the model town has been defined as "a place where the conditions of living are wisely controlled, where a certain amount of flexibility is allowed for organic growth, and where foresight is evidenced in provision for the future."

ASIDE from the material benefit which will result from the creation of such a healthful and inspiring environment as a garden city affords, there is the equally or even more important factor of its reaction upon the people who are responsible for it. Its biggest value to both individual and community is the development which the people themselves secure from it. By their commingled efforts and aspirations, by their intelligent and friendly coöperation for a common cause, by the awakening and stimulating

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of their sense of personal responsibility and integrity, the training of their business judgment, the emphasizing of their love of home life and right home surroundings, the quickening of their civic consciousness and civic pride,—out of all these things they gain their own intellectual and spiritual growth, evolving gradually, by the work of their own hands and hearts and brains, the solid structure of a real democracy.

Thus far, the only example in this country which nearly approximates the Continental garden city in its collective planning and development is Forest Hills Gardens, the work of the Russell Sage Foundation on Long Island, accounts and illustrations of which have been published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* from time to time. This undertaking, which has been defined by Robert W. de Forest, one of the trustees, as “a business investment with an educational purpose,” while, of course, not democratic or coöperative in the sense outlined above, will nevertheless prove a valuable demonstration to the country at large of the advantages of such an ideal type of community, and will prove, we hope, the incentive to home-seekers to develop homes for themselves along similar lines.

The garden city movement was first started in Europe, and it is interesting to note its steady growth and increasing popularity. H. Inigo Triggs, in the preface to his volume on “Town Planning, Past, Present and Possible,” says:

“It was not until the latter half of the last century that the subject of town planning began to be systematically studied. Originating in the far-reaching schemes of Baron Haussmann for the improvement of Paris, the movement gathered impetus with the remodeling of many of the more important cities of Europe consequent upon the demolition of their fortifications. In England, until Mr. John Burns introduced the Housing and Town Planning Bill, any idea of a systematic treatment of the subject was practically unknown outside æsthetic coteries, and although such matters as public health and restrictive building laws have for many years received great attention, we have yet very much to learn upon the subject of the laying out and development of town areas. The structure of our towns, the development of our suburbs and the creation of entirely new districts have been with us nearly always pure matters of chance. What was a village, expands to a town, which in its turn becomes a populous city without any preparations being made for the great change. As each difficulty arises it has been either quite left to chance, or solved in the best manner which the circumstances of the moment permit, with little thought for the requirements of succeeding generations. We are beginning

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to see what the consequence of this state of affairs has been, and to realize gradually that a city is not, and ought not to be, a chance aggregation of so many houses, any more than a rational dwelling is a fortuitous collection of bricks and mortar."

MR. TRIGGS quotes Aristotle, who defined a city as "a place where men live a common life for a noble end," and asks, "How can we accomplish this end unless we make our cities so attractive and so beautiful as to diffuse a beneficent influence over our homes and our entire life?" This "beneficent influence," unfortunately, has not been diffused by the kind of cities which our modern civilization has reared. Neither have we found satisfaction and fulfilment in our suburban and country life. In our blind groping for wealth and happiness we have foundered between two extremes—the overcrowding of our cities on the one hand, and the desolation of our country on the other. The case has been so effectively stated by Ebenezer Howard, the founder of England's first garden city, that we can hardly do better than quote him here. In his book "Garden Cities of Tomorrow," he sets forth the people's need of a "town-country,"—the sort of community which will combine all that is best and avoid all that is bad in both country and town. And to make his argument more graphic, he uses a diagram: three magnets, attracting the People. One magnet is the town, another the country, and the third the "town-country." By these magnets he marks the essential characteristics of each division:

"Town: Closing out of nature, social opportunity, isolation of crowds, places of amusement, distance from work, high money wages, high rents and prices, chances of employment, excessive hours, army of unemployed, fogs and droughts, costly drainage, foul air, murky sky, well-lit streets, slums and gin palaces, palatial edifices.

"Country: Lack of society, beauty of nature, hands out of work, land lying idle, trespassers beware, wood, meadow, forest, long hours, low wages, fresh air, low rents, lack of drainage, abundance of water, lack of amusement, bright sunshine, no public spirit, need for reform, crowded dwellings, deserted villages.

"Town-country: Beauty of nature, social opportunity, fields and parks of easy access, low rents, high wages, low rates, plenty to do, low prices, no sweating, field for enterprise, flow of capital, pure air and water, good drainage, bright homes and gardens, no smoke, no slums, freedom and coöperation."

The result of the theories, plans and practical efforts of Ebenezer Howard was the founding of the Garden City at Letchworth, Hert-

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fordshire, England, which, through the work, writings and illustrations of its architects, Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, has already become familiar to readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Other model communities of a more or less similar nature, paternalistic, proprietary or coöperative, have sprung up in various countries.

Charles Mulford Robinson, in a footnote in his "Modern Civic Art," says: "Striking illustrations may be pointed out of this new industrial movement in, for example, Port Sunlight, England, with its model cottages, its allotment gardens, garden plots, and flower shows; in Cadbury's Bourneville Village Trust, just out of Birmingham; in the Krupp city of Essen, Germany; in the Westinghouse community near Pittsburgh; in the transformation wrought by the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, and in the development at the Acme White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, where there has been adopted the motto, 'Take hold and lift.' The success of these settlements indicates that industrial regard for civic æsthetics is not a concession to sentimental impulse on the part of manufacturers who are willing, for its sake, to sacrifice something of efficiency; but that it is a phase of the effort to secure the latter. It is based on a recognition of the fact that the laborer is a better workman if the environment of home and shop be shorn of dreariness; if his higher impulses be fed, not starved, and he be made more man and less machine."

In this connection and in these days of class injustice, special privilege, social and economic extremes, and the consequent increasing discontent among the masses of the people who are complaining that our so-called democracy has betrayed them, there is much significance—perhaps even prophecy—in Ebenezer Howard's definition of the garden city movement as "*a peaceful path to real reform.*"

In his "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin has put into words his vision of the ideal city and the manner of its attainment. It will come, he says, "through sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams and walled around, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard around the walls, so that from any part of the city fresh air and grass and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This is the final aim."

OUR DESIRES



OUR desires are the dynamic of all behavior: they are seeds entrusted to us for cultivation by God and Nature.

It is for us to say whether they shall die of drought or be rotted away by the superfluous waters of self-pity; whether they shall run wild as weeds in the gardens of our lives, choking one another; whether they shall be pruned and repressed into feeble artificiality, or whether they shall be watered just enough, nourished in the sunlight, encouraged, trained, kept under control, and made to bloom with joy.

Those who blast and wither their desires will find life barren—a fruitless negation:

Those who recklessly indulge their desires will find life sour and sodden—a weak negation:

Those who too sternly prune and repress their desires will find their lives dwarfed—an insincere negation:

Only those who train and develop their desires will find life rich and large and positively fruitful.

For our desires may be low and crude in form today, but, if wisely gratified on the highest plane, they will transform themselves. They are capable of the seedling's progress from the cotyledon to the exquisite, characteristic leaf of the individual. They may be transplanted and promoted from the plain sandbed of beginnings to the window-box or flowering border.

The same desire of adventure can make a boy a housebreaker or a hero, according as its growth is directed. The same desire of beauty may make a young girl an artist or a shoplifter.

But in our desires are enfolded our powers—the secret of all possible achievement. That which the child desires ardently enough, the man or woman may become.

Nor can any one of us attain that which is greatest and best without greatly desiring it. We cannot take one step in the right direction without wishing to do so.

Therefore we must not seek to weed out the heart's desire, for it is the life's promise, but we must, rather, give it such culture as will bring the life's fulfilment.

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

THE SPRING ACADEMY: ITS TENDENCIES AND SUCCESSES



SIGNIFICANT feature of the Spring Academy was the absence of any one dominating note. No group of paintings suggested the influence of any particular school or master, and the tendency which just now is dominating Paris and all Southern Europe, of learning one's lessons in public, apparently has not, if one may judge from this exhibition, touched American painters to any great extent. There was also a definiteness of purpose, a security in technique in much of the work in the exhibition which gave one a wide sense of relief after the dissecting-room exhibitions we have been overwhelmed with this winter. It was a pleasure as well as a surprise to find on the walls of the Academy the human body presented as a coherent whole, in spite of Max Webber's insistence that flesh and blood should be expressed in terms of successive meal bags badly joined together. It was interesting, too, to note that Picasso's fame and courage have not as yet tempted many of our artists to disregard all supposed existence of balance in human anatomy. It was good to find eyes in the old-fashioned places, not sloping down at right angles to the edge of the cheek-bone, and eluding all restraint until patrolled by the ear.

We are all interested in experimenting; only through it, do we grow, whether we are tilling the soil or testing chemicals in a laboratory, or pondering on Nature's subtleties in a studio. And we are making great discoveries through this spirit, which is essentially modern and peculiarly an American one. But the great mass of real experimenters do not insist upon an admiring audience during all processes of research. The man who dissects and vivisects has about him workers in his own profession. The farmer who is trying new experiments with grafting his trees and in the fertilization of his soil usually moves over his fields and through his orchards silently and alone. The musician, even, with all his need of human sympathy and emotional understanding, still makes his excursions into the mysteries of harmony quietly, in solitude.

It seems as though it remained for the modern experimenter in colors to insist upon an audience all along the way. Of course, this does not apply to the creator, the man who moves the part of his century forward many strides through his own progress, but to the dilettante, the unproductive, who today is so often possessed with the fatuous idea that every phase of his effort, every whimsical change in his point of view, must be exhibited and exploited. He must belong to schools of eccentricity or create schools of impertinence, and as a rule he does not exhibit his own successes, because he is not making



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND
AND HER DAUGHTER M. JEAN MCLANE,
PAINTER WINNER OF THE JULIA A. SHAW
MEMORIAL PRIZE AT THE SPRING ACADEMY.



"THE MOOING COW;" CARLE-
TON WIGGINS, N.A., PAINTER.



"THE SEWING LESSON:" FRAN-
CIS C. JONES, N.A., PAINTER.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON:
MARY FAIRCHILD LOW, A.N.A., PAINTER.

ABSENCE OF "SCHOOLS" AMONG AMERICAN PAINTERS

any. He is drawing a house so that it tumbles over because Cezanne did, a table that is sliding off the floor because Halprit so elects, a woman with her body out of shape and so unrelated to realities that it is perfectly reasonable to have it falling out of the picture, in close imitation of Matisse. We seem to have gone mad over the whimsical curiosities of youth, which, however interesting in their way, are far removed from that great, lonely creative spirit who really experiments, who really achieves, whom the crowd seldom knows or recognizes, who has no place among those who stridently proclaim their little strangenesses. Everyone who thinks of art, of any kind of progress, knows that real accomplishment is in the hands of the hard workers, of the men driven by the impulse to create, the naïve simple folk, who are deeply touched by any real sympathy, but who recoil and hide from the flamboyant acclamation of the camp followers of art.

BUT to return to the Spring Academy, the work this year did not seem to be sorted out in the usual fashion, for the honor room, the Vanderbilt Gallery, was on the whole the least interesting of the four rooms, and the honor line, which usually carries most of the prize pictures in that gallery, was quite the least interesting of the four walls. The significant paintings were scattered about with no apparent effort to specialize with them or even to separate them from the mass of painting which at the Academy every year, in spite of the kind efforts of the hanging committee, melt into a background.

A significant study of individualism in art, so free from affectation of soul or technique, that it stands as an important painting of the year, is George Bellows' canvas of one of the great New York steamship wharfs, called "Men of the Docks." In the broken surfaces of wintry water and patches of ice, a massive ocean liner is docked, giving one a comfortable sense of security as to the continued existence of some fundamental laws of Nature. The houses across the river from the dock are built on firm foundations, and the water in the harbor flows out over immutable earth, the smaller vessels about are moored safely to piers which will not dissolve, and the sky and the air and the tense crisp light seem not likely to break loose and drop off onto another canvas. George Bellows has painted the truth about this scene as the normal man would see it, the man animated by an understanding of the great fundamental laws of the universe; not striving to arrest attention by eccentricity, but to hold it by reality. It is a freshly painted canvas, full of oxygen, with the chill of winter in the air and sea, and the whole presented with the thrill and wonder inherent in the edges of great seaport towns, where

ABSENCE OF "SCHOOLS" AMONG AMERICAN PAINTERS

ships voyage away to strange lands, sailing through many airs and exotic perfumes. George Bellows can do that rare thing, of which some dashing experimenters of today do not even dream; he can present life, life that touches his interest, with all the inherent values that truth holds, and can add to that the romance which the sensitive imagination demands in order to be at one with the creator of beauty.

Jonas Lie's "Bridge" in the same room with Bellows, is hung, as it were, for a companion piece, because Lie is handling somewhat the same subjects in somewhat the same way. But Lie is more dramatic. He has a more brilliant technique. His canvas is more showy, the light resilient, but the miracle of life has not been produced.

Among the Academy canvases which assert their right to interest and criticism, the individual note prevails. Each of these men,—this, of course, applies only to the distinctive ones,—is searching for truth in his own way, and often a man with two canvases shows a different method of technique in each, as, for instance, in Ben Ali Haggin's "Girl in a Black Gown," and "Baby in Chinese Coat." The former is done with a rich, mature meltingly beautiful line, as though the brush combined with brain to express a certain languid grace of motion, an æsthetic attitude toward life, and on the other hand the whole handling of the baby portrait is done with such simplicity and tenderness that one is not surprised to learn that the piquant, poignantly lovely subject is Mr. Haggin's own daughter, for there is affection as well as skill in the presenting of the wee baby, with her eager sweetness and delicate charm.

Another distinctively individual canvas presents Karl Anderson's "Tiger Lilies," a very small patch of pasture land filled with blooming August plants and radiant children. The light comes in a sheet of splendor, sifting through the tiger-lily bloom, and imparting a yellow radiance to the beautiful standing child and the happy group on the ground. The pictures in the vicinity sink back as remote from interest as the frame does. It is a very definite achievement, and not based on whimsicality or any interest in foreign eccentricities. It must be the way summertime, which always means children, looks to a man of sympathetic temperament. In the same gallery other men are showing it in other ways, as they remember it or as they enjoy it, but no one quite so emotionally as this artist has presented it under the shower of tiger lilies.

There are fewer children and more nude studies than usual this year, and somehow one does not expect them both in one exhibition. As a whole the children portraits are definitely more interesting, more real, than the nudes. In America we have not yet become simple enough or unself-conscious enough to paint naked human

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beings with all the possibilities of beauty that lie in that particular phase of art. The nude studies at the Spring Academy seem irrelevant and accidental rather than inevitable. The trouble is that in reality we are still shadowed with Puritanism, and although the artist may recognize the beauty in the nude in art, the stern force of the New England point of view is still latent in his conscience, and to a certain extent stultifies his impulse toward freedom and naturalness.

Luis Mora's canvas "Embroidered Patterns" is quite outside this criticism, but then Luis Mora is quite half Spanish and all artist. He does not know the blight that our Puritan ancestors thrust out over all lovely things in life, the human body, music, flowers, and how to them the imaginative, the poets, were witches and the beautiful, vile. The art impulse of Mr. Mora, happily for him and for us, flowered in southern lands, and his art up to the present day has gone through many phases of varied, rich interest. He has painted the modern Spaniard as well as the wonderful old beauty of Spain; he has revealed the charm of the American farm land, and he has brought back studies of the old life of California, but never before, so far as the writer knows, has he presented the more philosophical phase of his art, as in this study of nude women, which is such an interesting departure from the other nude studies at the Academy. The two women, in this picture, painted with the most exquisite luminous flesh quality, are considering with poetic languor the beauty of some old Spanish shawls, and not only has Mr. Mora presented a vivid study of material beauty, but he has found the way to stir the imagination to a finer understanding of the exquisite and subtle relation of the arts, for he has portrayed as rich and full a rhythm in color and line as Debussy discovered in sound, in his analytical and emotional music of "Pélleas and Mélisande." Mr. Mora's composition is so harmoniously developed that one gains the impression, in tone and sweep of body and fabric, of rhythm flowing out beyond the frame and carrying one's imagination into far spaces of fine-spun beauty.

We have the good fortune to present among our illustrations this month a reproduction of the Julia A. Shaw Memorial Prize picture, a portrait of Mrs. John Henry Hammond and her daughter, by M. Jean McLane. THE CRAFTSMAN readers will no doubt recall frequent recent mention of Mrs. McLane's work. She is a young artist whose painting has been from the start markedly individual, who evidently has planned for herself the delight of painting people, especially children, as she actually sees them, through the quality of her most vigorous and illuminating technique. Our frontispiece is also an Academy picture, "The Madonna of the Laurel," by Louis D. Vaillant. We are especially interested in this modern

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Madonna picture, as it seems so full of the simple naïve beauty that was found in the very early presentations of the subject, when the Madonna symbolized mother-love, rather than certain religious dogma or a purely material maternalism.

In showing Mrs. Will H. Low's portrait of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, our interest has centered in the subject. We are sure that our readers the world over will enjoy the opportunity of this glimpse of Mrs. Stevenson, however the limitations imposed by black and white may prevent a full realization of the great charm of this unusual woman, whose personality is so magnetic, so serene in its poise, so richly intellectual, that those who have had the opportunity of knowing her always remember her as one of the most interesting and beautiful among women. Our two other illustrations are "The Sewing Lesson," by Francis Jones, a most happy and tender home interior, and Carleton Wiggins' "The Mooing Cow," which is a "portrait" of springtime in the pasture, with fragrant wet winds bringing in messages of budding clover and sweetbrier.

RETURNING WINGS

THE trees stand black and bare against the sky,
Gaunt silhouettes upon a pallid shield;
The garnered meadow-lands no longer yield
Abundance of sweet sheaves, but passive lie—
For lo, the North Wind's monarchy is nigh!
All trace of plenitude has earth concealed,
Yet well she knows that she has but to wield
Her magic wand, and Spring comes by and by.

And though my heart is cheerless and alone,
And eyes are blinded by a mist of tears,
Though every bird of happiness has flown
Away with you—Ah, Love, no haunting fears
Shall dim the welcome of returning wings,
Nor hush the music when my Poet sings!

ANNE P. L. FIELD.

OLD CREOLE COURTYARDS: BY P. F. G.



HE true necromancer has his gift from fairies, in cradle-time, and plies his white magic wherever he may go through life. Straying into an atmosphere surcharged with memories, he finds himself besought by them, and gradually gives himself over to the obsession, becoming lost to the present, beholding strange visions, hearing strange voices. Lulled by a semitropical

heat and an air languorous with magnolia and jasmine, such a visionary must yield to a certain haunted area known as the Old Quarter of New Orleans where, in varying stages of dissolution, linger the French and Spanish buildings of a bygone century, peopled with ghosts and their secrets: love secrets, passion secrets, misery secrets, plague secrets, death-bed secrets—quite enough to drive men and women behind heavy-barred doors and close-shuttered windows, behind high walls whose bolted gate was not without its precautionary wicket, or heavy batten without its cunning peephole.

Stroll now along the narrow flagged street; look up at the beautifully wrought iron balconies overhanging the old banquette; the quaint sloping roofs, oft moss-stained, weed- or fungus-grown, with belvedere atop or dormers, like dove-cotes, midway; here and there with the old semicircular tiles which, after two fires, came to supplant the cypress, shingle or thatch; note the old-time doors and windows with their iron or wooden battens and ancient bolts, hinges and knockers; the gratings over lintels, the portes-cochères and arcades with their rusty iron lamps; the high brick, lime-washed or stuccoed walls, with gate and wicket;—in all, the mystery, the melancholy, the seclusion of a century ago.

For here are the abandoned homes and haunts of an old aristocracy—the Creole aristocracy—in rags. Houses that once entertained princes and their trains now sleep in desuetude or, worse, hang out the sign, *Chambres à louer*. Here crumble the dear homes of *Madame Delphine*, of *Madame Delicieuse*, of *Madame John*, the unhappy quadroon and her 'Tite Poulette, and all the other haunts of the Grandissimes, immortalized by that prince of white magic amid this rust and cobweb and débris—George Cable.

Now these ground floors are turned to cabarets or untidy ill-smelling shops; these high-ceiled rooms are crowded with immigrants herded together in true tenement fashion; these ladies' balconies are trod by slatterns who deface as they are able and with the utmost phlegm the tattered splendor of the past, even desecrating with their profane wash strung on a line, what to an artist would appear the holy of holies—the still enchanting courtyard! For herein is discerned the key-note of that esotericism, that air of a past gener-

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ation which must bar itself away from the passion-tainted atmosphere—here where a stranger would least expect to find a garden.

As you go along the street, you find it now as it was then, a formidable array of barricades—moribund buildings and moldering walls, all flush with the banquette, so that you know not whether they were homes or prisons, and are more perplexed to think how, if they were homes, one could be sure of his own door or that of his friend.

To the uninitiated it is a monotony of blank façades and walls—not without interest, it is true, but with the impression of gloom and shadow unspeakable within. To emphasize this feeling there are the dirty, narrow, ill-paved street, two refuse-strewn banquettes, foul gutters and dank, malarial air.

The charm of the old Creole courtyard, when it is presently discovered, is its unexpectedness; its startling contrariety toward the outer environment. Not that a courtyard is unfamiliar—you may see enough of them “up town,” as they say, meaning above Canal Street, in the American Quarter; but there, frankly desecrated through modern fence and gate, they lose their charm if not their identity; and to forfeit as little as possible of the pristine spirit of courtyard days, one must turn to those last-century haunts whither the old régime of France, fresh from revolutionary horrors, brought their court forms and fineries, and where the old Creole families held that despotic sway that is still referred to in awed whispers.

IT IS possible that all justice has not been done the room-renting foreigner and his democratic shibboleth, for who would have dared assail these aristocratic strongholds with profane curiosity under circumstances more propitious for the beauty within and less for the stranger without?

What pretext would have served the unprepared to pass him by the tignoned slave at the wicket and down that long, shaded, echoing corridor into the flower-hung area? And what magic would have found the knocker to the one of greatest beauty?

It might have been over a store that the aristocracy was to be sought, and to make a call it would have been necessary to sound the knocker on the porte-cochère right next to the shop windows. Admitted, you would have been led down a high covered carriage-way—a tessellated pavement, between plastered walls—out into a sunny court, over to the stairway leading to a hall above the carriage-way or corridor, and so to the drawing rooms over the store. But whether it were there or in a building apart, there was always this oasis to be found—a veritable conservatory, sky-roofed, of greenery, flowers and fruits, leaping fountains and singing birds.



A GARDEN COURT IN AN OLD STREET OF NEW ORLEANS: THE
MEMORY OF THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF THE LIFE THAT
ONCE FLOURISHED IN THIS PICTURESQUE QUARTER STILL
LINGERS IN THIS MOST INTERESTING OF THE OLD COURTS.



A GARDEN COURT IN ROYAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, WHICH STILL PRESERVES SOME OF THE BEAUTY WHICH MADE THESE SPOTS IN EARLY DAYS THE RENDEZVOUS OF ALL THE WEALTH AND FASHION OF THE PICTURESQUE CITY.



AN OLD FRENCH COURT IN NEW ORLEANS, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL IRON WORK WHICH SUPPORTED THE BALCONIES IN THESE WONDERFUL OUTDOOR LIVING PLACES, THE HOMES OF FAMOUS FRENCH BEAUTIES AND GREAT FRENCH SOLDIERS.



A NEGLECTED FRENCH COURTYARD WHICH VIVIDLY GIVES ONE THE IMPRESSION OF HOW MUCH THAT MAKES FOR BEAUTY IN THESE OLD GARDEN SPACES WAS DUE TO THE LOVE OF THE PEOPLE FOR OUT-DOORS AND THEIR SKILL IN DEVELOPING PICTURESQUE FEATURES.

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All houses of any pretension were on this Spanish-American plan: the tessellated carriageway or corridor leading to the spacious paved court, which gave to each room on the ground floor and to each on any of the encircling galleries above, the same charming outlook. As a rule, the two wings at the sides of the court and adjoining the main building were the family bedrooms and guest chambers. The farthest or highest apartments were allotted to the slaves. Thus, every space within was permeated by the essence of flowers borne in on tepid air, the caroling of birds, the pleasant dripping of the fountain.

And this was the manifestation of a wisdom not purely architectonic. One need only to read history—not ancient history either—to understand the motive which led men to seclude their domestic life thus, taking their garden within, since they could not trust it without.

Now you walk along the streets and through opened gates or lattices which are a compromise with the more law-abiding times, catch glimpses down long corridors of the courtyard beyond—walls of moldering brick all but denuded of vines; the flickering green of plants, choked fountains. Or you may walk in—seldom now is a door inhospitably closed—and see what you will and reconstruct what you can. But do not come unless you have a thaumaturgical gift to love back the garden into bloom and the wraiths into life, for you will have but a sorry view: decaying wood of stairways and galleries, peeling stucco, zigzag cracks in the crumbling building, moldering brick in the walls, stagnant water in the hollows of the pavement, rusty iron, broken glass, a pitiable débris, and, over all, perhaps, a damp, foul air.

Though nearly always there will be something green, just as there is always some poor offering before the humblest shrine.

OF COURSE the court was paved, sometimes with the large flat stones used in banquettes, sometimes with brick, more often tessellated with fine even stone, with black and white marble, or mosaic in elaborate patterns. The fountain occupied the position of prominence, in the center. The colorful flower beds, in set patterns, were everywhere.

Around the sides, against the walls, were small jungles of tropical plants and vines, a fig tree here and there, absorbing the warmth of sun-drenched bricks and bearing the small delicious fruit of the Celeste variety. If space permitted, there were hedges, of bois d'arc, cedar, bay, arbor-vitæ, Pride of China; and of trees, perhaps, though rarely, the large, evergreen camphor, with its fragrant gum;

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but more commonly, the magnolia, pomegranate, mespilla plum, orange, lemon, persimmon, oleander, guava, shaddock, fantastic crape myrtle and chinaberry, with their voluptuous odors; or banana trees, their leaves split into ragged ribbons; rubber plants, palmettos and Spanish dagger.

Ferns were everywhere, luxuriant-fronded ferns, and beds of a hundred kinds of flowers bordered with sweet violets. Flung over the walls were vines—honeysuckle, star-clematis, rose, wistaria—a study in pastel against the drab or lemon of the stucco; while some more venturesome of the clinging growths crept curiously about the place, up into tree trunks to peer about, in through interstices of the house walls, or up the stairway and along the jalousied balconies, to flaunt their beauty and perfumery before the occupants of those upper chambers.

Disused stairs and balconies they are now, amid the rubbish, but how easy to see, in fancy, those phantom figures treading them in one mood or another. How easy to repeople the palm-shaded seats below with light-hearted lovers, to call back the obsequious slaves, myriads of them, going about their duties; the gracious hostess and her guests, their liquid speech and laughter, reflecting no less than the horde of chattering Southern sparrows in the boughs overhead, the *joie de vivre* that is inherent in the Creole race. Here they bade Godspeed to the son or brother, husband or father who went out with Beauregard or Lee—impassioned fighters were these proud men. Here came the children, now grandparents, in the arms of their swarthy nurses; here they toddled and learned to run. Listen and you can hear the old mammy's voice, weird and mellow, chanting some Creole song.

There is some witchery in the place to set one dreaming. Is it the funereal plumes of the palm, the white light reflected from the sun- or moon-drenched walls, the amorous scent of flowers, the imagining of these things, that is, and of the chirrup of birds and leaping waters, that, mixed in the alembic of one's mind, contrive the charm?

There is the old fountain, once set in green, whose water reflected the sapphire of a tropic sky and held all the wondrous hues of sunrise and sunset, like a great opal, fire-tinted or rainbowed; or was inter-shot with the silver and gold of moonbeams and starshine. Now these lights and colors are dimly caught and half-heartedly held by the scum on stagnant water in the pavement hollows. Death lurks in the iridescence which is the fairness of corruption.

These walls, too, what history has been theirs? Caught in the rising flood of waters, contagion laden, they have breathed in the

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germs of loathsome disease; been cleansed by rain and sun, only to be soaked again in the poisonous vapors of the miasmatic air from the marshes; they have bred in their crannies bright lizards, swift moccasin snakes and all the horde that heat and damp will mother. Chameleonlike, they have taken on the unhealthy saffron of the Yellow Death who stalked through the streets without; have been dyed with color splashes as though the wine of roses, crimson and amber, had been crushed out thereon; as though the lemons and oranges had been so redolent that something of themselves had been carried across the yard too, and sprayed like pollen dust, lightly, until year after year their color had come to strike in. And who shall describe the infinite witchery of the stains of time—the moss-greens, mold-blacks, terra-cotta, gamboge, ashes of roses, shadow violets, hoary grays, weathered drabs, mummy browns—the motley color that has come into these bricks as it comes into those of cemetery vaults, with mold, corruption and change?

Perhaps there remains one of those beautiful water jars, old as the hills, the sort the forty thieves hid in. How many lips, now dust, have sought therefrom a cooling draught of water, and how grateful was its coolness, preserved therein against the tropic air; or later, when water was not caught from the eaves and purified with alum, what tender, flower-loving hands, now stilled, have found it useful as jardinière for lemon or orange firstling?

The courtyard is desolate now. Stucco peels off in the clammy dampness of shade or hot glare of sun, a bit of plaster or rotted wood falls unremarked, and slowly there sinks into decay one of the most romantic spots in all America.



THE WAY OF A BIRD WITH ITS NEST: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



WE HAVE grown accustomed to think of Nature as an excellent teacher in most practical matters; we have gone back to her again and again when we have lost our way in the simpler walks of life, but we have only slowly awakened to the fact that in the more artistic and imaginative paths she has just as much guidance and just as much inspiration for us. Our painters and sculptors and our craftsmen are all beginning to seek her help, and even the architect, the most formal, the most classic of artists, has commenced to realize that he cannot turn his back upon Nature without groping sometimes blindly.

In the matter of home building, that most vital art of all times and peoples, again the significant lesson which every builder should learn, reposes deep in the heart of Nature. She has taught those closest to her how to make their homes in the most natural and hence the most artistic way. We have only to study the ways of the birds to learn one of the most valuable lessons of architecture,—namely, the art of harmonizing the building with its environment. And how far from this basic principle in art we have wandered. Here in America, at least in modern times, we are often not even wise enough to seek our materials for home building from the immediate neighborhood in which the house is to stand. Some of us even go to great trouble and expense to avoid carrying out this principle of art, and we bring in foreign materials and add unsuitable ornaments purchased from all over the world. If we cannot do this and must build of the stone or wood or sand about us, how often do we paint our houses in strange and awful colors, as though we were seeking to attract the attention of people to our lack of understanding of Nature's wise and simple laws.

Let us study the birds for a minute. Let us see how wonderfully they harmonize their nests with the trees or the hillside or the pasture in which they are built. The bird's whole purpose seems to be to make the nest of such color and texture that it will fit into its environment and seem a part of it. To accomplish this, the little feathered architects build of whatever material can be found in the locality in which the home is to be. Sticks will do, or mud or grass; then the outside is covered and the interior is fitted up with bits of bark and lichen and plant-down, feathers, wool from the flowers or flower catkins, even a leaf or two may be added in the effort to bring about harmonious concealment, and the result is one of the ideal things of which Nature is capable,—a home related to its environment.

The naturalists do not attribute the wonderful harmony of the

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bird nests to any conscious æsthetic sense that these builders may have, but regard the result of this springtime labor merely as the outcome of the necessity which has been theirs from the beginning of time, of thus obtaining immunity from the curious and unkind. This same primitive but practical instinct to secure safety through concealment is seen in the old buildings of our American Indians which we still find in the Far West. These simple, nature-loving people built their mesas by mixing the clay of the ground with mortar, forming it into bricks which they dried in the sun and then piled one upon another until the completed structure resembled nothing so much as the buttes and peaks of the surrounding country. Indeed, at a little distance an Indian mesa cannot be distinguished from the natural contour of the land itself, either in outline or color.

IT IS interesting to study the analogies of bird and human life in this vital matter of nest and home building. There is no act of a man's life that reveals his inherent nature more thoroughly than that of building his home, for every detail of it is stamped with the quality of his mind until the structure parallels his very self in simplicity, dignity, love of show, wisdom or foolishness. The nest of a bird is built in accordance with as true a law and reveals, too, individuality and taste, a sense of fitness and forethought. Birds often show what we are pleased to call human affection for their mate, tender solicitude for the comfort and well-being of the family, and their bravery or cowardice, loyalty or unfaithfulness, like those of mankind, are often unveiled by the intimacies of home life.

Should we not then go back to first principles and study the ways of the bird architects? We will gain much, not only in knowledge of Nature's home-building ways, but in understanding of the extraordinary instinct of Nature's children, in the fashioning of their homes and in the ways of their living.

The first step in nest building, as with house building, is the selection of a suitable site, and it sometimes seems as if the birds gave more attention to this important matter than do human beings, for they never trust so momentous a decision to the judgment of an agent, but personally peer into every nook and corner of a neighborhood, hunting tirelessly for a favorable spot to install the precious home, one that will insure its safety and is within convenient distance of the food supply. Safety, durability and convenience is their watch cry as well as ours, and alike we all must solve the problems of protection from the sun, wind and rain. Some of the birds are skilled artisans, clever mechanics, good, conscientious workmen who sing as they work; some are the veriest tramps, taking possession of the

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weatherworn, discarded nests of last year's neighbors, and some are so unskilled and shiftless that their nests fall apart at the first breath of wind or break down with the weight of the growing family. The birds show human traits of cleverness or stupidity, enjoy their work or prefer the care-free life of idleness. With but their bills and feet for tools some construct their homes so beautifully we are put to shame, for it would be difficult for us to make anything lovelier than the lace hammocks, woven grass bassinets, cobweb-lined wicker cradles that some of the birds delight in making for their babies. Others do not take the trouble to build at all, only making a depression in the sand with their breasts, and still others, regardless of all laws of good citizenship, leave their eggs on the doorstep, as it were, of some kind-hearted, home-loving neighbor, to be brooded into life, fed and educated in the art of flying and singing! Some are neither more nor less than highway robbers, for they deliberately help themselves to well-built nests, forcibly driving away the small, rightful owners.

It is not always easy for the birds to reach an amicable agreement as to the best building site, for sometimes a pair will vigorously dispute the question for days at a time, one pointing out the beauty or safety of a place, the other noisily asserting its impracticality. But when the matter is once settled they work merrily together at the construction, occasionally quarreling over the best kind of twig to use, criticizing the tying of a knot or the method of weaving, and disagreeing as to the general size and shape of the nest, often pulling it down and starting all over again. Sometimes the female builds the nest alone, just as she thinks is fit and right, the male patiently bringing the materials for her to use, but never apparently wasting his voice in wise counsel!

Note how the humming-bird will twist the point of a leaf into a pocket, glue and tie it tightly together, line it with down and then swing securely on her beautiful nest, safe even from the trained eye of the naturalist who is searching eagerly for her home. And how suitable and altogether delightful is the basket nest woven by the blackbird, of flags among the flags, so that it is one with them in color and beauty. And see how cleverly the oriole's pensile nest is swung far from danger, at the tip of a little branch. The nest of the Baltimore oriole is perhaps the most remarkable example of home making in the whole animal kingdom. This lovely wise bird has found a way to build its home beyond the reach of egg-loving squirrels and nest-collecting boys, and the wind can swing it lustily but not break its fastening from the slender branch, or tip the nestlings from its deep pocket. It is woven of grass with human ingenuity, and who can

A ROBIN'S NEST, SHOWING THE CLEVER BIRD-ARCHITECT BROODING OVER THE EGGS: THE ROBIN IS BOTH CARPENTER AND MASON, BUILDING OF STICKS IN A CROTCH OF A TREE AND PLASTERING WITH MUD.



THE NEST OF A ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK, ONE OF THE BIRDS THAT TAKE GREAT PAINS IN THE SELECTION OF A SUITABLE SITE FOR THE NEST, PEERING INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD TREE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE PRECIOUS HOME IS WELL LOCATED: NO BIRD AGENT IS ALLOWED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS FOR THIS HOME BUILDING, AND THE RESULT IS A MOST SATISFYING NURSERY AND BABYHOOD ENVIRONMENT.



*Courtesy
of
Double-
Jay
Page
&
Co*

THE VIREOS MAKE A COZY POCKET NEST IN THE FORK OF A SMALL BRANCH UNDER THE EAVES OF A LEAF ROOFTREE: THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A RED-EYED VIREO BABY TUCKED AWAY IN HIS CRADLE.

THE NEST OF THE YELLOW SPARROW IS BEAUTIFULLY BUILT IN THE GRASS, WITH A VIEW TO CONCEALMENT FROM BIRD ENEMIES. GREEN LEAVES HAVE BEEN ADDED HERE AND THERE TO BRING ABOUT HARMONIOUS CONCEALMENT AND THE RESULT IS A MOST ARTISTIC BIT OF ARCHITECTURE.



THE GROUND WARBLERS MAKE PRETTY LITTLE HERMITAGE HUTS IN THE GRASS, PROTECTING THEMSELVES ON ALL SIDES BY THE USE OF GRASSES AND LEAVES UNTIL THE FINISHED HOUSE SEEMS BUT A BIT OF UNDERBRUSH OR LAST SEASON'S GRASSES.



NEST WITH EGGS OF THE YELLOW-WINGED SPARROW OR OVEN BIRD, WHICH BUILDS A ROOF OF GRASS OVER ITS NEST TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN; THE SPARROW IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST EARNEST AND THOUGHTFUL OF THE BIRD ARCHITECTS. THIS IS NECESSARY AS THE YOUNG ARE SLOW IN DEVELOPING WINGS AND GETTING THE STRENGTH TO LEAVE THE NEST.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

BLUE-WINGED WARBLER'S NEST, SHOWING THE COMPLETE SECLUSION GAINED BY THE PERFECT CONSTRUCTION OF THIS BAGLIKE NEST: NOT ONLY ARE COMFORT AND SECLUSION AFFORDED IN THIS HOME-BUILDING SCHEME, BUT IT WOULD TAKE THE TRAINED EYE OF A SCIENTIST OR A BIRD MOTHER TO FIND THE LITTLE HOME.



THE OVEN BIRD BEGINS TO MAKE HER HOODED NEST IN JUNE, WORKING INTERMITTENTLY UPON IT UNTIL SHE IS READY TO INHABIT ITS PERFECT SECLUSION IN OCTOBER.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ABOVE IS GIVEN A CLEARER VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF AN OVEN BIRD'S NEST, SHOWING THE SCHEME OF THE ARCHITECTURE TO BE A LITTLE THAT OF THE CAVE DWELLER: THESE NESTS ARE PROTECTED BY SKILFULLY WROUGHT HOODED ROOFS.



A VIEW OF THE MARSH WREN'S ROUND CRADLE SWUNG AMONG THE RUSHES. THE TINY LITTLE BIRD PERCHED SECURELY IN THE NEST IS OVERLOOKING WITH WATCHFUL, PROTECTING EYES THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY.



THE LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN'S NEST. THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW CLEVERLY THE WREN TIES AND WEAVES HER ARTISTIC LITTLE HOUSE AMONG THE CAT-TAILS AND RUSHES. COURTESY OF DOUBLE-DAY, PAGE & CO.

THE WAY OF A BIRD WITH ITS NEST

doubt the intelligence of birds after seeing such a bit of rarely beautiful craftsmanship!

AND what wonderful and beautiful homes they are when completed! The vireos make a cozy pocket fastened in the fork of a small branch under the eaves of a leaf roof-tree; the cat-bird designs a clever lattice nest of twigs; the robin is both carpenter and mason, building of sticks in a crotch of a tree and plastering with mud; the parula warbler gathers the long gray lacy lichens and fashions a swinging hammock open on one side; the chimney swifts glue wicker cradles to the brick wall; the kingfisher tunnels deep into a bank, working for two weeks before he has it deep and safe and to his liking; the ground warblers make pretty little hermitage huts in the grass; the yellow-winged sparrow and oven bird build a roof of grass over their nest to keep out the rain; the marsh wren ties and weaves a clever little house among the cat-tails and rushes; the woodpecker drills industriously until he has a good-sized hole in the bole of a tree, then he lines it with down to make it warm and comfortable for the nestlings. The time of construction varies from one week to three months, for the South American oven bird begins to make her hooded nest in June, working intermittently upon it until she is ready to use it in October. Some birds, notably the fish-hawk, repair the nest in the fall, so that it will endure through the winter and be ready for occupancy again in the spring.

Birds do not always servilely copy the nest of their kind, but at times show that they possess a distinct imagination, adapting the form and materials of construction to special needs in most original and striking manner. And many of our tradesmen have their counterparts among these tiny feathered folk, for in the bird kingdom there are weavers, carpenters, tailors, masons, felters and molders, some of whom are masters of their trade and others a veritable disgrace. They vary also in personal preferences, even as we humans do, for the stirring life of a city or the quiet of the country. Many of them believe in a community of interests, living a sociable life. The swifts delight in the cramped apartment life of a chimney, swallows will found a bustling city in a clay bank, sparrows love to gather together in the caravansary of a tree, where they can chatter incessantly and see and be seen by all their world. Other birds desire a more secluded life, and seek the fastnesses of the forest, content and happy with but the companionship of their mate. The hermit thrush hides his little home far from the inquisitive eyes and where his sweet, low serenades and lullabies will be heard only by his brooding mate or sleepy fledglings; the eagle sails the air alone, guarding the solitary

THE WAY OF A BIRD WITH ITS NEST

nest placed on some peak, inaccessible to all except the strongest of winged folk. The ousel builds her nest in the crevices of rocks among the mosses and ferns of a rippling brook, so that her little ones may catch the melodies of waterfalls and learn to dance and curtsy with rushing waters.

JOHAN BURROUGHS says that there are five types of nest builders—those that build anew each season, those that build a new nest for each brood (sometimes there are several broods in a season), those that repair the nests of the year before, those that appropriate others' nests, those that lay on the ground or in the sand. As a general rule the birds whose young are slow in developing wings and leaving the nests, such as the robin, thrush, sparrow, humming-bird, in fact, all the perching birds, are the best nest builders, for there is greater need for permanent or well-built homes with them than in the case of gulls, ducks, snipe, chickens, partridges and quail, whose young run about and leave the nest almost as soon as they are born. Some naturalists regard nest building as a sign of greater or less intelligence, attributing the greater intellect to those who build cleverly and well. But others say that this is manifestly unfair, for what need, say they, has a quail, for instance, for a beautifully woven nest? It is true that her nest on the ground among the dry leaves and grasses is often discovered by prowling enemies and destroyed, and it is also true that she might build in a tree where marauders could not reach her nest. But it is the nature of her chicks to run for cover as soon as they are hatched, so they would fare sadly if the nest were in the top of a tree.

Broadly speaking, the water fowl build on the ground or very near it, and the land birds above ground in bushes or the branches of trees, so that land birds have been credited with a greater development of reasoning powers than the water fowl, for they are thought to show greater wit in escaping their enemies and greater skill in weaving and constructing their nests. But the majority of the water fowl resort to unknown isles in the nesting season, where there is little need for immediate caution, for they have been clever enough to place their homes beyond the reach of enemies, beyond even man's knowledge of their retreat.

It would be a most humiliating experience for us human beings if some high naturalist from another planet should be sent from his university to our country for the purpose of analyzing our traits and habits and attempt to classify us and judge of our intelligence by making a collection of our homes! What a nondescript, pitiable sight they would make, arranged in rows upon the shelves of his

TRIFLES

cabinet with descriptive labels attached to each, even as we classify the nests of birds. It would be in vain that we apologized and explained that the monstrosity we occupied was the work of a hireling or that it was but a rented affair, or that we intended to move into a better one in the spring. Such worthless apologies would but be jotted down in his note-book as added proof of our intelligence or our lack of it, of our craftsmanship or the lack of it. The nest of a bird needs little defense from its tiny maker, for it slips unobtrusively into the nooks and corners of the world, adding wondrously to its beauty and attractiveness, true to its maker's ideal—can we say as much for the homes we build?

TRIFLES

OUT of the blunt sword thrown away
What time the coward fled,
The king's son turning back the fray
His hosts to triumph led.

Out of the loaves and fishes scant,
Out of brotherhood,
Quelling the gnawing pangs of want
Christ fed the multitude.

Out of the rock ungraced with dew,
The rock by storm unbowed,
The rod of Moses gently drew
The largess of the cloud.

Out of the trifles light as air
If but our eyes could see,
Our souls might shape the fabric fair
Of life and destiny!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHEN ARCHITECT AND GARDENER ARE ONE!



WHAT a poor thing the American garden has been in the past—a boundary line of space shutting away roadway or neighbor, something unrelated to house or landscape, showing a few flowers, perhaps, that did not expect much care, or empty dreary “beds” which the self-respecting seeds refused to inhabit. Perhaps it has been with our gardens as with our art.

We have been so busy being practical and progressive and scientific that we have had little time or heed for the beautiful things. We had to have houses to live in, just as we had to have mechanical conveniences for our farms, but we did not have to have paintings, sculpture or tapestries, any more than it was necessary for us to see beauty whenever we entered the front door or looked out of the window. Indeed, we seldom looked out of the window, because we had no time. The New England housewife did after a few centuries plant precious seeds that were brought to her from old English country gardens and Dutch city squares, and the little patches of color about the somber Puritan homes was one of the poignantly beautiful things that one remembers of the hard lives of the valiant women of our early history. In the far South, too, the real garden sometimes appeared, nestling close about the stately Colonial dwellings. The gardens of the South, however, were less personal, as they were most often the work of the slaves, not the mistresses, and the vast territory of land stretching out beyond the garden was as unbeautiful as the bleak stretches of New England or the Middle West.

It is only within the very recent days of riches and opportunity for pleasures that here in America we have realized all that gardens could mean, not only to home life but to the beauty of the country as a whole. It is very recently indeed, perhaps not a decade, that we have considered the actual devoting of acres of space to sheer garden beauty, and it is easy to remember the first days of the landscape gardener, when he seemed a remote and exotic figure, quite outside our ordinary scheme of existence. Naturally, after we once accepted this new figure in the beautifying of homes and landscapes, we made much of him. He became a very important personage. He was the only human being in the world who could contradict the architect. He laid down hard and fast rules for the owner of the estate. And then the same thing happened to our gardens that has happened to our large country houses. We imitated English country gardens, French chateau surroundings; we had Italian pergolas and formal gardens and Swiss terraces, and the showiest gar-



Charles A. Platt, Architect and Gardener.

TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE OF HAROLD F. M'CORMICK AT LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE SUCCESS ACHIEVED WHEN BOTH HOUSE AND GARDEN ARE PLANNED BY ONE ARTIST: THE EDGES OF THE WALK WHICH LEAD TO THE HOUSE AND BORDER THE GARDEN ARE PLANTED WITH MANY OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS SUCH AS HOLLYHOCKS, STOCKS, IRIS AND ASTERS.



LOGGIA COURT AT ONE SIDE OF MR. M'CORMICK'S HOUSE. LOOSELY LAID COMMON RED BRICK ARE USED FOR THE FLOOR, AND IN THE CENTER OF THE COURT IS ONE OF JANET SCUDDER'S LOVELY CHILD FOUNTAINS, SHADED BY OLEANDER TREES.



THIS VIEW OF THE HOUSE SHOWS THE PLANTING AROUND THE SOUTH SIDE, WHERE THE WILD GRAPE CLIMBS OVER THE PERGOLA LATTICE, THE NOBLE ELMS FURNISH SHADE AND BEAUTY, AND HOLLYHOCKS ARE MASSES IN THE FOREGROUND: THE PERGOLA AWNING OVER THE WINDOWS IS A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING IDEA, GIVING BOTH SHADE AND DECORATION.



AN INNER COURT IN THE M'CORMICK HOUSE, SHOWING SIMPLE DESIGN OF LATTICE USED TO COVER THE WALLS AND AS AN AWNING TO PROTECT THE RHODODENDRONS: THE PORTABLE BAY TREES AND FLOWER-BOXES EDGING THE ROOF GARDEN CAN BE SEEN AT THE RIGHT.

WHEN ARCHITECT AND GARDENER ARE ONE

dens of our large estates became a separate thing, having nothing to do with the houses in which the people lived or the lives they lived or to the rest of the country. They became too important to be beautiful, too elaborate to be comfortable, too expensive to avail the lives of the mass of the people.

But eventually, in our gardening schemes as in our house building and house furnishing, we reacted toward greater simplicity, greater intimacy, greater individuality. And although we have more landscape gardeners than ever today, they have grown to realize the necessity of fitting their ideas to those of the architects; even the humble and downtrodden owner is considered occasionally.

IN THE Architectural League Exhibition this season there were some very fine groups of photographs of large estates in America, and it was interesting to notice that in several instances the architect was also the landscape gardener, and that occasionally the owner was both architect and landscape gardener, showing that we are beginning to understand how fundamental it is to have one underlying purpose in any varied accomplishment which connects the whole. Of course, if the man who is about to establish an estate in this country, to plan his house and gardens, is a very busy man, it is natural that he should want to turn over the enterprise, the technical side of it, the innumerable details, to someone especially trained for the work. More often than not today the grounds about the house are designed before the house is designed, or simultaneously where the work is in the hands of the architect. And the landscape gardener and the house designer also have commenced to realize that they must move hand in hand for the real beauty of their achievement.

Both house and gardens which illustrate this article were designed by Charles A. Platt, a New York architect of prominence. The estate belongs to Mr. Harold F. McCormick, of Lake Forest, Illinois, and the significance of the work is fully shown in the pictures, for the house seems to be most closely related to the grounds, and the beautiful garden features lead up to and encompass the house in the most intimate and harmonious fashion. Indeed, we have seldom seen a more interesting example of the successful work of the architect in taking the responsibility of an entire estate, and not only were the planning and planting of the garden most carefully thought out and artistically correlated, but all the trees and the shrubs and the flowers were selected with a view to their appropriateness to climate, their harmonious beauty of color and their general integral relation to the scheme as a whole. The garden, like the house, has dignity combined with friendliness, and the impression one receives is that

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the personality of the owner was a matter of importance to the builder, and that the estate, although made significant by the rare intelligence and skill of the architect, nevertheless is fundamentally an expression of the point of view of the man who lives in the house and enjoys the garden, the beautiful house and pergolas, the fountains and the terraces.

The material used in the construction of the house is brick stucco with limestone trimmings, the roof being of red tile. No superfluous line or ornament mars the symmetry of either house or garden, for one of the first laws of beauty—that of simplicity—has been adhered to with delightful and satisfactory result. The design is at once simple and dignified, yet full of the graciousness and charm that suggests hospitality and generosity.

The two views of the house from the garden show the æsthetic result of adhering to a uniform quadrangle basis of design in both house and garden and the uniform use of stucco or concrete in the construction of the house and the garden details of walls, pedestals, fountain and walk borders. All danger of severity has been overcome by the use of vine-covered lattice-work against the house and the informality of the flower planting, for though the flowers have been set in formally proportioned and laid-out beds they have been allowed to grow in the natural tangled profusion of their preference and not clipped and trained in set patterns. The form of the fountain is the only note of deviation from the plan of design. Even the boxes of the bay trees show the influence of the square motif, so that the ensemble of house and garden is harmonious and pleasing to an unusual degree. Old-fashioned flowers have the places of honor in this delightful garden, for hollyhocks can be seen near the house and in the beds along the walks. Fleur-de-lys, asters, stock, geraniums, candytuft, yucca, salvia, roses and such universal flower favorites have been planted with borders of mignonette, sweet alyssum and forget-me-not, just as we have always loved to see them. In the photograph, which gives a close and detailed view of the fountain and its symmetrical curb with the pathway leading to an old Italian wall fountain, can be seen a hedge of Boltonia, one of the showiest and most satisfactory of quick-growing hedge flowers. The large elms near the house are valuable assets of the garden beauty, providing grateful and needful shade for house and grounds.

The lattice-work, on the face of the house and in the court, is of especial interest to us, as a most natural method of gaining a picturesque architectural feature. Across the garden end of the house it has been built into the house, not only in reality but in design, so that it seems as if it has been incorporated from the beginning as

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part of the main purpose of the design. It echoes the plan of the window spaces and screens, projecting with graceful pergola effect at the top, so that the vines may rest upon it and form a living roof of green shading the windows during the summer; but allowing the full rays of the sun to enter in the winter when they are needed to cheer and warm.

The wild grape has been chosen to grace the trellis, and this vine would be better known and more universally used if given the appreciation it well merits. It is one of the most decorative that we have, is hardy, grows quickly and fills the air with fragrance from early spring until late fall, for even in summer a faint perfume hovers like a memory of spring or herald of autumn, among the leaves and tendrils.

As another link between house and garden the little balcony around the large chimney lends a delightful flavor of romance. How charming to be able to step out upon this balcony and see the moonlight sifting and filtering through elm branches and overlook the garden and catch the perfumes loosed by the night!

ALL through the Middle West provision must be made against the inroads of summer sun, so awnings or blinds or vines must be planned for each window, a condition which often severely tests the ingenuity and skill of the architect. In this house a clever arrangement of awnings can be seen, over the second-story windows just above the pergola lattice, which serve to decorate the house rather than mar it. Blinds which can be extended or entirely opened have been used for the other windows.

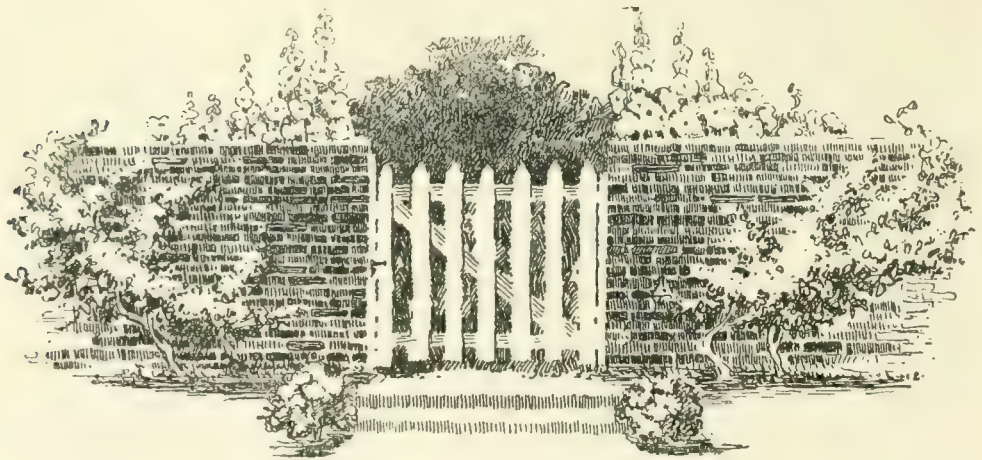
This same need for protection from the sun has influenced the design of the lattice-work in the court, for in this section of the country it is difficult to coax rhododendrons to grow unless partially shaded during the summer. They require the alternating sunlight and shade provided by trees, which in this case have been substituted by the openwork of a lattice awning hung by iron chains from above. This is a particularly happy solution of the difficulty, for rhododendrons were wanted in the court as winter cheer, and the lattice awning also furnishes a slight though sufficient protection from the snows of winter. The simple design of the wall lattice-work is also a pleasing feature of the court, whose central ornament is a fine old Italian well curb.

This court and the floor of the whole terrace are of loosely laid common red brick in a simple, appropriate and unpronounced geometrical figure. A fountain which needs no signature to proclaim it as the work of Janet Scudder is the chief ornament of this spacious

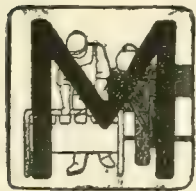
WHEN ARCHITECT AND GARDENER ARE ONE

and useful terrace. The terrace makes a delightful promenade at all seasons, in summer shaded by trees and redolent with perfumes from the nearby garden, and in winter enlivened by broad-leaved evergreens and sheltered from the chill winds.

The intense cold of winter throughout this part of the country necessitates an especial kind of garden knowledge, for not every flower will bloom or every vine grow. So the planting of this garden required a knowledge of plants and their needs not ordinarily possessed by city architects. But every problem of building and planting has been successfully met by this versatile modern designer and builder in a way that wins profound admiration. The use of the bay trees in large portable boxes serves a twofold purpose—first as a charming feature of the garden in the summer; then when placed in the halls, conservatory, sunroom or living room in the winter they make a pleasant decoration for the house and keep alive the memory of the sleeping garden. Concrete pedestals to hold tubs of small bay trees have been built along the edge of the roof garden, serving also as a decoration for the inner court. The boxes set between these small trees on the roof are also portable and can be used as window boxes throughout the house during the winter. Oleander trees have been treated in the same way as the bay trees, so that they fill the double duty of inner and outer decoration of the home. Hardy oleanders can stand the frosts of winter, so they have been liberally used with admirable effect along the terrace against the house.



PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT: A STUDY OF THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW



MOST of us like to have beautiful pictures on our walls, but few of us can afford original works of art. We can only have prints and copies of the wonderful achievements of others. And so accustomed have we grown to this fact, that we usually take it for granted that whatever art we can afford in our homes must come from outside,—generally something remote in subject, that another person has done. It seldom occurs to us that we can make anything beautiful ourselves.

And yet art should really be very intimate to life; the closer it is to our common everyday needs and thoughts, and the deeper its roots are in our own experience, the more vital it becomes. The things that mean the most to us are not the works of some distant or long-dead genius, but those which embody some personal efforts of our own. The copy of a great painting, no matter how beautiful, has less real connection with our daily existence than the crude sketch or the little snapshot which we made with our own hands. We may admire and learn much from an old masterpiece, but it is through the humbler expression of our own lives that we gain the keenest pleasure and the soundest knowledge.

One of the most accessible and plastic mediums for such individual artistic effort is photography. Nowadays practically everyone can afford a camera, for invention has reduced it to the simplest basis and commerce has brought it within reach of even the most moderate income. From a standpoint both of artistic education and personal growth, the opportunities it holds for interest and development seem almost inexhaustible. It is not only a valuable medium for self-expression, a means of getting clearer insight, deeper sympathy and appreciation of the animate and inanimate forms of nature, but it also presents a field for the most delightful kind of technical experiment.

Then, in addition to the pleasure of the photographic work itself and the beautifying of one's own home, there is its value as an opportunity for friendly gifts. We hear much about the charm of personal workmanship in a present, the joy of receiving something that friendship itself has made. Unfortunately this sort of gift is apt to be devoid of either beauty or appropriateness, simply because the maker has tried to do something which required expert skill, and has chosen the object, colors or materials without regard to whether or not they would harmonize with the surroundings for which they were intended.

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

But the person who owns a camera can make a personal gift which will embody real beauty, a picture that will be, in its way, a work of art; and by choosing the subject and color of print and frame according to the decorative scheme of the interior which it is to adorn, a gift of unusual distinction can be achieved.

TO ATTAIN any degree of pictorial value requires, of course, some knowledge of those art principles that make a picture satisfying to the eye—principles which, though they may be formulated in more or less general rules, must be *felt* to be rightly understood. One should remember, for instance, that one of the first and most important factors, after choice of subject, is the composition. In the first place, when locating the image in the finder, decide whether the view is one which lends itself to a panel or a horizontal space. This will depend usually upon the amount of detail to be included and upon the direction of the main lines of the subject. If the lines are mostly vertical, as in a woodland scene, the interior of a cathedral, the vista down a city street or a full-length portrait study, the panel form will prove the more effective. But if the lines are mainly horizontal, as in a marine view, a stretch of marsh land, a long, low interior, or a reclining figure study, then the picture should be wider than it is high.

In determining and placing the center of interest, care should be taken not to have it too near the middle of the space, and in balancing the masses and values a too geometric feeling should be avoided. Except where a definitely silhouette effect is wanted, the contrasts between the lights and shadows should not be too harsh, or the edges too pronounced, as this will tend to make the result lacking in atmosphere. A more beautiful and restful effect is obtained when the tone gradations are comparatively soft, the gradual merging from light to dark giving greater atmospheric quality.

Although many directions might be given for the right arrangement of a picture, the most effective way is through personal experiment. And this means not so much the number of photographs taken, but the amount of careful thought and judgment exercised in the planning of each. A hastily snapped view is worth very little; real pictorial value is the result of wise forethought, selection and elimination. A single study, rightly posed, is worth a dozen views indiscriminately gathered.

Moreover, while a good picture can be made by following certain laws of perspective, arrangement and balance, true interpretation needs more than a parrotlike adherence to rules laid down by other people. It needs the element of personal interest and enthusiasm,

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

the sympathy that comes from attunement to the subtle moods and variations of surroundings; the vision to discern those garments of mystery with which the sun and air, wind, rain and passing seasons clothe and reclothe the world about us; the ability to grasp the momentary beauty of a scene that will never look quite the same again. To do this means simply to go about with eyes that are open for fresh interests and fresh truths, with a spirit that can find picturesqueness even in the most commonplace and unlikely corners,—in the city streets, around the wharfs and bridges or on a ferryboat, as well as in the more restful loveliness of the woods and hills. And in addition to the alertness and ingenuity required, and the knowledge of just how, when and where to capture that elusive impression, it needs some judgment and artistic feeling to bring the picture to its final perfection.

Two simple and very effective methods by which this beauty can be attained are—*selection* and *enlargement*. This fact, though so well known to professional photographers, engravers, editors and all who are accustomed to handling photographs for reproduction, seems to have been strangely overlooked by the army of amateurs who snap their picture, develop and print it, and take for granted that the matter ends there. On the contrary, that is only the beginning if one wishes something of real value, the sort of picture which will be a continual source of charm and restfulness.

TAKE, for instance, the lower scene on page one hundred and sixty-eight, enlarged on page one hundred and sixty-five—the Schuylkill River where it flows through Philadelphia, among the train yards and factories by Market Street Bridge. In the unflattering glare of daylight nothing could be less æsthetic than this particular spot. It has all the dinginess of modern commercialism. But when the gray morning fog or the evening river mist creeps up and blurs the outlines of the buildings and changes the steel spans of the bridges to cobwebs; when the smoke from a passing engine veils the harsh lines of the chimneys, and gathering shadows deepen the reflections that writhe in the muddy stream below,—then the commonplace fills with poetry and becomes beautiful. Those are the moments when one longs to record its loveliness, to immortalize it somehow in art. But to transfer that intangible quality to canvas requires a skill which few of us possess; the humbler medium of the camera must suffice instead.

Even this seemed at first a puzzling task—at least to the novice. There were several drawbacks. In the first place, to catch the evanescent beauty in the early morning mist or in the dusk of even-

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

ing would require a time-exposure, and that would be impracticable because the scene was always changing—there was the constant traffic over the bridge, the passage of trains or barges below, the shifting of the puffs of smoke. Evidently it must be a snap shot, and therefore in broad daylight, which unfortunately would hold little atmospheric charm. Then there was the question of distance. The only available spot from which the picture could be taken seemed to be on one of the neighboring bridges—which being too far away, included in the picture more than was really wanted. But this seemed the only way, so the simple snap shot was taken and sent to the photographer to be developed and printed. The result was a very ordinary view, uninteresting in subject, composition and detail. But in making it there was a further end in mind; the snap shot was merely a foundation for something else. It contained a germ of beauty which only needed to be discovered and enlarged.

After a little experimenting with four strips of white paper, the real picture was found. There were many interesting possibilities of composition, but the best of all seemed to lie in the long panel space enclosing the buildings on the left—the tall chimney and tower, the railroad tracks and shadowy reflections below. Rightly framed, with due thought for the center of interest, arrangement and balance of the whole, the grouping of masses and relation of values, this space seemed to hold great pictorial promise. And so, on the back of the small print were carefully marked the exact portion of the picture and amount of enlargement desired, and after a few days of suspense the result was received, beautifully printed in sepia. And in that enlargement were revealed the quality of tone gradations, the mystery and poetic atmosphere which had seemed so impossible to attain. The elusive spirit of the river front had been captured.

After that, other selections and enlargements were tried, one of them being the view shown on page one hundred and sixty-seven, made from the film of a small print on page one hundred and sixty-eight. This river scene, snapped on a rather gray day from one of the bridges in Bronx Park, while interesting in its original state, seemed to hold even greater beauty in the space around the little summer house by the water's edge. After a little testing, what appeared to be the best composition was selected and marked for enlargement, with the result shown.

WHEN the subject is more accessible and a careful time-exposure is made, the original photograph may need no elimination, only enlargement. This was the case with the woodland view of a little creek near Overbrook, which, when enlarged, im-



ENLARGEMENT OF A DETAIL OF THE SNAP SHOT OF BRIDGE, PAGE ONE HUNDRED, AND SIXTY-EIGHT: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTY OF COMPOSITION WHICH MAY BE ATTAINED BY CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE MOST PICTORIAL PORTION OF A VIEW, AND THE ATMOSPHERIC QUALITY AND DEPTH RESULTING FROM ENLARGEMENT

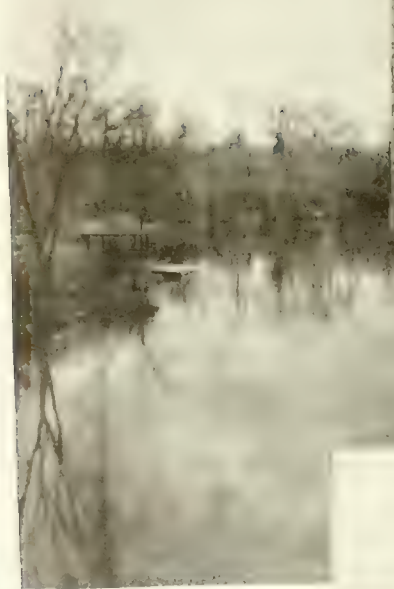


ENLARGEMENT OF THE SMALL WOODLAND SCENE ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT: SHOWING IMPROVEMENT OVER THE ORIGINAL IN PERSPECTIVE AND ATMOSPHERE.



ENLARGEMENT OF A SNAP SHOT ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT:
SHOWING HOW THE COMPOSITION IS HELPED BY THE ELIMINATION OF UN-
NECESSARY PORTIONS OF THE PICTURE, AND HOW EFFECTIVELY THE ENLARGE-
MENT HAS BROUGHT OUT THE MISTY BEAUTY OF A CLOUDY AUTUMN DAY.

THE RIVER AND BELOW WAS A
 NAVAL YACHT FROM A BRIDGE IN
 BENNA PARK ON A RATHER GRAY
 AFTERNOON IN LATE FALL. ITS OP-
 PORTUNITIES FOR PICTURESQUENESS
 LAY AROUND THE LITTLE SUMMER
 HOUSE AND BOAT LANDING AND THE
 VIEW ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND
 SIXTY-SEVEN SHOWS HOW ENLARGE-
 MENT HAS BROUGHT OUT THE MISTY
 AND POETIC QUALITIES OF THE
 AFTERNOON ATMOSPHERE.



THIS VIEW OF A LIT-
 TLE WOODLAND
 CREEK NEAR OVER-
 BROOK, PA., WAS
 THE RESULT OF A
 TIME EXPOSURE MADE
 ON A CLOUDY AFTER-
 NOON. THE PROBLEMS OF COMPOSITION
 AND PICTORIAL INTEREST HAVING BEEN
 STUDIED CAREFULLY
 BEFORE THE PHOTO-
 GRAPH WAS TAKEN,
 ALL THAT WAS NEEDED
 TO MAKE IT AVAIL-
 ABLE AS A DECORATIVE
 WALL PANEL WAS EN-
 LARGEMENT AND AP-
 PROPRIATE FRAMING.
 SEE PAGE ONE HUN-
 DRED AND SIXTY-SIX,
 THE ENLARGEMENT
 RESULTED IN GREATER
 BEAUTY OF PERSPEC-
 TIVE AND ATMOS-
 PHERE, RETAINING
 ALL THE SOFT OUT-
 LINES AND BROODING
 SPIRIT OF THE LAND-
 SCAPE ITSELF.

THE SNAP SHOT BELOW OF MARKET STREET
 BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA, WHILE DEVOID OF
 SPECIAL INTEREST IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE,
 HOLDS MANY POSSIBILITIES FOR BEAUTY, AS
 EVIDENCED BY THE ENLARGEMENT OF A CARE-
 FULLY SELECTED COMPOSITION, SHOWN ON
 PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE.

THE VALUE OF THESE PHO-
 TOGRAPHS LIES IN THE FACT
 THAT THEY SERVED AS A
 BASIS FOR THE ENLARGE-
 MENTS SHOWN ON THE PRE-
 CEDING PAGES. THEY MAY
 OFFER MANY HELPFUL SUG-
 GESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO
 CARE TO MAKE THE CAMERA
 A MEDIUM FOR SELF-EX-
 PRESSION AND THE ATTAIN-
 MENT OF PICTORIAL BEAUTY.



THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

proved wonderfully in interest, perspective and atmospheric quality.

If lack of time or inclemency of weather prevents one from wandering forth today in search of "subjects," a bunch of old photographs may furnish the necessary material and inspiration. A good plan is to look over whatever one has accumulated and select a few which seem to contain some element of real pictorial interest,—a group of buildings or figures, perhaps, a landscape or a snap shot along the shore. Pick out some feature of especial interest and find in what space and proportions it composes best. Though it may be somewhat harsh and unfriendly in the small print, yet when the rest of the picture is eliminated, the selected part greatly enlarged and printed in soft sepia tones, it will probably result in a most effective study, full of atmosphere and repose, with a mellowness in the blended shadows and a tenderness of outline that is peculiarly attractive.

The foregoing are only a few suggestions for those who care to make their camera a medium for the discovery of the picturesque in common things. Readers who are familiar with all the details of photographic technique can have the pleasure of working out their own experiments along more scientific lines; but those who have neither the time nor facilities for doing their own developing, printing and enlarging, will find that even with the ordinary small camera they can obtain a vast amount of enjoyment and very beautiful results through careful choice and arrangement of their subjects, with comparatively slight outlay for the finishing work of some competent professional photographer. For on every hand, indoors and out of doors, at every street corner, on every hillside, at every turn of a lane, lie a thousand latent pictures which only need a seeing and loving eye and careful judgment to bring them within actual reach.

Those who do their own developing, printing and enlarging may like to know a few details about the illustrations given here. The view of Market Street Bridge was an instantaneous exposure, made about midday, with a two and a half by four and a quarter camera, and printed on Velox paper. The river scene in Bronx Park was also a snap shot, taken on a rather gray afternoon, with a three and a quarter by four and a quarter camera, and the view of the creek near Overbrook was given an exposure of about fifteen seconds on a cloudy afternoon, with a two and a half by four and a quarter camera. The enlargements were all made on double-weight bromide paper, and were developed in a solution for which the following formula was used: Sulphite soda crystals, three ounces; carbonate soda crystals, one and a half ounces; ten per cent. bromide potassium solution, five drops; hydrochinon, two drachms; metol, twenty grains; water distilled, sixty-four ounces. Any good acid hypo can be used for fixing.

FAITHLESS HUSBANDS: A STORY: BY PEARL FRANKLIN GODFREY



HERE were sounds of running footsteps and a clash of crockery in the pantry. The dishpan rattled. The pump squeaked. A door opened, another slammed. There might have been a fire or a sudden call of danger. Of course there was not. Old Dart Miller, gazing dreamily through the window into the warm June sunshine, knew better than that. It was just his wife's way of getting around. The old man sat in a low rocker, his heavy boots planted either side of a two-gallon crock which was on the floor. Leaning over this with one elbow on his knee and one sunburned hand on his grizzled cheek, he was patiently stirring the sour cream into butter. His head, bald but for a scant fringe of white hair, was burned red as was his face, whereon gleamed a straggling white moustache.

"That'll do now, Dart," his wife said, briskly, bustling in, wiping her hands on her apron and kneeling down on the floor to give the final turn to the coming butter, "I know ye're in a hurry t' git out t' that corn. It's not many men'll stop their work t' set in the house an' he'p their wives," she added, admiringly.

Dart got up and stretched his cramped limbs. His gaze yearned toward the rocking chair and the latest copy of the *Danville News* unopened on the sewing machine. Then through the window he caught sight of his neighbor, Silas Platt, ambling by at the unsteady gait of advanced age.

"Wonder whur Si's ben," he speculated aloud. Mrs. Miller, instantly concerned, half-rose, and peered into the road.

"Hmp," she sniffed, "ye might know Mandy's ben called away down t' Woodstock. He's comin' from the store or I miss my guess. It's too bad Mandy can't go 'way, called like she is, 'thout him gal-livantin' all over creation. But ye couldn't make Mandy b'lieve but what he's workin' hard—and I know's well as I'm settin' here that when Lily had her last baby before this, Silas Platt was down to that store two mortal hours. Thank the good land he don't b'long t' me," she said, with a self-righteous sigh, then added, "Air ye goin' out t' the field now?" She never could bear to see folks standing around.

Dart withdrew his eyes from the rocking chair and the *Danville News* and went slowly out the door. Around the corner of the kitchen he stopped to find a plug of tobacco in the depths of his blue jeans. Then he looked out over the pond.

In the blue sky were fleecy white clouds shaded with gray, and

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these were reflected in the water. Black heads here and there, disappearing suddenly beneath the surface with a gurgle, showed where turtles lazily paddled. Tiny splashes and rippling eddies gave sign of little fish swallowing luckless bugs. Blue darning-needles skimmed over the surface of the pond, and creamy butterflies fluttered about the iris and ribbon grass at the edge. Dart's soul yearned over it all.

"Lord, ain't it purty?" he meditated, gloomily, "I c'd set down here and jes' look at it all arternoon." Then, at a sound from within, which was nothing more than the vigorous slapping about of the butter in the wooden trough, he took the hoe and moved on, as though wicked thoughts might be apparent even through walls.

But instead of going in the direction of the barn, as he should have gone to get to the cornfield, Dart meandered across the orchard along by the pond, toward the old red mill. He stopped to inspect the three wooden hives where the bees thronged busily about the narrow, slitlike entrances on their way in and out. There was something about their droning that Dart always liked. He looked up into the sun-soaked apple trees, loaded with hard little rufescent fruit, found the oriole's nest swinging there, watched the black-marked orange birds as they hovered on the edge, feeding their young; then allowed his wistful gaze to wander off toward the road, across the boulder wall into the meadow where four cows stood knee deep in the brook; and to the hill beyond where there was no sign of life, save when a whippoorwill sang up there at night.

Then Dart, hearing its song with the mill water's dreamy accompaniment, would nudge his wife and call to her to wake up and listen. And she would reply sharply, telling him to turn over and go to sleep, so as to get rested for the day's work ahead.

In all the peaceful scene there was nothing to suggest the hurry and worry of labor. Dart had been raised on this farm as Silas Platt had on the adjoining one. Together they had grown up in the tradition that in this smiling country a man's living went with the land he inherited and that his duty was to take what God sent and make it do. By one of those curious freaks of Hymen, both had married girls of unremitting industry. As village belles Lizzie and Mandy had been friendly rivals and since marriage had slaved and watched to outmatch the other's prosperity. They had raised thrifty children like themselves and married them thriftily. They had taken their husbands in hand and each one, beholding her work and calling it good, wondered audibly how one man who had grown up with another could so far outstrip him in every way.

Each step of Dart's retreat across the orchard was well covered:

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here it would be the apples, there it could be the bees, and still farther away were the cows to be wondered about.

The mill stood in a hollow dividing his property from that of Silas Platt. Having arrived safely at the end of the orchard, Dart scrambled down the steep slope and, stealthily parting the sumach bushes, came upon Silas, who stood just the other side.

Silas looked like a man who had driven a slow horse all his life and waited at the bars for cows—men who do that get to have the look. A bit of light-colored hair that was old enough to be white, straggled out from beneath a battered straw hat, over his sunburned face. When Dart came upon him he was holding between his knees an old fish pole while he took a new line from a piece of store paper. He did not raise his eyes for a minute or two, then there was a gleam of triumph amid the wrinkles and sun lines of the old Yankee face—a half smile that puckered up his features just as it had when he was a boy.

“H’lo, Si,” said Dart, after an envious pause.

“H’lo, Dart,” replied Si, at his leisure.

“How ye feelin’, Si?” asked Dart after another little while, his eyes gloating over the old fish pole and the brand new line.

“Right likely. How *you* feelin’, Dart?” drawled Si, with a patronizing air, as he produced from the store paper three new fish hooks.

Presently Dart rejoined, wetting his lips, “Oh, so so—” Then he released the hoe—let it slip down into the sumach bushes—and stepped over and felt reminiscently of the pole. “Purty good shape it kep’,” he said, hungering over it with faded blue eyes, “Le’ see, it’s las’ fall sence I had it out, ain’t it?”

“I wuz jes figgerin’. It wuz when your Emmy had twins an’ Liz went over—”

“Thet wuz September,” Dart recollected, tugging at the drooping moustache, “I mind. I got six weakfish an’ a couple o’ porgies.” He got down on creaking knees and peered into the mill foundation. “Wuz it whur I put it?” he asked. Si nodded.

Dart rose thoughtfully and produced the tobacco plug. “Hev some,” he invited. Presently he added, “Out t’other side the mill’s th’ best place t’ dig bait—”

“Lizzie hum?” asked Si, knowing well enough she was.

“Ye’,” said Dart in a voice studiously bold, “she’s layin’ t’ clean th’ attic this artemnoon—”

“Mandy’s t’ Woodstock till tomorry—Lily’s tuk down,” Si announced, striving with grandfatherly virtue to squeeze the joy out of his voice.

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"Too nice t' work t'day," Dart observed, looking about him and drinking in long breaths of the June air.

"'Tis that," Silas agreed, taking a can and preparing to go after bait. His walk was certainly a strut.

"Goin' t' rain?" Dart ventured, straggling subordinatedly behind.

Silas looked out over the pond. "Reckon not," he rejoined.

On the other side of the mill they were in view of the Platt farmhouse. But today Si fairly swaggered about on his knocking knees. There was no thin bustling figure likely to appear at the back door with one hand shading the eyes, as she called shrilly the name of her married slave. Dart allowed his legs to slide from under him so that he slipped down upon his spine against the side of the mill where the sun was warm. "Too nice t' work t'day," he remarked again, and Si, sitting down beside him with his knife and can replied again, "'Tis that." He accepted another bite from Dart's plug. "Purty hard hoein' corn," he sympathized.

There was a long silence. They leaned back against the mill and turned their old faces up toward the sunny sky, watching the birds in the willows which thickly fringed the mill course.

Dart looked far away. His eyes were filled with the Juneness of things. "They comes a time," he cleared his throat and said, "when ye're gettin' old an' ye're through doin' things—'r wish ye wuz—an' ye jes want t' set an' think 'bout all the purty things ye left behind. 'N when I do, I allus think o' Huldy—d'ye mind Huldy?"

"Hadn't thought o' Huldy fer a long time," Silas confessed.

"Ner me till t'day," said Dart, blinded from staring too long at the sky, "but t'day I see a bunch o' pink pinies, 'n' somehow they put me in mind o' Huldy. Rikoliet how she hed on some kind o' pink fixin's, an' them cheeks o' her'n?"

"We wuz a couple o' plum dumb fools," Silas growled, "you in that green weskit an' yellor tie—"

"'N' you with yer hair iled an' slicked back so tight yer eyes bugged out," retorted Dart. "I mind thet day t' the picnic how scart ye wuz, lookin' from behind a tree, 'fraid t' come out. I *talked* t' her—"

"Y—e—eh, what'd ye say?" taunted Silas, "ye said they wuzn't's many moskeetys 's they wuz the year before—then ye got red and chokt—"

"That's more'n you said," Dart flaunted in his crony's face. "'N t' think," he remarked, as he had many times before, "how she run off with that city feller. They said she couldn't turn her hand t' do a thing, but somehow she wuz so purty ye wouldn't 'spect her to—"

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"Ezry's hattin' over t' Danville," Silas remarked, after a while.

"Circus 's comin' purty soon," Dart ventured, after another drowsy pause.

"Ye', but one o' them movin' picter shows is what gets me," said Silas and, suddenly remembering his fishing, he took up his knife and can. To save the exertion of rising he crawled over toward the road where the soil was more promising and there, after a moment, brought up a fat, wriggling worm.

Dart had slanted his hat brim over his eyes and slipped still further down upon his spine, the picture of thoughtless ease, when suddenly Si exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "Dart—here—comes—Liz!"

The effect was magical. "Which way?" asked Dart, scrambling to his feet, with an attempt at nonchalance, but with an eye to the retreating facilities of the mill foundation.

"Thataway," breathed Si, huskily, indicating with a slight jerk the only logical direction—that of the Miller house.

Dart slipped around in back of the mill. Silas straightened himself to his feet and with a slight kick shoved the bait can over against the building. He appeared to be studying the knife from which he had dropped the worm and when Mrs. Miller, hurrying by, her apron thrown over her head, caught sight of him, he seemed to have perceived her just as suddenly.

"Wall, howdy, Mis' Miller," said he, in a surprised tone.

"How do," snapped Mrs. Miller, taking note of his idleness in a disapproving glance and slowing up a bit in her rapid pace, "I wuz goin' over t' see if Mandy's little chicks wuz all right. *She* says you git t' workin' down in th' field an' fergit t' come in t' yer lunch—"

"Ye—ye'," stammered Silas, shifting under the scrutiny of her shrewd eyes, "I'm jes' up from there—"

"Hev ye seen Dart?" she called back over her shoulder. The thought struck her that the example of her husband might stir Silas to go to work.

"See him goin' somewhur with a hoe," Si recollected.

"Down in the south lot," Dart heard his wife call back, "I'll go over when I come back—"

Dart moved softly out from behind the mill so that it might appear that he had just happened to stray out of sight and now, as fortuitously, strayed back again.

"Reckon I'll finish hoein' my corn," he said, stretching lazily, like one who believed in free will. His watery eyes rested upon the fish pole that Silas was taking up. "Goin' t' fish?" he asked.

"Reckon so," drawled Si, luxuriously, like one who was lord

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and master of his destiny. Tantalizingly he followed Dart around to the sumac bushes and watched as he meekly recovered his hoe.

"Wall, s'long Dart," he crowed, his eyes twinkling, "Too bad ye got t' hoe. I ought t' git a right smart lot o' bites this artemnoon—"

Dart walked slowly away, his bent figure eloquent of dejection. He did not see the bees and the orioles in the orchard, the blue darning-needles on the pond, or the fluffy clouds in the sunny sky. He made his way joylessly across the cornfield and set to work. "Ding them blackbirds," he scolded,—this was the nearest Dart ever came to losing his temper—"Crows ye kin skeer, but them there ain't got sense enough t' git skeered—"

Mrs. Miller, still holding her apron over her head, came briskly into the field where Dart was making dispirited dabs at the weeds.

"*Well*," she began, snapping each word into italics, "if Mandy knew how Silas Platt works when she goes away, I guess she'd never go. Though ye never could make her b'lieve it—"

"Si never wuz much of a hand," muttered Dart, plodding diligently away at the green rows. That last grin of Si's still rankled.

Mandy was gratified. As a rule Dart remained silent or put in some word of excuse for Si.

"I come out t' tell ye," she related, hurriedly, "I got word from Allie an' she'll be needin' me right away. This bein' her first I thought I'd stay three days 'stead o' two. So if ye'll come up t' the house an' fix that carpet bag whur it's busted, an' help me git ready, I'll go on that mornin' train—th' attic'll hev t' keep till I git back—an' you kin git at this field after I'm gone."

"Ain't ye proud," she called back to him, as she led the way out of the cornfield, "t' think Allie's goin' t' have one at last—it's near two years now—"

"Ye—I sure am proud," quavered Dart, stumbling after her and if his legs were shaky, his spirit was winged and cut figure eights in the air above, "I hope Ally keeps right on—more grandchildren I have, better I like it—" He was positively babbling.

"That's what I tell the girls you say when they complain ye never come t' see the children," she said, approvingly, as they turned into the yard. "Ye'll have t' go t' the barn an' get the hammer an' tacks t' fix that bag," she recollected, as she arrived at the back door.

Dart started off toward the barn, as though he had had new hinges put into his old body. "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"—his one tune—poured forth in rollicking measure. When he came back with the hammer and tacks he halted at the border of the pond and looked down toward the red mill where he could descry a pole held patiently over the water.

THE LOW SPOTS IN THE FENCE

A tiny gleam trembled in the blue eyes, struck fire and started up, growing brighter and brighter, until it became a light that illumined the face of a grizzled youngster.

"Guess ye'll be laughin, t'other side o' yer mouth, Si Platt," he opined, enigmatically, "Three days—whoo—ee—"

Before he went in at the kitchen door, he loitered a moment on the step and looked about him. In the meadow, cows browsed knee deep in clover and daisies; the dusty road lay in a lethargy of fragrance from overhanging locust blossoms; the rambler rose vines lolled heavily with their sweet burden against the house; the fluffy clouds drifted lazily across the pond where slouching turtles and idling fish swallowed luckless bugs; bees droned in the clump of red peonies; in the iris and ribbon grass blue darning-needles and creamy butterflies frittered away long hours in the golden sunshine.

Dart drew in a long breath. "Lord, ain't it purty?" he said, exultantly, as he turned toward the door.

THE LOW SPOTS IN THE FENCE

SOME years ago the late Captain Faulkner of Texas was on one of his annual visits to the North. The captain was a genial man and time seemed to be ripening him in the most natural and kindly manner. Each year brought a little more stoutness to his body, a little more color to his cheek, a little more silver to his hair, and as he entered the twilight zone of life a genial mellowness seemed to pervade his personality. One day a friend greeted him and remarked how well he was looking. The captain gracefully acknowledged the compliment and said that he was feeling as well as he ever had in his life, but thought perhaps he had better qualify the statement a trifle as an old colored man down home had done under similar circumstances many years before.

He said he was walking along the road one spring morning when he met the old darkey proceeding slowly on his way to the village store, whither he was bound to secure his stock of tobacco for the coming week. "Well! Uncle Primus! How are you?" asked the captain. "Yas suh, yas suh, thank you suh, Marse Faulkner, yas suh. Ah is feelin' good dis spring, Ah suttinly is feelin' fine. Ah doan remember as Ah evah felt no bettah in mah life, but sum way ruther Ah seem to be gittin' tu de tahm of life w'en Ah's lookin' fer de low spots in de fence."

JOHN STAPLES.

INTERLAKEN, AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL WHERE BOYS THROUGH THEIR OWN EFFORTS LEARN HOW TO THINK AND HOW TO WORK: BY RAYMOND RIORDON



EFFICIENCY, says Harrington Emerson, is not strenuousness or muscularity, or physical exertion; efficiency is mind. This is doubtless true, yet such a gospel of efficiency will never elevate and give the working man the standing he should have, and the standing absolutely necessary to bring about real efficiency. This country was built on a muscular foundation, with coördinating mentality. John Smith drew a steady bead and thought at the same time; William Penn could live by his own labor; Daniel Boone chopped for his cabin and explored; Abraham Lincoln was great because he was human, and human because he had worked. Ralph Waldo Emerson dreamed of labor, Lincoln labored. Emerson was the philosopher of the mind; Lincoln the philosopher of the people, and the people's philosopher is the agent which makes for good—that virtue which enables the individual to take home to himself and act upon the advice, the counsel, the inspiration of his guide.

We, a democratic people, anxious to claim lineage from revolutionary forebears must remember we have need to be proud of our ancestors only because they combined *will to do* with *power to think*; and these qualities in constant action and reaction upon each other produced a sane, efficient manhood. In America today our great difficulty is lack of human standard. Standards come through experience, and experience comes through labor—through work with the hands.

Interlaken—the school on Silverlake—built by the boys, maintained by them, existing for and because of them, and with one-fifth of its school stock subscribed by parents—Interlaken is striving to hold to the old that we may better understand the new. The pupils of this school are the ordinary boys such as attend any high grade private school. There is likely to be a larger percentage of mechanical geniuses—which in child life looks to me like mental apathy—than in other schools, for the reason that the school emphasizes manual training. The school is further better off than most schools in that it has a certain percentage of pupils paying little or no tuition—this helps largely in eliminating class distinction, snobbery, clannishness; it makes for pure democracy.

There is a log schoolhouse containing fifteen schoolrooms and the office. These rooms are larger than the usual schoolroom. In this same building are twenty-five sleeping rooms for boys, with lava-

AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

tories, baths, etc., also a gymnasium sixty-five by one hundred fifteen feet and forty feet high. There is a dining room containing two wings each thirty by seventy. This entire building is of cypress in craft style. It seats two hundred. The kitchen is thoroughly modern. An enormous ice-box holding four tons of ice and a large concrete storage cellar are parts of this same structure. There is a shop for silver and copper work—two stories, and built of logs:—fully equipped. The wood shops—bench and machine—are built of cypress with heavy trussed roof, and well equipped. Then there is a forge shop. The electric power-house is of cypress, and contains a powerful oil-burning engine. The steam power-house—heating all the larger buildings—is of brick and cement, and equipped with an enormous boiler. Then there is a teachers' house of twenty rooms, and a residence of twelve rooms. The camp is a unit itself, having its forty tents, its wash and bath house, its toilets.

THIS entire plant has sprung into existence and been built by the boys since June, nineteen hundred and eleven. With the exception of the teachers' house, and steam power plant, the buildings were built by the boys, aided by outside help only when such was necessary at the end of the summer in order to open on time. The electric lighting plant in its entirety—wiring for some five hundred lights, installation of motors for pumping and forge shops, represents but boys' work. These buildings, well built, planned for the use to which they are being put are considered as the boys' own, and are maintained entirely by them.

Let's see what such maintenance amounts to. The steam plant is run twenty-four hours a day. This means shoveling five tons of coal a day, taking out ashes, cleaning flues, keeping the plant in order. Three shifts carry this through; two of the three boys attend school for the full day, and one is not doing school work.

The electric plant must start at five in the morning and run twelve hours a day. Upon this plant depend the shop, the kitchen, the lighting and largely the water supply; though the last is safeguarded through use of three pumps—the electric, a gasoline emergency and a steam pump for elimination of waste power. Three shifts carry this work, which includes inspection, replacing and care of all wiring and lights.

The dining room service is in the hands of seven boys—sometimes they change off or get substitutes—sometimes work the year through. These boys serve all three meals, clear the tables, clean the room and keep the floor oiled.

The big dormitory building would be a project for an expert corps of janitors, but this is kept cleaner than most schoolhouses—

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though built of logs—and the lavatories, toilets, showers, etc., are always immaculate. The boys do absolutely all of this work.

The stables—there are twelve horses to feed and care for—are handled by the boys. They do all the hauling of freight, laundry and provisions, the care of the grounds, repairing of leaks, the improving of roads—there is much to do on a hundred acres of school ground. Then there is the farm—seven hundred acres—the earnest development of which is to begin this month. Much to do, and practically all by the boys.

To sum up—the entire number of people “hired” to do work in or about Interlaken School is seven—five in the kitchen, two in the pantry. All the work necessary for the comfortable living and proper care of a family of one hundred and fifty is done by the boys of the school—guided, of course, by their eighteen teachers. It must also be taken into consideration that each boy has his personal affairs to look after—must clean his clothes, keep his room or tent in order, make his fire—if at camp; spend five hours in school; prepare his lessons, and play.

THE boys rise at six and take a shower before breakfast, which is at half-past six. School begins at seven-thirty and continues without recess until twelve-fifteen. Periods in the shop are interspersed so as to give the boy the necessary change. Luncheon is at twelve-thirty. At one-fifteen boys begin work at various assignments, go to extra classes, are tutored or use the shops—this is all planned work, however. At six they dine and the time from after dinner to ten is spent in study. Variety is given the evenings through use of the moving-picture machine one evening, debating society the second evening, games one evening, and match games the fourth night.

Sunday the meal hours are later and the day is the boys’—but they are limited to our territory. They read, study, walk, talk, sleep. At four forty-five there is an assembly and a musicale, with the boys filling the programme, which brings them all together for an hour before dinner. Sunday evening is spent in study. All studying is done by the boy as an individual, and wherever he wishes—in the schoolroom, a teacher’s room, his tent, or his own room.

A programme of this sort entered into with the proper spirit certainly precludes many minutes of idleness. The right spirit is possible, for the school is governed entirely by suggestion—there is nothing that can be called a rule in force. If a boy does not have his school work prepared he is that same day interviewed by his teacher, his principal, and superintendent. The interview will thus be given from three angles—the teacher holding up the academic end; the

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principal, the wholesome end of "why;" the superintendent, the personal and physical end. Thus the boy can't get far behind in the running. If he should be tardy he is also interviewed by the three persons mentioned. These interviews take place most anywhere—in the gym, on the road, in the corridor. No promises are exacted. Advice is but rarely given. We do not average three cases a day of unpreparedness, and virtually none of tardiness. This is worth consideration when you think of living in a tent with a temperature of five or more below; with your fire to make, your bed to arrange, yourself to tidy. Again, is it worthy of consideration because at Interlaken there are no bugles, no bells; mealtimes are known by all, schooltime is known by all, therefore, as the school life is the business of the day, all should be on time, for by not being so, many besides the offender are inconvenienced. It looks as if that couldn't be with over a hundred boys—but it is. Another troublesome side of school life which the natural method of living eliminates, is the use of tobacco. Fully fifty of our boys used tobacco when they entered the school, and use it when they are home. The school does not sanction tobacco—it does not expel, it does not punish; but it insists that tobacco is not to be used. There are not three cases of tobacco being used in the school now, and it is most rare when one of these three transgresses. When this happens the school is told publicly, and that is the end of the case.

Most of this paper has been given over to telling what is actually accomplished, for if such things are done, then time spent on talking of them is worth while. The methods employed are merely to get the boy into a democratic—a communistic state of mind. Selfishness is engendered in the boy who rubs with his neighbor only in sport or pleasure. To have no duties—even to have a duty as in military schools only to be punished for failure to do that duty, is detrimental to the physical and mental and moral growth. There is only a certain number of hours necessary for schoolroom preparation and these combined with the actual hours in the classroom make up but a small part of the day. The rest of the day—the idle time is the damaging time. It is then that the mind acquires habits of indifference and slovenliness, which, taken into the classroom, are denounced by the unfortunate teacher as lack of concentration. It is during idle hours that mischief to school spirit is wrought. Then it is that the boys become restless, unhappy, intriguing, disloyal in thought and deed. On the other hand if the non-academic hours are fully occupied, not with mere pastimes, but with serious, purposeful work, a momentum of effort is generated which is distinctly felt even in the classroom. The work necessary to domestic independence, together



BOYS OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL BUILDING THE
LOG GYMNASIUM: THE SIXTH DAY OF THE WORK.
A LOG AND CEMENT HOUSE BUILT BY THE INTER-
LAKEN BOYS.



SUMMER CAMP OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, SHOWING THE LOG WASH HOUSE BUILT BY THE BOYS, AND ONE OF THE TENTS. WINTER CAMP OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL: IT IS AN INTERESTING FACT THAT THESE BOYS LIVE IN TENTS AND DO THEIR OWN "HOUSE" WORK THROUGH THE COLDEST WINTER WEATHER.



HAYMAKING IN THE VICINITY OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, SHOWING THE BOYS BUSY AS FARMERS. ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE BOYS AS FARMERS: ALL THE GARDEN WORK IS DONE BY THE STUDENTS, AND WELL DONE.



TWO PICTURES SHOWING WHERE THE BOYS WORK INDOORS: THE UPPER PICTURE IS THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM AND THE LOWER ONE IS THE WORKING LIBRARY: BOTH THESE ROOMS WERE BUILT AND FINISHED BY THE BOYS.

AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

with outdoor labor for the community, no matter how humble, contributes at least as much to health of body and mind, individual and corporate, as do athletics; but in addition, it quickens and endows the soul.

THE boy who works as do our boys—like men in life—cannot always be as immaculate in appearance as the boy who toils not. On the one hand, the boy who does no rough or manual work will soon find his tastes going to dress, and he becomes foppish and shallow. On the other hand, the boy who does rough work enjoys the more his bath and rub, and is clearer and deeper minded, so that he appreciates the conventionalities at their true value. A manually working boy is a picture of health and his face shines resplendent. The well-dressed boy tailored, and liking it, has but his clothes to commend him.

These Interlaken boys in their schoolrooms, in their shops, entering the dining hall will not present the spruce appearance of the students in a classical school or the cadets from the academy. Their mode of living makes it necessary they should pass from work to study, from study to play—and they must dress accordingly.

We do not have definite gymnastic drill for muscular development; indeed we have no work in the gymnasium save games and such work on the apparatus as one boy teaches another. However, we are convinced that through the combination of proper diet, proper sleep, manual labor and vigor of mind, we can produce the stronger boy physically than through the use of any special system of gymnastic instruction. The writer is well acquainted with nearly every system of gymnastics in use and is certain from experience that living as the Interlaken boys do, they will become more nearly men—like unto our early pioneers—than through specialization or artificially contrived apparatus.

We chop trees as did the woodsmen of old; we use the tree for building; we use it for firewood; we season it for furniture—or we let it stand and give it first aid when it needs such. Our boys consider their neighbors, then themselves; obedience is their first law, but obedience must be taught; the body weak—then is the mind going to suffer, and weak mind and weak body mean the unmoral boy, if not the immoral boy.

We put up ice, and build the house in which to store it; we sink our wells and protect them; we marvel at the plentifulness of Nature and decide at once not to waste her resources. We think independently, but act in concert when the public weal demands such action. Among us is the boy of wealth who pays six hundred dollars for

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an eight months' term and who, besides his five hours school day and consequent study, takes his shift at the power house, or the pumps, or the boiler. He labors harder perhaps than does the boy who pays nothing and who would be said to be earning his way. Each boy must accept his task and do it the best he knows how. The reward for failure is the opportunity to try again; the reward for work well done is more work.

This plan of giving boys responsible work—men's jobs, often extremely responsible, such as running the lighting and heating plants; supervising skating, swimming, boating; night watch; care of horses, cows, pigs, ducks, chickens, etc., develops their self-reliance and their ability to take care of themselves. So true is this, that we have been able to free teachers entirely from duty outside their classrooms. As a consequence, school work is still further strengthened, for it was the experience of Interlaken that a heavy academic programme followed by supervisory responsibilities is wearisome and often demoralizing for teachers. We have found that if they can be relieved of what in this very institution was formerly termed "dog-watch," they will not only render higher academic service, but will exert greater moral and social influence—they will mix more frankly with the boys; and the relations of teacher and pupil will be carried to a more natural, a more human—a higher plane.

Happiness is the prevailing spirit here at Interlaken. Unkindness is rare, for we live with Nature and have her animals around. Vice is absent. Honesty is practiced daily. The boys believe in the school, yet show their faith and spirit without the usual accompaniment of brass band, or pennants, or yells. In games and athletics they usually win in whatever they undertake. They have no special training, but come from the ice-field and win a basketball game, or from the harvest and win at baseball. Their school work is standard, their health is excellent, their viewpoint clear.



MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR



BEFORE we take up the ways in which coherent grouping of houses may be planned, it is necessary to consider further the advantages and disadvantages of terrace houses and detached houses built in close proximity to one another. Some people are under the impression that detached houses are in some way more healthful than terrace buildings, even where there are the same number to each acre of land, but I do not think this needs serious refutation. The detached houses are certainly colder; they call for less skill in planning and have not the especial advantage possessed by the terrace house, that of compelling the architect to provide for every window an open outlook either across the street or close, or over the garden, thus securing the adequate lighting of each room which almost all English by-laws demand.

In planning terrace houses it should be made possible to get "a clean blow through" the house, to remove all stagnant air and secure really satisfactory ventilation. In almost every room in the detached house it is possible to have windows on more than one side, while in the terrace house few rooms can have this advantage, so that satisfactory ventilation is more easily attained in the former than it is in the latter. This is another reason for claiming that a through living room is almost essential for the ideal terrace house.

Elsewhere I have pointed out the advantage of having all chimney stacks within the house and none on the exterior walls. This, of course, is more easily contrived for houses in terraces than for any other type of building.

But perhaps it is in the garden that the terrace house has the greatest advantage over the detached house. In the plans for terrace houses given in my last article, I showed small gardens between the houses and the roads. Whether these are desirable or not depends very largely upon the character of the street on which the houses front. In many streets modern motor traffic has made it desirable to set the houses back from the street, but where there is little through traffic it is perhaps wisest to build the houses right up to the street line and have the garden on the side away from the street, especially if this is the sunnier side. Small front gardens are generally of little use and involve effort to keep them tidy. Still, if they are planned like little forecourts, they may be very charming and of some real service. If the ground between a road and the house fronting on it, instead of being divided up into separate small gardens, is laid out in a continuous strip, as in Diagrams Two and Three, the effect

COPARTNERSHIP BUILDING OF HOUSES

may be most desirable from all points of view, and may help to link a whole road into a complete composition. The question really is, "Is this space more useful and desirable in front of the house than it would be if added to the gardens in back?" and this is a question each householder must answer for himself.

In the last issue I gave two plans (one for terrace and one for detached houses in a row) and allowed the same frontage to each house in both plans. In order to make clear the advantage the garden of the terrace house possesses, I am here giving plans contrasting terrace and detached houses, as before, but instead of allowing the same width of frontage and size of plot to each (and therefore the same depth of plot), I am showing the terrace houses with narrower frontage than those occupied by the detached houses and the yawning chasms between them, and have given to each the same area of garden (see Diagrams Five and Six). How much more desirable is the form of garden that is possible to the terrace house! The garden for the detached house is necessarily a public and draughty strip around the house, but the garden for the terrace house can be in the convenient and pleasant form of an oblong, secluded from the street and protected from its dust and noises. At the same time, the garden for the terrace houses will be much more sunny and airy and less shaded by buildings, and with less draught than that of the detached house. The narrower frontage means less cost of land, less expensive road, sewer, gas and water mains, and cheaper maintenance of all these. It also means shorter distances from one house to another, to the doctor, to the shops and places of amusement, and for the tradesmen's daily rounds.

The greater depth in the plots means that the garden side of the terrace in one street is further away from the garden side of the terrace in the street running parallel with it, and is, therefore, less overlooked and more open. Around all our towns we now have a belt of characterless residential suburbs, garish for the well-to-do and drab and monotonous for the poor. Much of the charm of the Mediæval cities arose from the abrupt termination of their closely built streets into open country and the absence of dismal straggling suburban areas. If we should change our ideal of little detached houses each in the center of its own little plot for something less individualistic, we might come nearer recovering the lost charm of real street pictures on the one hand and open unspoiled country on the other. The detailed plotting of an area on which houses are to be built should be the result of the most careful consideration of plans for the houses themselves.

In the past, however, instead of first planning the houses for the



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin Architects

DIAGRAM ONE.

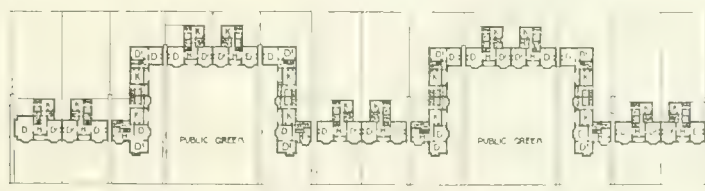
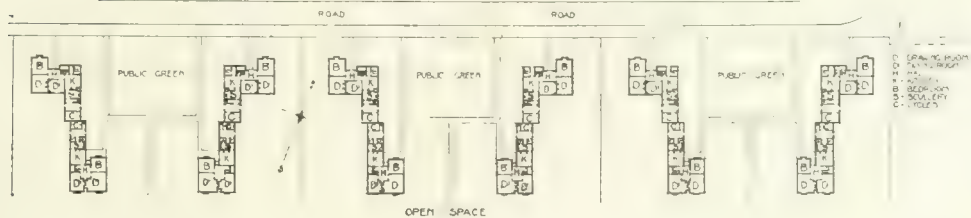


DIAGRAM
FOUR



THESE DIAGRAMS SHOW HOW A ROW OF HOUSES MAY BE PLANNED BETWEEN A ROAD AND AN OPEN SPACE, SO THAT THE HOUSES ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD TOWARD THE OPEN SPACE OBSTRUCT LITTLE OF THE VIEW OF THOSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD.



DIAGRAM TWO

SCHEME FOR PROPOSED COPARTNERSHIP DEVELOPMENT AT STOKE-UPON-TRENT, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING HOW THE GROUND BETWEEN THE ROAD AND THE HOUSE, INSTEAD OF BEING DIVIDED INTO SEPARATE SMALL GARDENS, MAY BE LAID OUT IN A CONTINUOUS STRIP, THUS LINKING THE WHOLE ROAD INTO A COMPLETE COMPOSITION. HARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

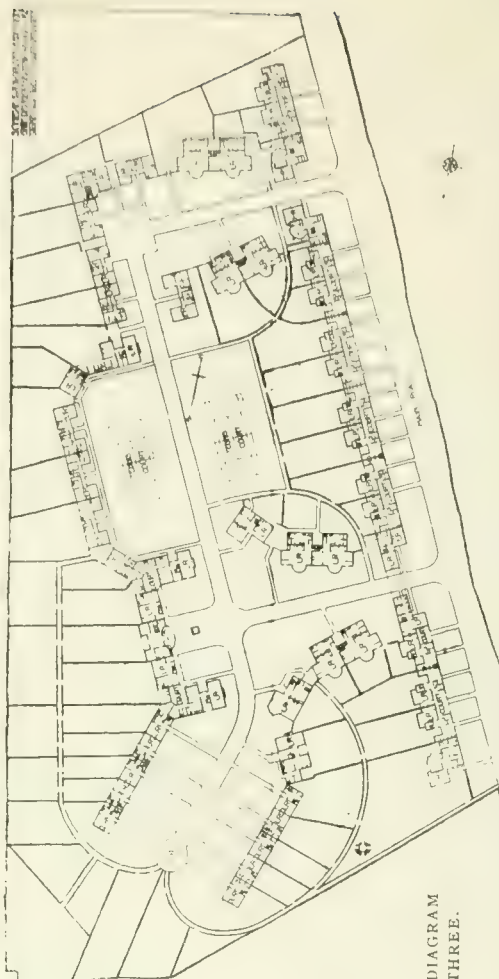


DIAGRAM THREE.

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different sites and laying out the land in plots to facilitate the best realization of all the advantages the proposed house plans could offer, land has usually been cut up into plots which were supposed to be suitable for any house. As a rule, the plots have been so arranged that the best could not be made of any type of house plan which was decided upon. There are many notable exceptions to this, of course, among them "New Town," Edinburgh, and the eighteenth-century London squares, which were laid out to accommodate houses whose plans were known beforehand. The difficulty, of course, has been that in many instances the type of house the prospective builder would wish to erect could not be foretold. In such cases, the site planner should start with the best plans obtainable for the types of houses it is most likely the future owners would wish to build in the locality he is dealing with, under the conditions laid down by the sites, and plan out his area so as to make the most of houses built to these plans. It is probable that whoever takes a plot will modify his own ideas to secure for his own house most of the advantages which the site planner has visualized for him. The result as a whole would then be better than could possibly be attained by arbitrarily laying out the land without considering house plans which would make the most of each plot. If the site planner, in plotting out in detail the smaller areas into which the estate is divided, should show on each plot in some detail the house plan most likely to obtain all the advantages that particular plot possesses, the time spent on this would never be wholly thrown away. Often forms and arrangements of plots would be modified in order to gain advantages for the houses, and these plans would suggest ideas to the man who took any particular plot, and he would be likely to make better use of the plot than he otherwise would.

Take the suggestions made in Diagrams One and Four as an instance: These plans were made to meet the objection against providing open spaces, which is so frequently raised. This objection is that while it would be practicable in many specific instances to furnish the necessary land for an open space, the cost of a road around that open space would be prohibitive, because it could only have houses fronting on one side of it; the other side would have to be left open, as the prevailing idea seems to be that the front of a house must necessarily face the road. Diagrams One and Four suggest that not only may the road be set back and a row of plots for houses planned between the road and the open space, but if the plots on either side of the road be planned to carry out a scheme designed for the houses, without reducing their number, those on the side of the road toward the open space may be designed to ob-

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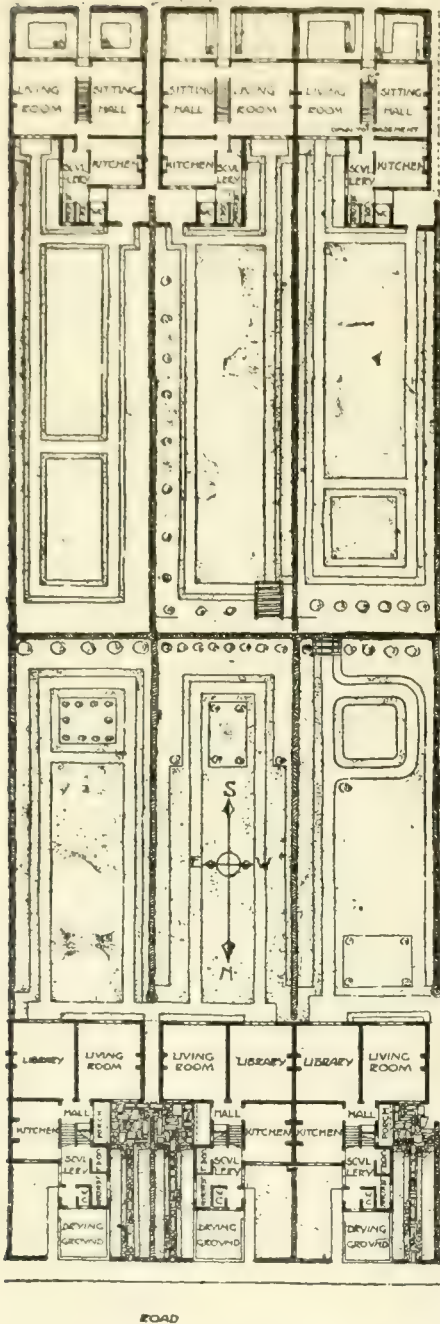


DIAGRAM FIVE.

struct little of the view of the open space from those on the other side of the road. Those on the side of the road away from the open space may be arranged so that a greater number can be built, and thus increase the number of those which will have a view out over the open space.

The most difficult conditions under which a coördinate scheme can be produced are those which arise when land is intended to be sold in plots to unrelated individuals. Under other conditions, there are greater opportunities for coördinating and correlating all the buildings on a given area of land into a general scheme. The most common of these arises when a building scheme is started as an investment, or when a land-owner undertakes to develop an area of land.

It is fashionable to decry the speculative builder and his ways, but he is often a maligned individual. Some architects have discovered that the commissions that afford them the most satisfaction are those undertaken for the speculative builder. The more intelligent speculative builder now knows that by availing himself of the architect's skill in planning he can work more economically and with greater financial success. Even if he intends to build only one or two houses at a time, and to build others only when he has disposed of the first lot, he very often wants a related scheme for the whole undertaking. He realizes that it will be to his ultimate advantage to have this reasonably well worked

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out at the beginning, so that when completed it may be satisfactory as a whole, and each house may be planned and placed so as to detract as little as possible from the beauty and convenience of the others. The architect is thus given an opportunity to conceive the undertaking as a whole, even though the builder may intend to carry it out in sections.

Again, when the owner of a piece of ground has had the foresight to secure unity of effect by

commissioning an architect to prepare a complete scheme for the development of his land and by laying down conditions when letting or selling each plot, he is reasonably sure that the broad lines of his scheme will be adhered to.

But the best opportunities for a coördinated whole in building are those made possible when the development of land is undertaken by a copartnership tenants society. In these societies the tenant does not own his own house; he owns shares in the society which is the landlord of all the houses comprised in the undertaking. The tenant is not tied to the house he lives in; if it is to his advantage to move to another place, he is free to go, and the responsibility of finding a tenant for his house does not rest with him alone, but with the society as a whole. So long as he chooses to remain in his house, he has all the security that belongs to the man who owns the house he lives in; if he wishes to leave it, he may do so without risk of financial loss. Another advantage is that his money is invested. His home is situated on an estate which can be planned to the best ad-

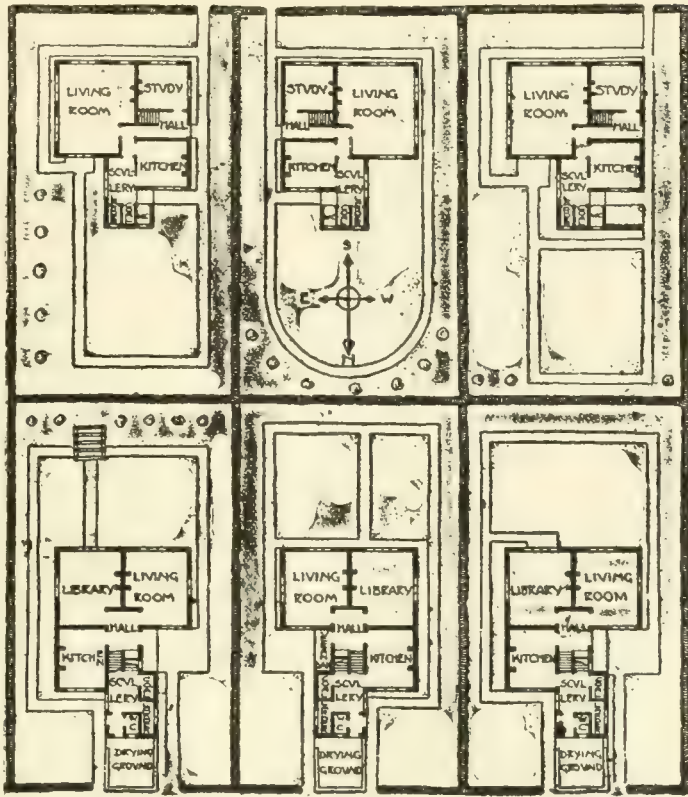


DIAGRAM SIX.

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vantage of each house individually and of all the houses upon it collectively. Such societies have a future far greater than has yet been realized. Their building operations can be undertaken on a big scale, each member sharing the benefits which this makes possible, —the standardization of all the component parts of the buildings and the economies effected by buying in very large quantities. Each individual can procure for himself a better house and probably a larger garden by joining one of these societies than he could by working alone.

Copartnership opens up a new range of possibilities, for through this medium all may enjoy a share of many advantages. The wealthy man may have his own tennis court and bowling green and play places for his children, and may secure a wide and pleasant outlook from all his windows, but the man of more moderate means may only have them if he joins a copartnership society. An intelligent land-owner or company may lay out an estate so as to provide for the common enjoyment of some of its advantages, but an estate owned by a copartnership society will naturally be laid out to attain this end. It will be thought of as a whole; it will be planned for a community; institutes, schools, clubs and common meeting places will be considered; spots of natural beauty will be preserved; distant views will not be shut out; play places and shelters for the children and spaces for outdoor games will be arranged, not only for the enjoyment of these games, but to provide pleasanter outlooks from the windows of the houses, and attractive terminations for streets. The buildings will be designed in groups, not as individual units; these groups taken together will be conceived as larger units, and the whole designed on a big scale. The principle of sharing, therefore, will make each individual house more attractive, the whole scheme being conceived as a coherent and harmonious whole. An organized civic life such as distinguished our old-time villages will spring up and take the place of the ugliness and lack of organization which characterizes buildings produced by the extreme individualism of recent times. It will be the outward expression of the life of a community, taking the place of a mere aggregation of individuals, the hopelessness of which the estate development of recent times has made us far too familiar with. Diagrams Two and Three embody such a copartnership scheme, designed for a piece of land which falls to the southwest and commands a very fine view in that direction.

THE DANCE OF THE PEOPLE: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

"Except ye become as little children."

"A little child shall lead them."



I WENT the other evening to see a child dance. It was a joyous evening because it was a revelation of that spontaneous beauty every child should have the power to portray; it was also an infinitely sad evening because I realized that this one little girl was the only child I knew of in the world who was doing this spontaneously beautiful thing. She was only five years old, yet she danced with equal wonder whether her mother played a simple little tune, or whether she floated past a pale-green curtain, upborne by the music of her lovely soul. I have never seen any dancing at all like it, except Isadora Duncan's, and I realized when I saw this child that she was doing eagerly, unconsciously, joyously, what Miss Duncan has striven for twelve years to make us understand the miracle of, namely, that the perfect dance is the natural outpouring of the spirit of beauty through motion.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, who sat by me, said: "The wonder is not that the child is doing this thing, but that every child in the world is not doing it." And then Mr. Coburn, head of the Coburn Players added, what was equally true, "If only this child could live her life close to the spring of beauty, Nature, informed day by day through the winds and the sunlight, through the perfumes and color—Nature's great sources of rhythm—what tremendous things she could do to freshen the gray world."

And I realized as I watched the little child dancing, without draperies, without dramatic surroundings, without consciousness of her genius, a "Dance of the Wind," a "Dance of the Flowers," a "Dance of Sadness," a "Dance of a Little Child Going out of the House to Play," all her own improvization (if one may call by so elaborate a name anything so simple and inevitable), that it is the real things of the world, the very simple things which hold the great qualities of perfect beauty and moving joy.

How much of her readiness to interpret beauty this child owes to her parents it would be hard to estimate. Her father, Jerome Myers, is a painter of modern life, of out of doors, sunlight, children playing and dancing—the joyous aspect of everyday existence, a painter of profound insight, with technique that enables him to present his philosophy adequately through his art. But granting this artistic inheritance, this little child is of herself inherently close to the source of beauty, as only little children and the more primitive people of the world can be, and all children are, if left to their own

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conception of happiness, instinctively primitive. Each child of its own accord would begin the world anew daily. Thus it is that we seek for stirrings of emotional art in the early days of the race or the individual. And so from an appreciation of what this child could accomplish through her exquisitely naïve methods of expressing her own natural joy in living, I began to understand why it is that we unconsciously turn to the more elemental folk of the world for our hope of the development of the more emotional arts, such as music and dancing. As we think into the matter, we see that hypercultivation, however satisfactory and interesting as a personal source of pleasure, must inevitably to a certain extent atrophy the creative forces, for cultivation absorbs our spiritual and mental energies in recording and enjoying the achievement of others, and so wide, so high, so deep are the opportunities of enjoyment in the realms of appreciation that more often than not the sum total of our activities are thus exhausted. And so it is the unencumbered soul who becomes, as a child, the unconscious channel for the great forces of life to stream through. And as we remember the few geniuses we have met, we recall with perhaps some surprise, that they were inevitably the unaffected, the naïve, the simple.

WE SHALL not develop to the fullest as a nation without the enjoyment of these emotional arts, because no people can achieve all that the sensitive among them desire without expressing the hunger for beauty that is deep in their hearts. A nation must sing, must dance, must make its own music to realize its portion of the world's power for beauty. And it is a sad fact that the spontaneous music of a modern people is apt to be discountenanced or ignored, and that here in America at least we are fearful of the thing we create, fearful of the beauty that is seeking expression out of our own hearts. We are turning back for joy in rhythm to the folk dances of the old world, and what can we ever hope to accomplish through it? We are not a rural people who find expression for our simple pleasures on the village green, who quaintly dance in the moonlight because that is the most natural thing for us to do. We may appreciate folk dances, and we may teach them to our children, but they will turn away from them, they will turn back to the waltz which we are all dancing, to the ragtime which we are more and more learning to dance.

We may also teach our children in our public and private schools that the only great expression of what we call "grand opera" is from France and Germany and Italy, that all great music must be an imitation of these things, that unless we know Debussy and Wagner

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and Strauss on one hand and Puccini and Verdi on the other, we cannot express the great thoughts that are in us, and the result will be only what has already happened, the tragedy of the recent American opera, which takes for its subject British history and which expresses this subject in the most extraordinary formal classic *mélange* of the operatic music of other times and people. That anyone in this country should rejoice for the birth of an opera like "Mona" is a thing indeed to make us thoughtful. For it has no more significance as American music than Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." We are not, as a matter of fact, a people to whom as yet opera belongs, although we have a very cultivated and right appreciation of it as the work of other races. But as for ourselves, we are at present, at least, too self-conscious; we have too keen a sense of humor to create that singular product of genius and naïveté known as "grand opera." We may have many such productions as "Mona," because it met with much kindly comment and applause. And such a production can matter little to composer or the people, if we bear in mind that never for a moment must we think of it as *American music*. We must never accept it as the great thing we are hoping for in this country,—our own music, a spontaneous outburst of a desire for and understanding of the kind of song that we as a people crave, that is deep in our souls, that would make life richer for us.

We have done little in this country, if we except the great MacDowell, in the way of music that is national, that is significant. Perhaps the most genuinely natural music which we have as yet achieved here is the homely, nerve-searching, pulsating ragtime. It has been said that we "manufacture" this music for the people, that it does not belong to them any more than the grand opera music does. This is a very profound mistake. You can manufacture an opera such as "Mona," you can never in the history of any nation manufacture music for the great mass of the common people. You can manufacture had clothes for them, you can give them a standard of artificial manners, because these things are associated in their minds with material benefits which they crave, but you cannot manufacture music for them, rhythm for them, song for them, for they will not accept these things. You *can* write music that they *will* dance because you have produced out of your heart a rhythm which reaches theirs. You can write songs that they will sing, because you can touch their hearts with a chord from your own.

Occasionally even out of what you may call the very mire will spring up something that the whole nation will accept and acclaim, because it has a universal rhythm which is wanted and needed for the expression of some joy in our lives. This is what has happened

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in the modern dances that we are hearing so much about, which have been so widely condemned. It is impossible to believe that we as a people have accepted these dances, the "turkey trot," the "grizzly bear," and other much-condemned rhythmical expressions, "because they were risqué and indecent," for the great mass of our people are not indecent or risqué. They are very much horrified at anything that is indecent or even vulgar. They will not tolerate it in their plays; they will not accept it in their music, in their dances or in their songs. But the people as a whole will always respond to some great universal and fundamental rhythm, whether it is in dance or song, because they are primitive, because they have the open mind of simple folk, and the rhythm of motion is essentially a primitive expression.

ALL people in the early stages of their history have had their dances, their religious dances, their war dances, their love dances. We have had but the faintest echo of these in our lives. Our dances have been a luxury. We have paid people to do them for us, or we have held them in reserve for our more exclusive society, who paid largely to learn how to do them. Now at last we have in this country a dance of the common people. It is not an indecent dance unless it is made so, and every dance in the world can be made indecent. In fact, almost every act of life can be made indecent if we so choose. We can eat indecently, we can sleep too much, we can walk vulgarly. There is no romance, there is no artistic delight that cannot be rendered unpleasant and vulgar if we so elect. And this dance of the people for which we should rejoice, because it is the first widespread appreciation of rhythm that any modern people has had, we have elected to regard as vulgar because some indecent people have chosen to do it in a way that was not beautiful. It can be done most beautifully. It will do much to increase the sense of beauty in our people if we will only permit them to do it without maintaining that it is vulgar. The very music that is written for it carries a splendid dominating rhythm, so much so that the children in the street dance spontaneously to it, and men and women all over the country respond to it who could not afford difficult and expensive dancing lessons. It will be a sad thing for us if this first general desire for rhythmical expression that the country has had will have to be discarded because we have forced the nation to see it as something unworthy.

The music, as I have already said, that is written for these dances and which intrinsically belongs to them, has been called mechanical; "manufactured" is the word used for these extraordinary outbursts of primitive pulsating melody. If we could begin to get statistics:

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about the amount of music that is really manufactured in this country, and in every other country, which the people reject absolutely, we could understand better the real meaning of the tremendous response that there has been to the barbaric ragtime music in this country and all over the world, and to the outgrowth from this music which is less barbaric but no less intense and vivid.

It is but natural that a nation such as ours, that has been so long without its own musical expression should respond to the dramatic primitive dominating quality of the music as we are hearing all over the country today. For everyone wants it, no matter how it is criticized. It is wanted in the most fashionable of drawing rooms; it is wanted in the dance hall; it is wanted on the streets in the twilight springtime by the little children. And no manufactured effort in music, no sound wholly dominated by suggestiveness, nothing inherently artificial could be gathered up so completely as this from one end to another of a nation.

It may be that this wholesale universal response to a desire for motion and music will bring about the other thing that we mourned the lack of in the beginning of this note, that our little children as a whole do not dance, and that we find ourselves filled with amazement as well as joy when one of them dances with satisfying beauty. We certainly can never convert a nation to the knowledge and value and joy of a beautiful rhythmical expression through instruction in dancing, through lectures and essays and schools. The desire for it has got to spring up in the hearts of the people, and its growth as an art has got to be the spontaneous, naïve and joyous expression of that desire.



THE "AMERICAN RENAISSANCE" IN ARCHITECTURE

A REPLY TO THE "AMERICAN RENAISSANCE" WHICH APPEARED IN *THE CRAFTSMAN*, JANUARY 1912

DEAR SIR:—

I HAVE been very much interested in reading in the January number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* a spirited article on architecture which has to do with one on the same subject that appeared under my name in the *Outlook*, entitled "American Renaissance."

I greatly appreciate the enthusiasm of your authors Messrs. Purcell & Elmslie, for what they have finally called "the finest of the fine arts." They seem to object, however, to my views because they uphold an American architecture which is established upon precedent. I must confess that I cannot conceive of a dignified architecture which is not created through the familiar and satisfying system of evolution. I do not think a greater calamity could befall a city than to have the architects suddenly decide to ignore all precedent and attempt to produce an original style. Architects are continually accused of being mere plagiarists, adopting architectural forms of other times and fitting them illy to the conditions of their own. It is this view of my confreres and my profession which your authors seem to imply and it is this view of architectural criticism that I would briefly dwell upon.

I think it is fair to say that artists of all times have derived their chief inspiration from the works of those whom they elect to be their masters.

I have always thought that in the matter of invention architecture was analogous to the writer's art, and to make my position clear, I would like to draw a comparison. The post, the lintel, the arch, the cornice, the gable, the bay, the countless forms of window openings, or ornament, moldings and projections already devised constitute the language of architectural design, a language as finely diversified in subtle gradations as any language which we know. It is the language in which the architect speaks, sometimes well and sometimes ill,

according to the grace and talent with which Nature has endowed him, but it is no more necessary for him to invent new forms or new styles in order to be eloquent, than it is necessary for the writer to coin new words to express a lofty sentiment or for a painter to find a fourth primary color in order that he may set his canvas ablaze. It is the careful selection and use of the architect's vocabulary that brings about an accomplished essay in architectural design. The subtle balance of solid and void, the perfect rhythm of column and space and column. The architect refers to these contrasting spaces as proportions, but I do not quarrel with your authors' expressed preference for a different nomenclature. They query, what is proportion? I reply, it is balance and rhythm, and that Vigonola must of necessity change at every six inches. Vigonola has written an architectural primer, which the student is taught because he must commence with rules and Vigonola's rules are as good as anybody's, but they are beginners' rules and only intended to train the untaught eye to observe the niceties and the endless varieties of architectural proportion. Neither Vigonola nor any other architect has established a proportion for the orders which make all other orders either good or bad by comparison.

It is true that much of our architectural design is crude and commonplace, and I have felt that this is largely due to the method by which the architect works; he not only has countless things to think of quite apart from the appearance of his building, but he is obliged to produce the design of his details away from the actual scene of his work.

Architecture, above every other art, should keep near to usual and well tried forms and while it is doubtless difficult for the man of average abilities to be original in the use of them, yet it is just as rare to find an author able to write his own language with real distinction, though if he does not, the failure lies with himself and not with his means of expression.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED HOPKINS.



TWO BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSES DESIGNED TO HELP ESTABLISH BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING

WILLIAM MORRIS once said: "I decorate modern houses for people, but the house that would please me would be some great room where one talked to one's friends in one corner, and ate in another, and slept in another, and worked in another."

Most of us have got so far away from the primitive, fundamental things of life that such a simple ideal is difficult for us to understand or take seriously. And yet there is no doubt that Morris meant it. He had balanced the luxuries of civilization against the unnecessary labor and anxiety which they involved, and had found that the pain outweighed the pleasure. He felt that we had hampered our lives and bewildered our souls with useless complexities; we had been so eager to satisfy our sense of possession that we had built up around ourselves a barrier of *things*, which shut out the oxygen and sunlight of clear, wholesome thought and efficient action. And so he wanted to reduce life—at least his own—to the simplest terms, because he felt that in no other way could he be free to work and think in full strength and happiness.

The pioneer or woodsman who builds himself a log hut in the forest or a rough mountain camp, can carry out literally the great English craftsman's ideal; but those of us who cannot cope with the difficulties and enjoy the freedom of the camp and trail must adjust our dwellings to the more complicated conditions of civilized social

life. We must consider the restrictions and opportunities of the city, the demands of family and friends, and build our houses accordingly. It might be possible for us to build and live as plainly as Morris suggested, but there are few of us who would have the moral courage to do it, and few who would really want it.

But although we may consider such simplicity and directness as too far beneath or above us—according to our point of view—we shall find it helpful, in planning new homes or reorganizing old ones, to keep Morris's words in mind. We shall find that this natural attitude toward common, everyday things will guide us in distinguishing the essential from the unessential, the vital from the superficial. It will help us to saner standards of living, clearer insight into our real needs and hopes and the means of their fulfillment, keener judgment and more honest thinking. It will aid us in pruning from our environment the petty and the insincere, and so bring our homes closer to the real purpose of our existence.

It is this feeling which always underlies Craftsman architecture. It is with this simplicity and directness that we try to meet the needs of the people for whom we are designing homes. We try to keep in mind the kind of things they want, the sort of lives they live, and to provide in the most rational, comfortable and at the same time beautiful way for the various requirements of modern family life. We try to combine economy with thoroughness, comfort with æsthetic quality, and to dispense with every architectural feature, every structural detail which has not some definite relation to the general plan.

The two houses which we are publishing

TWO CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSES

this month are typical examples of our efforts to embody in practical and useful form this attitude toward home life and home architecture. As the illustrations and floor plans show, they are unpretentious and homelike, both in the arrangement of the floor space and in the exterior design. We have endeavored to minimize the number of partitions, to keep a feeling of wide hospitable spaces on the lower floors, to provide the comfort and picturesqueness of built-in fittings, and yet to keep the cost of construction unusually low considering the quality of the building.

THE first house, No. 135, is only a story and a half high, the rooms on the second floor being given sufficient height by the dormer which breaks the rather steep slope of the roof on each side and adds a note of interest to the exterior. The building is set very close to the ground, on a foundation of split field stone, thus emphasizing its friendly relation to the surrounding landscape. The walls are of common hard-burned brick, with half-inch joints. We have found that the "rough cut flush" joint is most satisfactory for this kind of brickwork, as the mortar, when cut off by a quick stroke of the trowel flush with the face of the brick, presents a rough-textured surface very similar to the brick itself, and when mellowed by time and weather the joints are comparatively inconspicuous. The following is a formula which we have found useful for mixing the mortar, and we repeat it here for the benefit of new subscribers or those who may not have noticed it in the February number of the magazine:

"Grit"	3	parts
Sand	5	"
Cement	1	"
Lime Putty (hydrated lime)..	1/2	"
Brown (paste)	1/3	"
Yellow (powder)	1/3	"
Black (paste)	1/50	"

Most people are under the impression that this ordinary hard-burned brick is very plain and rather cheap and unpleasing in effect. This might indeed be the case if it were all of the same tone, a monotonous red surface with all decorative possibilities ignored. But with a little extra care and practically no additional expense, it is possible to attain a really interesting result. Brick of different colors can be selected, varying from light to dark tones, from deep red to paler terra cotta. This gives a sense of

added warmth and color interest to what would otherwise be a monotonous surface. Then the brick themselves can be used in various ways to give a decorative note to the walls. There is always opportunity for ornamental feeling around the windows, and in the house illustrated here we have used a soldier course (that is, a row of upright brick) around the walls above the first story and also at the base above the foundation, while the parapets and steps of the porch show the bricks in header courses, (with the ends of the brick placed along the front). These little touches, while adding nothing to the cost of building, help to lend interest to a very simple construction. The recessed effect of the porches in front and rear, with their low parapets and brick pillars, the somewhat unique arrangement of the roof in front where it extends as a shelter over the entrance, the friendly suggestion of the bracket lantern at one side, and the grouping of the small-paned casement windows, all combine to make a pleasing impression. The roof may be of slate, tile or shingles.

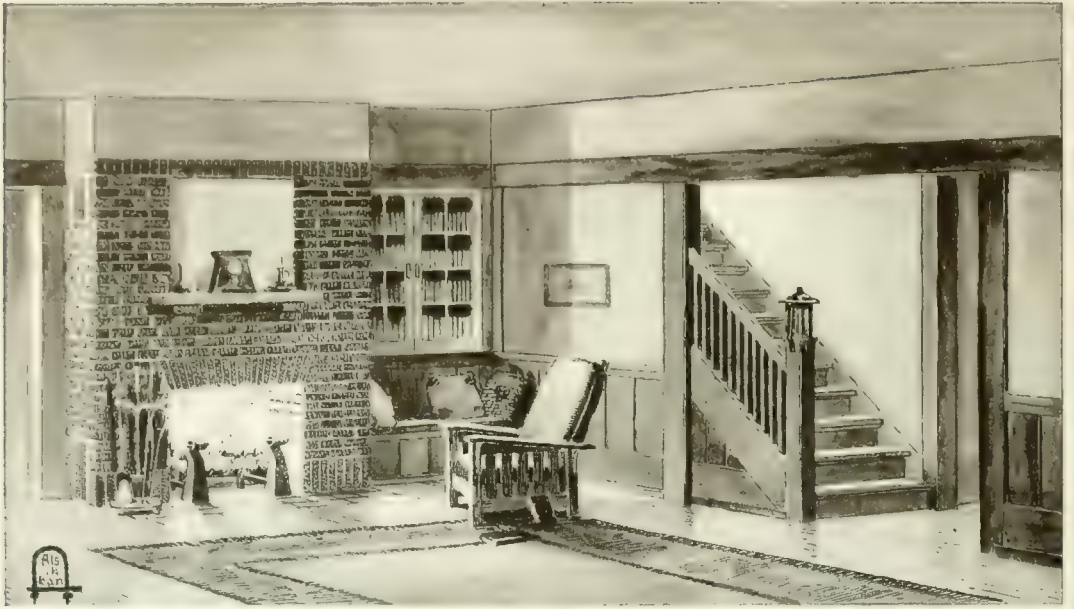
From the porch one enters into a small open hallway, scarcely defined, which serves to connect dining room and living room, and from which the stairs go up to the second story. Off one side of this entry is a deep closet which will prove convenient for umbrellas, wraps, etc. On the left is the long, spacious living room with window groups at the front and side and an open fireplace at the farther end. As shown by the interior view, the chimneypiece is of Tapestry brick, used with decorative effect, and on the right, in the recess formed by the jutting chimney and the wall is a comfortable built-in seat with bookshelves at the back. This seat serves a double purpose, for it can be used as a fuel box, the wood being put in through a door from the landing of the cellar stairs, and being taken out as it is needed for the fire by simply lifting up the hinged lid of the seat. The lower portion of the closet beside the fireplace in the dining room can also be used in a similar way, being accessible also from the cellar stair-landing. An arrangement of this sort naturally saves many steps for the housekeeper or whoever attends to the fires, besides preventing the dust and annoyance of having to bring fuel through the rooms.

In addition to the opportunities for common social life and friendly gatherings pro-

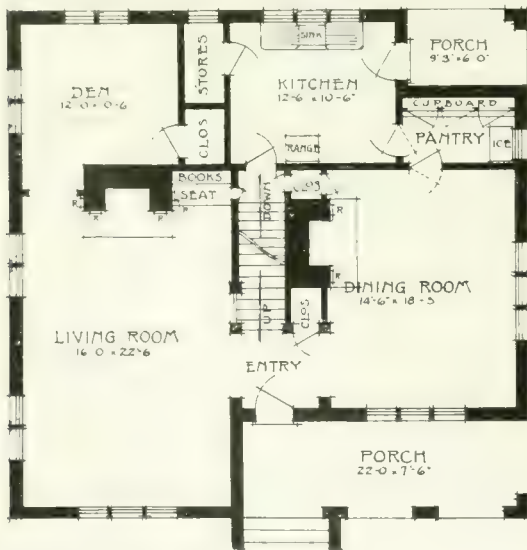


Gustav Stickley, Architect.
See page 201.

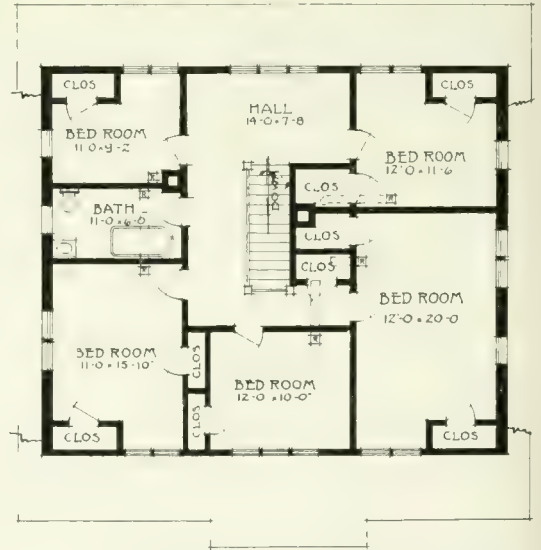
A CRAFTSMAN BRICK COTTAGE, NO. 135, WITH NINE ROOMS AND TWO COMMODIOUS PORCHES: HEATED BY THE CRAFTSMAN HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM: THE ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS IS PLANNED FOR THE GREATEST COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF THE HOMEMAKER.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE NO 135, SHOWING CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE, BUILT-IN FITTINGS, AND STAIRWAY.



HOUSE NO 135; FIRST FLOOR PLAN

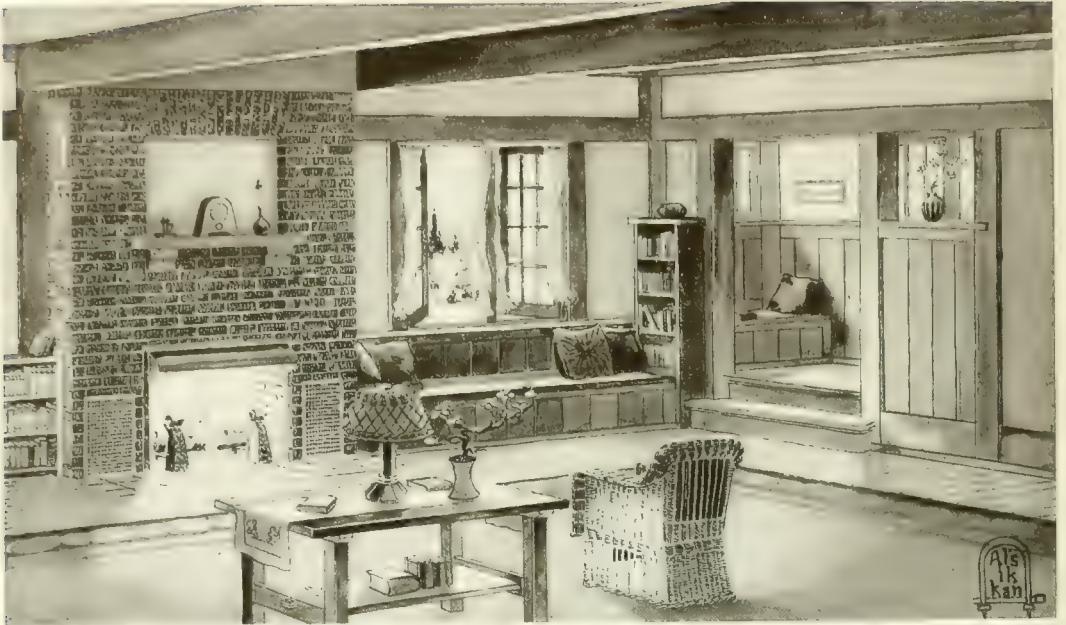


HOUSE NO 135 SECOND FLOOR PLAN

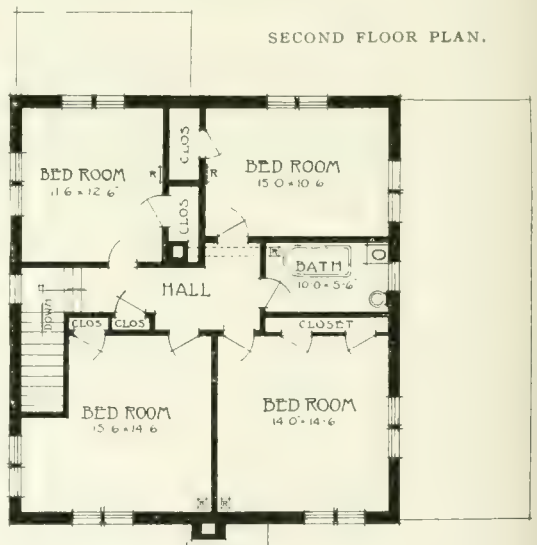
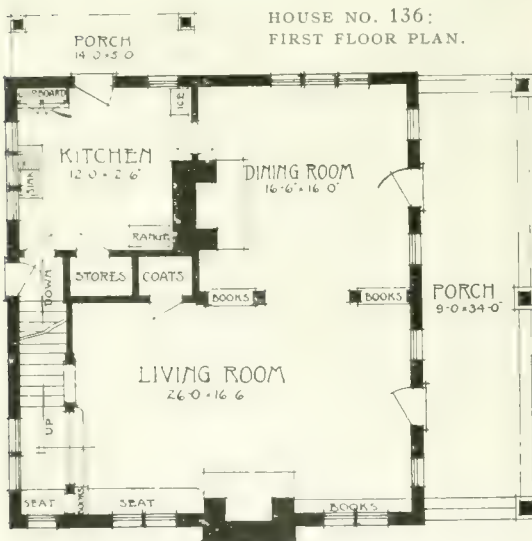


Gustav Stickley, Architect

CRAFTSMAN THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, NO. 136, CONSISTING OF SEVEN ROOMS AND ATTIC; THE FLOOR PLANS COMBINE CONVENIENCE WITH A SENSE OF SPACE; LIVING ROOM AND FLOOR PLANS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 206.



INTERIOR OF HOUSE NO. 136, SHOWING CORNER OF LIVING ROOM: THE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOW SEAT AND HALLWAY ARE ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE.



TWO CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSES

vided by the large living room and dining room, there is also a little private room or den at the rear, lighted by windows in two sides, communicating with the living room and having an ample closet. The empty wall space here leaves plenty of room for bookshelves in case the room is needed as a library or study, and being shut off so effectively from the rest of the house, it affords a chance for quiet rest or work.

The remainder of the lower floor plan shows the kitchen, pantry and small service porch in the corner. The pantry, through which swing doors lead from dining room to kitchen, is fitted with icebox and long cupboard, and in the kitchen the sink, with its double drainboard, is placed below the windows for greater cheerfulness and light. The range is so located that it will use the same chimney as the fireplace in the dining room, and a large storage room lighted by a rear window opens from the kitchen on the left.

Upstairs there are five good-sized bedrooms and a bath, each opening out of a central hall which is well ventilated by a group of windows. Ample closet room is provided, and if extra sleeping accommodation were required at any time, it would be possible to curtain off the recess at the end of the hall, as there is plenty of room for a box couch. In any case, it could be fitted up with a comfortable seat and cushions and possibly a chair and writing desk, and would prove a useful and homelike little nook.

The view of the interior of this house shows the fireplace corner of the living room with seat and bookshelves. The wainscoting is carried to the height of the windowsill, both here and in the dining room, with plaster above. The walls in the other rooms may be all plastered, and given one coat of Craftsman Luster with a little color in it,—whatever tint is needed as a background for the furnishings of each room. The woodwork can also be given one coat of stain or Luster.

In this illustration the fireplace is shown arranged with open hearth and andirons for burning wood, and as Craftsman Fireplaces are intended to be used in both these houses, they can be adapted to either a wood fire, coal or coke, by simply taking out or inserting the removable grates. Detailed descriptions and drawings of the Craftsman Fireplace and its various features will be found in the March and April numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and as each fireplace is a complete ventilating as well as heating system,

the advantages of its use will be readily understood. In the present instance, we have used two of these fireplaces to heat and ventilate each house, instead of a single one. This seems better for several reasons. It gives the opportunity for two open fires instead of one, and so increases the comfort and beauty of the interior; it permits greater economy of fuel at many times, for in the spring or fall, when little heat is required, only a small wood or coal fire need be made in one of the fireplaces, just enough to take the chill off the rooms, and when the weather grows colder the second can be lit. Moreover, although the initial cost of the heaters and their installation is greater for two than for a single one, the use of two fireplaces will necessitate only four short pipes to convey heat to the rooms upstairs, the heaters having been located with this economy in mind.

NUMBER one hundred and thirty-six is a two-story house that is quite as attractive and a little more elaborate than the other, and is arranged on a different plan. Tapestry brick has been used here, with decorative effect, and the stone of the foundation has been carried part way up the chimney and used also to support the wood pillars of the porch and the parapets of brick. Between the windows that overlook the long porch are two doors, one entering into the living room, the other into the dining room. In each room the interest centers around the open fireplace, which in the living room is flanked with built-in bookshelves and a long, deep seat below the windows. At one end of the living room is the landing of the staircase which forms a dignified structural part of the interior. Two steps lead up to this landing from the room, with post and panel construction at the side. On one side bookshelves serve as an end to the long window seat, separating it from the smaller seat built into the recess of the landing, as shown in the perspective view. A coat closet is provided on one side of the room, and an arrangement of posts and bookshelves affords interesting opportunity for a decorative use of woodwork, while providing a slight separation between living room and dining room. The latter, which is also large and airy, has a swing door opening directly into the kitchen, which is conveniently equipped and communicates with a small porch at the rear. Altogether the plan is one which lends it-

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

self to many delightful ways of furnishing, the structural interest and built-in fittings making the atmosphere of the place inherently friendly even before the owner has moved in.

The upper floor is very simple in arrangement, comprising four bedrooms and bath with a small central hall. Each bedroom, occupying a corner of the house, has windows on two sides so that ample light and cross-ventilation is provided for. We have indicated on this plan the location of the registers, those in the two large rooms being placed in the floor, and those in the two smaller rooms being placed in the walls. The single pipe needed is also indicated by dotted lines from the chimney to the register in the bathroom floor. This means that no beams need be cut, the pipe being arranged to pass between them,—a great advantage when one remembers that frequently, in installing the heating plant of a house, the construction of the building is seriously weakened by cutting into beams and flooring to allow passage for the pipes.

The attic, which is lighted by two small windows in each gable, will serve as a convenient place for storage, or a joyous winter playroom.

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

A PLAN is now under consideration by which the Government will send out experts into every agricultural country of the United States, to investigate soil conditions and possibilities, conduct experiments, give lectures on farm topics, etc. This plan should be of *general* interest, for whatever benefits the farmer benefits every other citizen, either directly or indirectly. A few years ago such a system of "rural free delivery" of education would have been looked upon with suspicion, but people are realizing that the academic instruction on agricultural subjects is not enough—instruction must also be carried to the land itself. The great difficulty of such a project is to find capable men for positions of such importance, for it will require a working force of at least three thousand men.

Secretary Wilson announces that seventy-one instruction trains were sent out last year that covered areas aggregating over 40,000 miles, reaching a total of millions of country people. Counting the local farmers' institute as an extension agency, the total of

those reached by agricultural instructions were between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000. These numbers include people from small towns and villages and covered instruction in both agriculture and home-making.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College has announced a new departure in addition to its regular courses, consisting of extension schools which will be held in districts where people can reach them without having to leave their homes for more than a few hours a day. They will be in session six hours a day during five days of a week and will include practical instruction in dairying, fruit growing, poultry raising, soil technology, grafting, pruning, spraying, harvesting, marketing, etc. These courses can be attended by women as well as by men. At present only one of these schools can be held in a county, but if more than one district makes application the school will be placed where it can be reached by the greatest number of people. The expenses are to be divided,—the college furnishing the instructor and paying for his transportation, and the local community supplying the room rent, lighting and heating, and the entertainment of the instructor.

The Minnesota Legislature has appropriated \$1,300,000 for the teaching of agriculture, and another bill has just become a law providing for the consolidation of the rural school. If any four or more districts consolidate they can get State aid to the amount of \$1,500 a year on the sole requirement that agriculture is taught. In other States similar bills are being urged appropriating special State aid for such schools, so that farmers and their children can be personally taught how to get the best results from their land, how to avoid waste and the depletion of the soil.

The Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Department of the Interior and the various State and county authorities has proposed a plan where consolidated or centralized graded schools have been established, of donating or setting aside land adjacent to the schools for experimental planting. A course of agriculture is to be taught and actual demonstrations given of irrigation and cultivation, with prizes for the best results. The Reclamation Service will furnish free of charge the water when needed and the State Experimental Station will supply seeds and instructors.

A RANCH BUNGALOW



A RANCH BUNGALOW EMBODYING MANY MODERN IDEAS: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

A RANCH BUNGALOW: A. S. BARNES AND E. B. RUST, ARCHITECTS.

IT is the exception nowadays for us to build a house in town or suburbs without some, at least, of the modern time- and labor-saving conveniences. We plan for as many bathrooms as we can afford or the size of the family demands; sideboards, bookcases and seats are incorporated into the living room; linen drawers and clothes closets with mirrors set in the doors are planned for the bedrooms, and the kitchen equipment includes a built-in icebox, convenient sink and drainboard, and there must be a compact cabinet that will save time and steps for the housewife.

While these things are considered more or less essential for houses built in more populous sections, it is unusual to find any thought given to the conservation of energy in planning houses for the real country. As a rule, in building a farmhouse the main thing that is considered is the erection of a shelter from the elements, a place to eat in and sleep in, but not necessarily to live comfortably in. It is exceptional to find running water and bathroom facilities in farmhouses, for the drainage problem is one that has to be solved separately for each house, and for that reason is seldom considered at all.

We are accustomed to think sentimentally of the charm of the old-time country house, but when it is compared with the kind of house modern invention has made practical for us, its drawbacks stand out

rather sharply and it becomes less alluring. When the daily round of work and discomfort, the wear of wasted energy are considered, it is small wonder that the youth of our country refuses to see the joys of living in houses that are insufficiently heated, at times badly ventilated, and planned with such lack of thought that it is necessary to take ten steps to do the work of one. Farmers' wives perhaps breathe less pure air than any other human beings, for it takes all day long to do the work of a family and, in this country, the work is all indoors. A walk in the fields or woods holds no allurements for feet that are ready to drop off with weariness, aching with the effort to keep up with the tide of work that never abates.

Life on a farm will never hold interest for those who work too indefatigably to realize its beauties, who never see the sunset because the bread must be baked, and who never hear the birds sing because the work in the pantry must not go unfinished. These conditions prevail to a great extent all over the country, and yet it is not impossible to incorporate modern conveniences in farm homes,—the time- and labor-saving (sometimes even life-saving) features that would make life less a round of drudgery for weary women. Here and there the more progressive of our country folk are demanding for themselves the benefits that the city house affords, and the ranch bungalow illustrated here shows a possibility in this direction. The house is located on a forty-acre ranch or farm, near Burbank, California,

A RANCH BUNGALOW



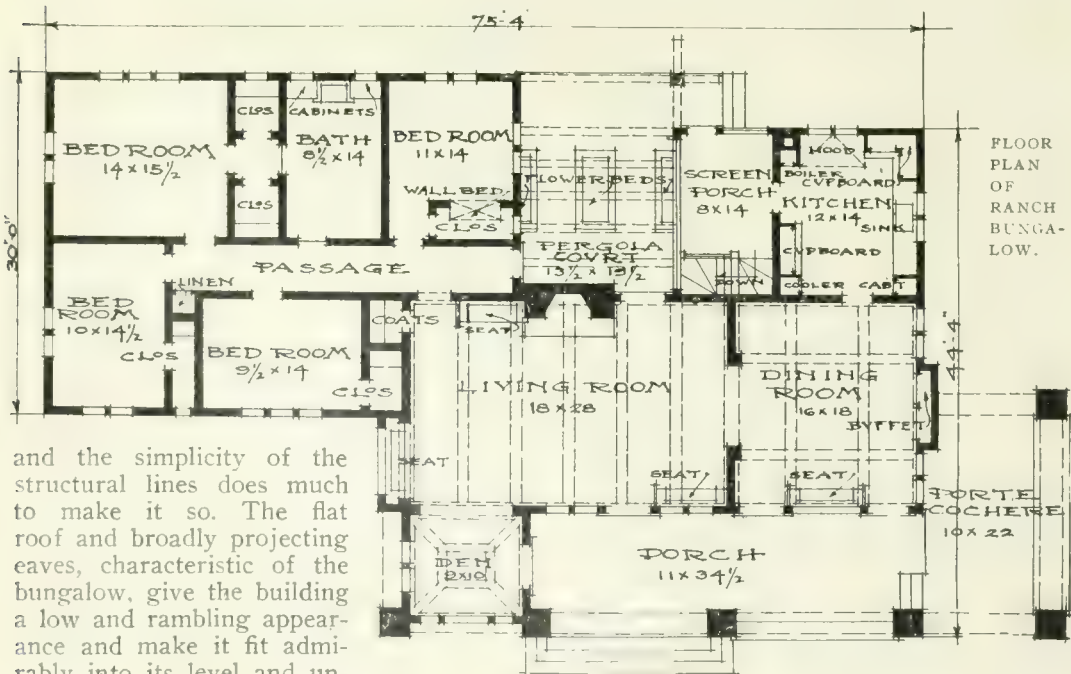
LIVING ROOM IN RANCH BUNGALOW.

and is the home of Mr. J. C. McConnell, a rancher who believes in modern ideas. The house follows decided California bungalow lines, and is modern in every respect. The style and finish, both inside and out, would make it entirely suitable for a city home, and it also deserves especial attention as an example of what can be accomplished in rural home building.

The exterior is particularly attractive,

tions, and, like the chimneys, walks, steps and porch flooring and parapet, are built of brick. The siding is of cedar shakes, spaced about six inches apart, and stained a soft brown. The roof is of shingles, painted white. There are many windows, mostly casement, and over the front entrance is a series of small dormer windows, set with panes of art glass.

The interior differs most markedly from the old-style farmhouse. There are numer-



and the simplicity of the structural lines does much to make it so. The flat roof and broadly projecting eaves, characteristic of the bungalow, give the building a low and rambling appearance and make it fit admirably into its level and un-

WHAT SPRINGFIELD'S SCHOOLBOYS ARE DOING

ous built-in features. In the living room there are three built-in corner seats and a large fireplace with a mantel of pressed brick; the dining room contains an attractive buffet and a comfortable window seat. There are four bedrooms in the house, each with a roomy closet and one with a built-in wall bed, and in the hall there is a convenient linen closet. The bathroom has convenient cabinets, as well as the usual bathroom fixtures, and is 14 feet by 8 feet 6 inches in size.

The kitchen contains ample cupboard space, a draught cooler, an instantaneous heater, a stationary hood for the kitchen range, a sink and a small storage closet. On the small screened porch adjoining the kitchen there are two stationary tubs for washing, and leading from this porch is a stairway to the basement.

Oak floors are used throughout the house, except in the kitchen, bathroom and screened kitchen porch. The ceilings of the living room, dining room and den are beamed, and the walls of these three rooms are paneled to a height of 5 feet, topped by a plate rail. The woodwork, which is of Oregon pine, is finished to resemble Flemish oak, and the furniture has been selected to match this finish. The upper portions of the walls and the ceilings are plastered and tinted a light buff. The woodwork of the bathroom, kitchen and bedrooms is of Oregon pine, enameled white, and the plastered portions of the walls in the bedrooms are tinted in delicate colors.

One of the most appreciated features in summer is the small pergola in the rear. This is a sort of court, 13½ feet by 19½ feet, enclosed on three sides, and is accessible from both the living room and the hall. It has a cement floor, into which have been sunken spaces for flower-beds. This pergola is furnished with a hammock and rustic chairs, and is an ideal retreat for outdoor lounging.

The house is substantially and warmly constructed throughout. It has a furnace, and is piped for water. The supply of water comes from an elevated tank, and a cess-pool is provided for the run-off. The house, complete, represents an expenditure of \$4,200, and it ought to be possible to duplicate it in almost any locality for approximately this amount. A. S. Barnes and E. B. Rust of Los Angeles, California, were the architects.

WHAT SPRINGFIELD'S SCHOOLBOYS ARE DOING

THE manual training exhibition of the work of schoolboys in Springfield, Mass., judging from accounts, is a significant example of what young minds and fingers can accomplish when boys find real interest in work. The skill and ingenuity, the understanding of mechanical laws and artistic principles, evidenced by these different exhibits, seem to be the combined result of practical training and personal enthusiasm. But perhaps the most important feature of the display is the fact that all the details of the work and its various mechanical or artistic processes have been performed by the boys themselves.

For instance, the printing and engraving exhibits are the result of careful technical study and experiment. The pupils were provided with printing presses and type. They made their own composing sticks, galleys, type cases and stands, all of wood. They distributed type and set it up for printing, and turned out business envelopes, tickets and cards,—the latter carrying quotations from poems studied in class and illustrated by drawings, also the work of pupils. These drawings, moreover, afforded opportunity for a practical study of the processes of reproduction.

Weather-vanes were also shown, made of sheet metal cut in various bird and animal outlines, the designs and letters having been made by members of the drawing classes. Tooled leather note-books, watch fobs, book marks, magazine racks, various kinds of woodwork, showed interest and skill.

More difficult and serious work was done by other students. There was a miniature derrick, models of bridges and freight cars showing remarkable knowledge of mechanical construction, proportion and strength of materials. And the boys who have been studying transportation, bridges, telegraph lines and railroads, have made their own telegraph instruments, done their own wiring, and reduced their models and experiments to an actual working basis.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value which such work as this means in the shaping of each boy's future life and usefulness, for in making each object they are not only developing manual dexterity and mental alertness, and getting genuine happiness and satisfaction, but they are gaining a sane and wholesome attitude toward labor.

COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



A COTTAGE WITH SOME BUNGALOW FEATURES: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

PERHAPS the most noticeable change in the domestic architecture of the last two or three decades is in the proportion of the height of a building to its length and width. In the days when high ceilings were considered an essential feature of a successful house, the peak of the roof went up to allow for the extra areas of unnecessary wall space, which, as householders became more sensitive to faulty arrangement, offered a most difficult problem. Pictures were hung far above the line of vision, degenerating to mere furniture, in the hope of balancing the unoccupied space. Then picture molds were dropped and the wall-paper frieze evolved, before it dawned upon the architect that the extra height, so embarrassing, could be eliminated. As a result, the bungalow effect has grown steadily in popularity.

The house in the illustration offers an example of the broad, low contour, attained chiefly by the lengthened roof lines of the front gable. The cross-gables are sufficiently removed from the front to be inconspicuous. The portions including dining room, kitchen and rear porch, one story in height, are covered by the main roof, the screened porch occupying relatively the same position on the other side; and this screened porch, with its large openings, is balanced by the pergola-covered terrace upon which open the French windows of the dining room. On one side of the two-story bay which forms the center, the stone chimney offsets but does not detract from the im-

A COTTAGE WITH SOME BUNGALOW FEATURES:
G. H. FORD, ARCHITECT.

portance of the main entrance. Considered pictorially, the low, broad building, instead of being a detached innovation, nestles into its surroundings and becomes a part of the landscape.

The exterior is of plaster; for the chimney, base of bay, front column of porch and the balustrade, mingled field and face stone are used without pointing, and concrete steps with cement finish complete the substantial construction.

The vestibule, sufficient in size to meet modest requirements as a reception room, gives an impression of spaciousness to the entrance. It opens to the screened porch and to the living room with double glass doors. The coat room at the rear, in addition to its service in housing outdoor garments, if fitted with wardrobes and drawers, might become the custodian of porch cushions, hammocks, carriage rugs and the numerous articles for which our homes usually offer no convenient place.

The entrance into the living room commands every feature from its best viewpoint. The open staircase in the rear alcove presents its best perspective. The paneled bay, the substantial brick chimney-breast, the small leaded window, the bookcases, with leaded glass doors, which are the pedestals supporting the columns of the dining room entrance, make a pleasing combination, and carry the eye to the vista of paneled dining room with its group of small windows at the farther side and the long French windows in front.

The ceiling of the living room has a large central beam extending from one column

COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



of the staircase entrance to the corner of the chimney-breast. Smaller lateral beams, running at right angles, divide the ceiling into panels.

A closer inspection of the dining room reveals a built-in buffet at the rear, and china cupboards occupying the dining-room side of the pedestals. The sills of the casement windows are about six inches above the level of the dining table, that the garden may be enjoyed during the progress of a meal. And just outside the French window, the vine-sheltered terrace is provided with seats, screened from public view by the foliage. With care in the disposing of shrubbery and vines, and with bloom in the urns flanking the seats, this access to the garden would add as much to the charm of the room as to exterior effect.

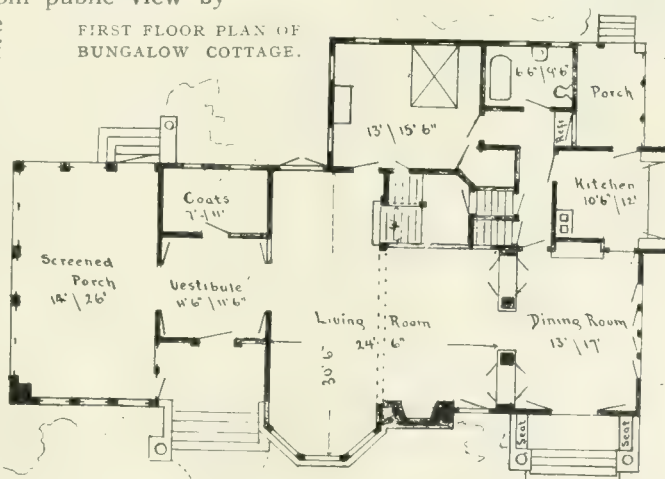
This house is well planned for a home where the matron does the greater part of her work and the goodman attends to the furnace, the first floor sleeping

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES.

room connecting the passage which leads to kitchen, dining room and cellar stairs. From this passage also is a short flight to the first landing of the main stairs, insuring the housekeeper a minimum of steps and giving more direct access from the chambers above to the bathroom on the first floor.

The second floor has three bedrooms, two of which open upon sleeping porches. The lavatory is so placed as to group its plumb-

FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW COTTAGE.



COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



ing with that of the kitchen and the bath below.

In the living room and dining room, leaded glass has been indicated with the idea of making the windows so ornamental that curtains might be dispensed with for at least a part of the year. Combining with the clear, an opalescent glass in soft tones, in harmony with the color scheme of the room, would give a distinction quite beyond the capacity of drapery to impart. The greater cost at the outset would be more than compensated later on, in the saving of expense and time which window drapery always entails.

Casement windows give a touch of the artistic wholly lacking in the sliding sash,

LIVING ROOM IN BUNGALOW COTTAGE.

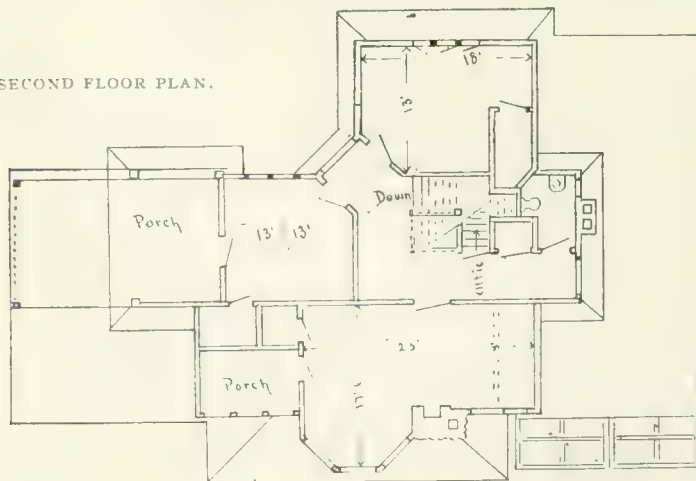
but do not enjoy the favor they deserve on account of their being less storm-proof. It will be noticed that the casements in the dining room and those which appear in the upper rooms, are protected by a very considerable overhang of the roof.

That the matter of wall space is scarcely less important than the symmetrical arrangement of doors and windows seems too frequently to be overlooked. The ability of the architect to see in imagination the house, completed and furnished, is usually a reliable guide, for in providing the space for the necessary pieces of furniture, he will do so in such a manner as to place each piece where it will appear to the best advantage.

The upper floor plan here given admits of the placing of beds, dressers, etc., in such a manner, with reference to the entrance of the room, that the arrangement would be orderly and effective. The living room has three long wall spaces to accommodate the piano, the comfortable couch and one large bookcase, and the spaces on either side of door to vestibule, which have side lighting, will display to best advantage a few good pictures.

The garden side of the

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



GASOLINE AND ELECTRICITY VERSUS HORSE POWER

house is as pleasing as the front, although somewhat less formal. Here, too, is the well-balanced roof effect, and the quaint window, built out across the corner, to accommodate the upper stair landing, breaks the square angle between the walls, drawing them into more intimate relation. Time was when the rear was left to chance, but with the growing interest in the garden, this very important accessory is given more attention.

While this house departs from the restrictions of the bungalow, yet in its complete suite of rooms on the main floor it realizes for the housekeeper the conveniences of the one-story dwelling. When the family consists of more than two, and the matter of expense is considered, the house with upper rooms is more practical, inasmuch as any extension of foundation and roof is attended by additional cost.

GASOLINE AND ELECTRICITY VERSUS HORSE POWER

AT the present time some interesting facts have been brought to light on the subject of the growing use of motor wagons in place of horsepower and the remarkable economy of the new system over the old, especially where it has been introduced on a somewhat large scale. According to Mr. Walter Wardrop, editor of the *Power Wagon*, about 20,000 machines, worth \$50,000,000, are said to be employed by some 8,000 firms in the United States. And of these New York alone employs 2,500.

One New York firm, we are told, with the largest all-motor service in the country, has calculated that it makes an annual saving of 46% by using electric and gasoline machines instead of draught horses, while 23% is the economy made by one of the big express companies. One of the large department stores has estimated that the cost of delivery of each package by horses is 8½ cents, and by motor service only 6¾ cents. And two cents saved on each package must surely mean an enormous total economy! A coal firm, using ten ten-ton machines, is saving twenty cents in the delivery of each ton of fuel as compared with the draught-animal method. And as regards the initial cost of storing the machines, one company, obtaining estimates for the separate housing of draught-animal equipment and power wagons, found that

the former would cost \$80,000 and the latter only \$20,000.

Nor is the motor wagon limited in usefulness and economy to hauling and transportation. It is being introduced into various other branches of commercial and municipal work. There is the motor tower wagon for repairing overhead electric railways, and the motor wagon employed for pulling underground cable and transporting crews of workmen. Mechanical automatic dumpers are being used in road building, mechanical street-sweepers are being introduced, and Hartford, Conn., boasts the first mechanically operated street-sprinkler in America.

Among the advantages of this new form of wagon are its speed, economy, and durability, and the reliance that can be placed on it in all sorts of climate and conditions as contrasted with the physical ailments and shortcomings of the horse; for the safety of the latter is so often endangered by overwork and disease, by the heat during the summer months and the slippery streets in winter.

MODERN NOMADS: THE TRAGEDY OF THE MOVING VAN

TWO women were discussing the other day the difficulties of coaxing sufficient air and light into the average New York apartment, and lamenting the lack of sunshine in their own little "first floor back."

"It's too bad," said one of them, "that we couldn't get one of those flats at the end of the row. The windows there overlook an empty lot, and there'd be plenty of sunlight all day."

"Yes, I know," replied the other, "but in a month or two they'd probably be putting up another building right alongside, and shutting out all the light."

"Well," was the reply, "suppose they did? We could move!"

A philosophical solution, certainly, and one which city conditions often render inevitable. But what a startling commentary on our modern attitude toward the roof that covers us! It seems to typify the feeling of our "floating population,"—a population that has almost forgotten what it feels like to be anchored peacefully in the quiet haven of home. How much longer are we going to fritter away our time, money and energy in this wearying and fruitless patronage of the moving van?

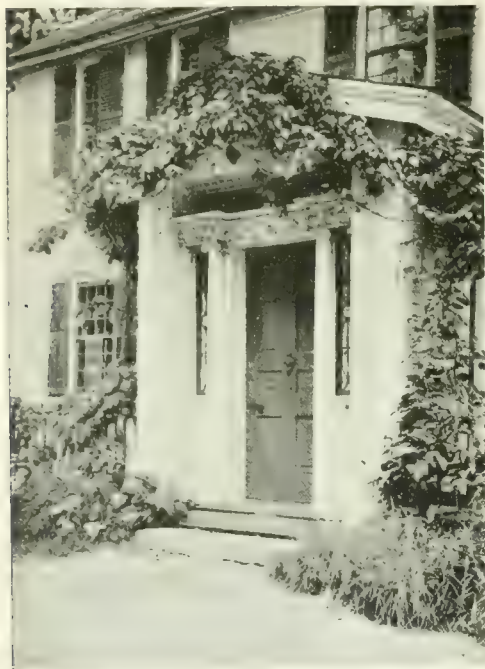
SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS. RECORDS OF THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF COLONIAL DAYS

WHEN we remember that a doorway was originally simply an opening in a cave or wall, for entrance or exit, with later some means for barring out enemies in the shape of man, beast or storm, and fencing in the warmth and comfort of the hearth, it is interesting to note the many beautiful and

frequently little inclination to think out very fully the details of our homes, or to develop the many possibilities for beauty which are latent in structure and materials. And among other things we are apt to pass over slightly the design and construction of our doors and doorways, forgetting that the approach and entrance to the house are almost invariably the first things which impress the visitor, and that their right treatment can give the keynote of the whole building, as well as its owner's character.

The very word "doorway" stirs our imagination with its suggestion of invitation and hospitality, and perhaps some of this genial spirit may find expression in the building of the entrance itself when we begin to care and think more deeply about the beauty and meaning of our environment and its reaction upon our lives. Meanwhile we may glean a little knowledge and inspiration from the study of the doorways left us by the builders of the old Colonial days, for although the classic tradi-



A PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND DOORWAY ON THE HOME OF MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS CHAMPNEY IN DEERFIELD, MASS.: THIS ENTRANCE ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO THE STONE MANSION OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN OLD GROVE STREET, NEW YORK, AND IS AN INTERESTING COMBINATION OF IONIC STYLE AND COLONIAL WORKMANSHIP, TYPICAL OF THE GRACE AND DIGNITY OF HOME LIFE IN THAT PERIOD.

strange forms it has taken in keeping pace with the development of those who trod its threshold. For so close is the relation between a nation and its architecture that interest or indifference about the way homes are built is reflected in each one of them, and we could read a great deal of the world's history merely by studying the evolution of a single architectural feature.

But in these days of hasty and commercialized building we have little time—and



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOORWAY ON THE MAIN STREET OF CHESHIRE, SUGGESTIVE OF THE ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF THE IONIC STYLE: ITS WELL-BALANCED PROPORTIONS AND CLASSIC DESIGN ARE ESPECIALLY IN KEEPING WITH THE GENERAL TYPE OF COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS

tions which they followed are no longer applicable to our modern ways of living, they embodied a thoroughness of workmanship, a purity of proportion and line, a dignified friendliness of aspect which the builder of today seldom achieves.

Frank E. Wallis, writing of "the human elements in the evolution of styles," says: "The excellences of the true Colonial period are largely attributable to the training and temperament of the builders or joiners, who were also architects and craftsmen of a high order. When the books failed him this type of man worked out his problem conscientiously. His pride in his work would not let him scamp it. . . . Since the religious fervor of the Middle Ages died out, this individual instinct to do good work for its own sake—the artistic conscience, if you will—has been the mainspring of architectural progress. It has not been of creative vigor, but it is again lifting us out of the slough of architectural decadence, as we have seen that it did in former times."

In some of the old New England towns we still find examples of Colonial homes and doorways in good repair, showing how

well the builder's handiwork has weathered the storms of a century and more. One of the most picturesque of these entrances that has ever come to our notice is illustrated here—the front doorway of Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Champney's home in Deerfield, Mass., which was formerly a part of the stone mansion of Alexander Hamilton in old Grove street, New York.



SIDE DOOR ON THE HAWKS' HOMESTEAD IN DEERFIELD, MASS., BUILT IN 1770: A CURIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE GEORGIAN TYPE INSERTED IN THE SHEATHING OF A PLAIN OLD FARMHOUSE.



SIDE DOOR OF THE STEBBINS HOUSE IN DEERFIELD, MASS., BUILT IN 1772: AN UNUSUAL EXAMPLE OF COLONIAL WORK INFLUENCED BY THE ENGLISH GEORGIAN STYLE, AND INFERIOR IN PROPORTIONS TO THE OTHER DOORWAYS ILLUSTRATED HERE.

The tall fluted colonnettes on each side of the massive paneled door are evidently pure Ionic, resting upon the usual moldings at the base and being capped by the carved *volute* which—borrowed originally from the Assyrian—forms one of the chief distinguishing features of Ionic architecture. The frieze of conventionalized leaf forms which spans the colonnettes gives a pleasant sense of decoration without being ornate, and forms a delightful link between the classic outlines of the structure and the drapery of natural foliage which clings so winsomely overhead. There is a certain urban sophistication about the construction, emphasized by the imitation of stone pointing in the wood at each side of the doorway; yet both the details and the

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS



FRONT DOOR OF THE WALCOTT HOUSE BUILT IN 1752, THE OLDEST IN LITCHFIELD: A BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE WISE PROPORTION AND CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP WHICH CHARACTERIZED COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

general effect are so perfectly in harmony with the rest of the building, with the grouping and design of the windows and the suggestion of garden loveliness around, and at the same time so expressive of the dignity, the substantial comfort and hospitable ideals of the people and period for which the doorway was built, that it stands today as a permanent record of that particular phase of our national life and architecture.

An entrance on the main street in Cheshire forms another example of adherence to the classic type and at the same time illustrates harmony between the proportions and design of the doorway and the general structure of the house. Here the Ionic *volute* above the rounded columns has been varied with decorative result, suggesting the later and more elaborate ornament of the Corinthian, as used in the work of the English Renaissance. The solidity of form, the careful thought evinced in the proportion, and the thoroughness of execution all denote the spirit of sincerity and earnestness with which such homes as these were built.

The side door of the Stebbins house in

Deerfield, apparently not in quite such good repair as the preceding ones, dates back to 1772. This is so unlike the usual examples of Colonial work that we may conjecture its designer was probably a newly arrived Englishman, more influenced by his native Georgian style than by our American version of it. The stunted pilasters on their tall pedestals would have been better had they run clear down to a small base. Then the cornice—or, more properly speaking, the entablature—which is full of interesting detail, would have obeyed the law of being one-quarter the height of the pilasters, and the ensemble would have been considerably more graceful.

Another curious example of Georgian architecture is the side door on the Hawks' homestead in Deerfield, built in 1770. This was probably ordered from some coast town full of shipbuilders and expert carvers, and then inserted into the sheathing of the plain old farmhouse. It is Colonial only in the sense of being made in New England at that period, being in style a close copy of early English Georgian stonework when the latter was still in its formative stage.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE AMES HOMESTEAD, DEERFIELD, MASS.: A PURE COLONIAL DOORWAY, SHOWING THE SYMMETRY OF DESIGN AND QUALITY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP WHICH BELONGED TO THE ARCHITECTURAL IDEAL OF THAT PERIOD.

FARMER'S WEEK AT AMHERST STATE COLLEGE

It is interesting to observe how much more satisfying a result is attained in the pure Colonial design, as illustrated by the front door of the Wolcott house, built in 1752—the oldest in Litchfield. This doorway stands for all that is good in Colonial style, both in excellence of proportion and good workmanship. Also, it is perhaps the most practical of its period, since by returning the cornice back to the house instead of having it span the columns, it is made to frame with great nicety the fan window that gives light to what would otherwise be a dark hall. Here again the lines and ornament of the doorway are entirely suitable to a typical Colonial residence.

The most satisfying example of Colonial architecture in Deerfield is the front entrance to the Ames homestead. Here is the pure Colonial type, untinged by any transitional influence. It is distinguished by that elegant slenderness which marked the American improvement over its heavier English prototype, thus adapting the somewhat austere solidity of the public architecture of Greece to the more intimate and homelike purposes of domestic building. This doorway, like the others, shows a quality of work and a perfection of design which modern builders would do well to study—not with the object of reviving a type of entrance which is unrelated to the average American home today, but in order to infuse into their own work that spirit of craftsmanship and sense of harmony which characterized the achievements of Colonial days.

And, after all, it is in this attitude of critical appreciation and study that lies the real value of any architectural period of the past, and not in the slavish and mechanical copying of old styles and old forms of decoration. The interest of each type of architecture, as we look back over world history, consists—apart from intrinsic beauty—in the relation which it bore to the people who built it and the political and social conditions out of which it sprang. And the interest of Colonial architecture lies not so much in the Greek elements of which it was a modification as in the way in which those elements were adapted to the homes and lives of Colonial people. They drew their inspiration from both the ancient Greek buildings and those of the English Renaissance, discarding whatever seemed unsuited to Colonial conditions.

FARMERS' WEEK AT AMHERST STATE COLLEGE

TWELVE thousand people attended the exhibits, demonstrations and lectures held during the Farmers' Week at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. This was a marked increase over last year's registration, and a promising indication of public interest and appreciation of what the college has been doing.

Many phases of farm activity were taken up—among them crops and farm management, potato growing, the construction and ventilation of buildings, dairying and animal husbandry, milk supplies, sheep breeding and poultry raising. There was an apple show, a corn show, a milk, cream and butter show, and the Massachusetts Sheep Breeders' Association was organized by the sheep breeders present.

Among the speakers was J. Lewis Ellsworth, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. In his address on "Opportunities for Work in Agriculture" Mr. Ellsworth said:

"Among the great problems of farm life today none is more pressing than that of securing competent farm labor. We should endeavor to educate the children of the farm to the understanding that the farm offers the best opportunity for good work, good citizenship and a useful life, and to an appreciation of the possibilities of agriculture."

Speaking of the "development of our waste areas and natural resources along agricultural lines," Mr. Ellsworth continued: "There are today thousands of acres of the most fertile land in Massachusetts which remains untilled because it is in swamp areas, most of which would be easily and cheaply drained and made productive with a little systematic outlay. This is a line of work which the State may well take up in the future and develop to the advantage of the whole community."

"The education of the public as to the advantage of nearby products, the establishment of local markets in cities and large towns, the equalizing of transportation facilities and charges, and the establishment of canning and preserving enterprises, both commercially and in a domestic way, . . . are most urgent. Let us, therefore, take up these lines of work as best we may, developing those which are most important."

THE SUGI FINISH: A JAPANESE DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF WOODS

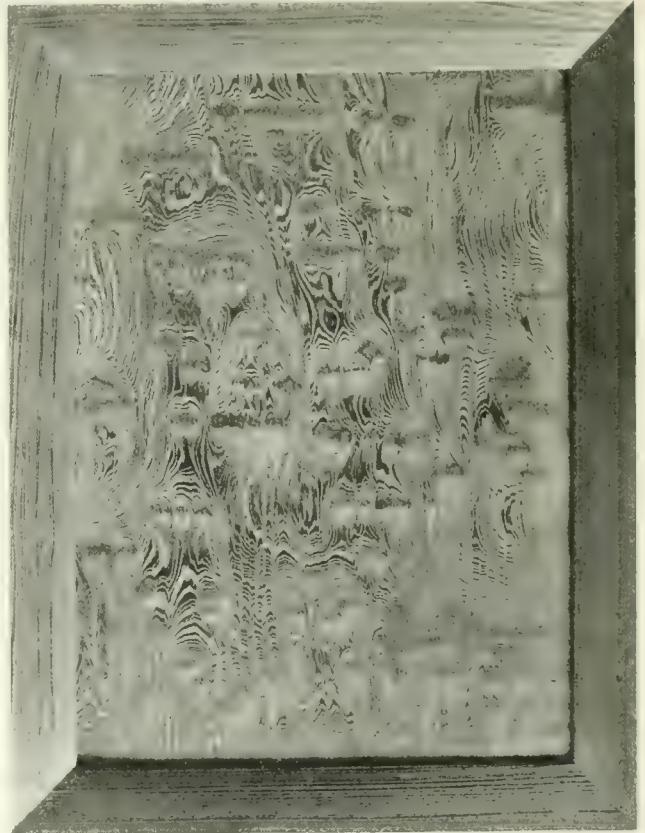
DURING much of the last half-century in America, since we have had a little more money and leisure, we have probably spent quite as much energy and effort destroying beauty as creating it. Especially have we seemed to take pride in maltreating the natural beauties provided for us in the great original scheme of things. And whenever we have been able to make over and disguise or destroy what Nature has taken æons to accomplish, we have appeared to ourselves peculiarly progressive and artistic. We have watched each other level hills and destroy trees, shave lawns, paint wood surfaces, and so on indefinitely. Especially have we struggled to separate our houses from their natural surroundings, Nature. And the more artificial we could make them in design and material, the more elaborate, unreal and uncomfortable the interiors have become, the more some of us have seemed to imagine that we were civilized and progressive and significant.

And yet houses really are not places in which to hide from and forget Nature; on the contrary, their actual purpose is to serve us as shelters wherein we may secure sufficient comfort and peace to enable us to derive greater happiness from Nature's beauty and bounty. And so the closer to Nature we keep our homes in their designing and fitting, the more nearly we shall find ourselves in harmony with the great forces and the great benefits of the earth. We cannot, as a matter of fact, ever hope to create greater beauty than we can find ready to use if we open our eyes to realities and are willing to partake of something that does not involve great cost and great labor in production.

The Japanese have somehow in the past always kept their lives open to Nature's influence, and the great perfection of their arts, those of home building and fitting, of painting and craftsmanship,

have been the immediate result. These wise, simple people seemed always to make an effort first of all to discover the utmost beauty in each object in its original condition. If they handled a wood they sought primarily for its color and grain; if they worked with metal they sought for its durability and its luster. In their arrangement of flowers they eliminated until they reached the very heart of beauty in the individual plant. Always they preferred the natural features, and they wished to bring out to the utmost the peculiar inherent qualities of each material. In Japanese house building and fitting where wood was used, they sought for decorative effects in the grain of the wood and in the varying colors. To them a knot in a board with the irregular grain of the surrounding wood was exquisite, something to be preserved, something to furnish a decorative note to the room in which it was placed.

We have taken from Japan, or Japan has

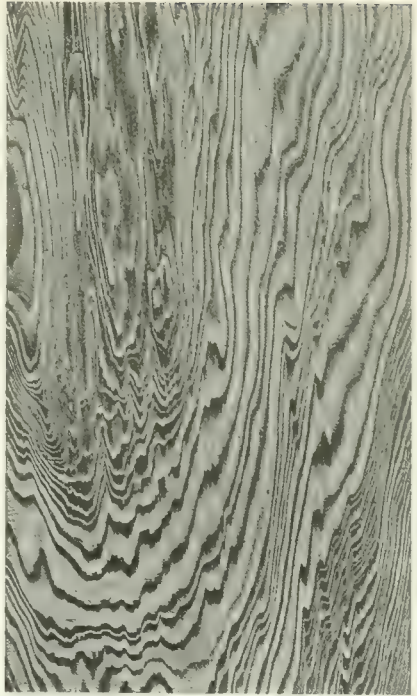


INTERESTING GLASS-COVERED TRAY MADE OF CURLY CYPRESS, HAVING ANTIQUE FRAME OF EDGE-GRAIN CYPRESS, SHOWING THE DECORATIVE EFFECT WHICH HERE RESULTS FROM THE SUGI FINISH.

SUGI WOOD FINISH

given us, much inspiration in the last few years, not only in our fine arts but in our craft work, and particularly has she aided us in understanding the true art of interior fitting. We have studied her wall surfaces, her wood finishes, her flower decorations, her draperies, her screens, her system of lighting, even the dresses of the women have counted in comfort and beauty in our homes. Especially have we realized that no people, ancient or modern, have ever achieved greater decorative beauty from the simple handling and finish of woodwork than the Japanese. An interesting American adaptation of their method of finishing wood is shown in the illustrations given in this article, and Mr. George E. Watson, who has furnished us the illustrations describes the process of preparing the wood as follows:

A FAVORITE wood of the Japanese carpenter or craftsman is a conifer known as sugi. It is rather soft and easily worked, but differs from most conifers in that it can hardly be classed as resinous in the usual acceptance of the word. It is



FLAT-SAWED CYPRESS WITH THE SUGI FINISH, WHICH SHOWS HOW THIS METHOD OF BURNING EMPHASIZES THE ORNAMENTAL CONTRASTS OF THE NATURAL GRAIN.



WAINSCOTING IN THE INTERIOR FINISH OF THE NEW ORLEANS PROGRESSIVE UNION: ANOTHER INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE SUGI FINISH OF CYPRESS.

close-grained, and when cut into flat-sawn boards, shows a beautiful figure. Some five or six centuries ago it was discovered that fire, applied to the surface of a sugi board, would char some portions of the grain faster than others. The soft summer growth could be carbonized by a lower degree of heat than the harder spring growth. In other words, a degree of heat which would completely char the softer grain would merely discolor the harder grain. Pieces so burned could be rubbed out with rice straw until all charred portions were removed, leaving the darkened hard grain standing out like an embossed surface against the lighter colored soft grain. The effect was very beautiful, every minute variation of grain gaining in distinctness, and the slightly uneven surface being burned to a rich brown color.

"Wood so treated has been used for generations for all sorts of decorative purposes, for the mak-

SUGI WOOD FINISH



A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW ORLEANS PROGRESSIVE UNION: AN EFFECTIVE ILLUSTRATION OF THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF SUGI FINISHED CYPRESS WHERE THE INTEREST OF THE ROOMS DEPENDS UPON STRUCTURE RATHER THAN FURNISHINGS.

ing of screens and other art objects. A few examples of it have been brought to this country and, for want of a better name, have sometimes been termed 'Japanese driftwood.' It is only comparatively recently that Americans have known just how the finish is applied, and it is even more recently that they have begun doing it for themselves.

"The American cypress, in all its characteristics, more nearly resembles the Japanese sugi than any other commercial wood of this country. The Japanese themselves discovered this, and their artisans, when doing carpenter work here, call for cypress whenever it can be secured. Some craftsmen began experimenting with what has now become known as the 'sugi process' of wood finishing, applying it to native American woods, and they have finally succeeded in obtaining results which rival those secured in Japan.

"The first task was to find a wood with

the proper physical characteristics. It must be a wood having a great difference between the carbonization points of the hard and soft grain. This eliminated the oaks, gums and hardwoods of those classes. It must contain no pitch to ooze out under the tremendous heat, must be of very slow growth and must have a decidedly figured grain in flat-sawed boards. Mediocre results were obtained with two or three woods, but the experiments with cypress were wonderfully successful, and this wood is now being used exclusively.

"One of the chief factors in the success of the sugi process is its extreme simplicity. Anyone can employ it, and there is no reason why even the first piece of wood charred by a novice should not be satisfactory. The outfit consists of a gasoline torch, such as used by painters and plumbers, an ordinary steel wire brush (not too stiff), which can be purchased at any good paint shop for about forty cents, and a small five-cent scrubbing brush. Old clothes should be worn, as it is dirty work; but the process is neither very slow nor tedious, nor is it expensive, as careful figuring has shown it to be cheaper than three or four coats of good stain and varnish.

"The cypress selected for sugi work should be flat-grained and should contain little edge grain. It should be surfaced and should be thoroughly dry. The only defects to avoid are splits, large season checks and unsound knots. The variation in color between the heart and sap wood is no drawback, as it is a peculiar and advantageous fact that the differences in color will be equalized in the finished board. Even blue stain in the sap wood is no objection. Large season checks in a board will open up under the extreme heat and the edges will be burned, making them appear deeper than they really are, but slight checks are not noticeable.

"The architecture of the room to be given this finish should receive serious consideration. Wide panels should be avoided, as the slightly uneven surface will make it difficult to glue the edges of two boards together (as is done in oak or mahogany), and it will take huge logs to produce very wide boards showing a flat grain figure the full width. The paneling should be limited to twelve inches wide, and ten inches is both better and cheaper. Flat surfaces should be used mainly. Moldings can be rounded or worked in O. G., or other easy

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curves, but sharp or deep grooves must be avoided, as the flame of the torch cannot be forced down into them, and the natural color of the wood will remain, necessitating staining. For reasons which will be explained, the mill work should be done and the individual pieces burned and brushed out before they are put in place. Small patches can be burned after the installation is complete, but not large surfaces.

"In burning the cypress, a torch should be selected having the biggest and hottest blue flame, as speed in the burning is important. If the surface can be charred so quickly that the heat does not go through the board, the result will be better and much time will be saved. It is possible to rig up a tray with a long handle which will hold two torches, throwing flames within two inches of each other, and this will prove to be a tremendous time-saver. The pieces should not be charred so much that they begin to show the cross marks, such as appear in wood which is deeply burned, as the burning is for the purpose of coloring the hard parts of the grain, and is finished when this is accomplished. If charred too deep the soft parts will be burned clear through to the next hard grain, which is to be avoided.



BURNING A CYPRESS BOARD WITH A GASOLINE TORCH: THE FIRST STEP IN THE SUGI PROCESS.



RUBBING THE BURNED CYPRESS BOARD WITH A WIRE BRUSH TO REMOVE THE CHARRED GRAIN, ACCORDING TO THE SUGI PROCESS.

"This burning is a very severe ordeal for any wood, and the boards are immediately affected. Lumber is considered absolutely dry when it contains no more moisture than an indoor atmosphere, which means that it still contains about twelve per cent. of moisture. The tremendous heat of the torch absolutely dries the charred face and forces an undue amount of moisture into the reverse side, totally unbalancing the normal moisture conditions and causing a shrinking of one face and a swelling of the other. As a result each piece will warp in such a way that the charred face becomes concave. If the piece is immediately rubbed out and waxed its total readjustment of moisture conditions must be through the back, which will shrink until it becomes the concave surface instead of the convex. It should be a standing rule, therefore, that each piece should be set aside immediately after burning and without brushing for two or three days. The readjustment, or balancing up of moisture conditions, will then be complete and the piece will be straight. It seems better to burn the board in narrow, two- or three-inch strips the full length, than to start at one end and char the full width. The shrinking seems to be more gradual and there is less opportunity for checks. But the burning must not be too deep. The ultimate color effect is not controlled nearly so much by the burning as by the brushing.

"After the boards have had an opportunity to straighten out they should be rubbed very hard, with a wire brush. It is here that you have your first chance to work according to your own taste. Obviously, the more soft grain is rubbed out the lighter in color will be the general tone, and care

SUGI WOOD FINISH

must be taken that the rubbing is sufficiently even so the tone will not vary. Some people prefer the effect obtained by rubbing only with the grain, but it is slower and the general result is darker. My preference is to clean off first the black coat of charcoal by rubbing lengthwise, and then to rub across the grain. Aside from being quicker, a lighter color effect is more easily obtained, and the finished piece shows the delicate toolings of the brush in a way which is particularly pleasing. There must be no diagonal rubbing.

"The work of the wire brush leaves the piece completely coated with a fine brown powder which must be entirely removed. A whisk broom is a handy thing to brush off the greater part of this, but a small, dry scrubbing brush should also be used, and it should be handled with energy to polish the raised surface. Rags or cotton waste should not be used, as they will rub the powder in instead of removing it. As stated, the color effect is largely controlled by the wire brush. The finish of the wood can be dark or light, as preferred. The brush must be handled evenly so as to avoid a mottled effect.

"Further processes depend entirely upon individual taste. Some people prefer leaving the wood as a finished product at this stage, as it is much softer in tone and less sharply contrasted and brilliant than when waxed. If the full effect of the grain is desired, however, it should be waxed and the wax should be polished with a bristle brush rather than with rags. A small, cheap scrubbing brush answers every purpose. Thin stains can be applied if desired, but these have the effect of darkening the wood. A particularly good method of giving color to the wood is by applying ordinary paint and then immediately removing all that can be rubbed out with cotton waste. White and green paint give excellent results.

"The finished board presents a most decorative and sometimes even brilliant appearance, with its varied and emphasized grain and warm brown tones. The only criticism that can be offered is that it will gather dust more readily than a smooth finish; but this deficiency is easily overcome by simply dusting it out, or rubbing it with a dry scrubbing brush. After a few years it can be completely rejuvenated, if necessary, with a wire brush.

"Aside from use as an interior finish for buildings, cypress treated in this way will

undoubtedly find much favor in some classes of cabinetwork, and for small articles such as shirtwaist boxes, humidors, tabourets, glass-covered trays, picture frames, etc."

From the illustrations and from Mr. Watson's description it will be obvious that the sugi-finished cypress has a decidedly rich and decorative effect, the natural variations of its grain presenting a much more brilliant and striking appearance than the ordinary unburned surface of the wood. For this reason we think it would hardly prove suitable for use throughout rooms where a somewhat neutral background was needed for the pictures and furnishings. It is so distinctly decorative in itself that it shows to best advantage where there is little other detail, in a vestibule, corridor or reception hall, in a gallery, club room, public lecture hall, theater—any interior, in fact, where very few removable furnishings are used, and where the structure itself can be made the basis of ornamentation. Interesting examples of this fact will be found in the photographs of the interior of the New Orleans Progressive Union and its doorway.

Naturally, with a wood so decorative as sugi-finished cypress, it is essential to study most carefully the general decoration of a room. That is to say, if you are using the entire woodwork of a room or suite of rooms with the sugi finish, the wall paper or the wall finish, whatever it is, should be plain. A figured paper or a stenciled wall would be found very confusing as a background for the sugi woodwork. Also, it is wise to bear in mind that few pictures should be used in this room, and those should be thought out in some relation to the woodwork, so that it becomes more or less a question of whether you want figured walls or many pictures or sugi-finished woodwork, for the latter will give you practically as much decoration as the average small room can stand. Of course, if by chance the walls are cream or dull brown or pale green, then etchings or sepia prints will be found very effective.

It is necessary to study color as well as design in suiting this rather elaborate woodwork to most of our fairly small modern rooms. The brown grain and the pale coffee background of the wood need supplementary colors in wall, furniture and draperies in order to achieve the best results. A cool ivory would always be excellent.

FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING



FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

IN most locations the country over, April and May are deemed the ideal months for garden making. These months, however, are the busiest ones in the housewife's calendar. Then it is that the dread house-cleaning must be done with its ever-attendant train of "extra" tasks, the spring sewing for the family accomplished, and when one lives in a rented home, the moving from one house and the settling in another is no uncommon thing. There is small wonder, then, that the coming of June finds many a yard still unplanted and the flowering scheme yet unsolved.

There is no need, however, if this condition exists to imagine that the day of grace for seed-sowing is past and that the yard must be without a flower display the rest of the season. Dame Nature, seemingly, has taken thought for just such a contingency, for a number of the choicest annuals give excellent results when seeded in June, and other flowering classes offer charming varieties that thrive with great

ASTERS ARE A MOST SATISFACTORY FLOWER FOR LATE PLANTING.

vigor and beauty in spite of tardy planting.

Asters are exceedingly satisfactory from June seeding. To be sure, the blossoms appear later than those borne by stock planted earlier, but the harvest of beauty is yielded just as abundantly, and the individual flowers are larger and finer in texture than those matured during intense heat.

That cheery, low-growing little plant, the portulaca, so invaluable for brightening dry sunny places, should never be seeded until June. Dry intense heat is needed to germinate its seed, and when this variety is sown earlier in the season the result almost invariably is total failure. While the portulaca is an old-fashioned flower, in massed planting it is highly effective, and it may be



ALL PERENNIALS THRIVE FROM JUNE SEEDING.

FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING



SWEET ALYSSUM COMES INTO FLOWER ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER SEED GERMINATION; BLOOMS ALL SUMMER.

depended on to give a constant showing of varying color from midsummer until frost. The double varieties will be found unusually pleasing.

Candytuft seeded in June will yield quantities of white flowers throughout August and September. This plant is desirable not only on account of its decorative qualities but for harmonizing the gayer blossoms of strongly contrasting shades. The variety giant empress gives best satisfaction for late seeding and may be sown even in mid-July.

Still another dependable white flowering annual is the sweet alyssum (little gem). The flowers mature about five weeks after seed germination and from that time on they present a constant glory of bloom.

The velvety many-hued petunias are always welcome flowers in any yard, and one is fortunate indeed to be able to add these blossoms to the list. The calendula, larkspur, bachelor's button, California poppy, and French marigold are also sun-loving, sunshine-giving annuals that may be safely included among these desirable seeds for late sowing.

From the bulbous group may be selected three grand varieties—the gorgeous gladiolus, the stately tuberose, and the richly colored dahlia. Gladioli bulbs planted successively a week apart throughout the month of June and into early July will give a summer flowering pageant that is hard to equal for beauty. Setting the bulbs deep—from 5 to 7 inches—will dispense with the need of staking the plants, and in this

manner the objection that is so often made to this unsightliness will be overcome. The tuberose set in June will flower in late August and throughout September, while the dahlia often perfects flowers in July from June planting.

From the class known as greenhouse plants, one may have as many varieties for immediate effects as the size of one's pocket-book allows. Geraniums, pansies, salvias and begonias, however, are about the most useful and effective.



BACHELOR'S BUTTONS: GOOD FOR LATE PLANTING

DUMB WAITERS FOR SMALL HOMES

All of the perennial class thrives from June seeding. And although these plants do not flower until the second year after germination, they offer, perhaps, the best solution of the flower problem for the busy housewife. Yes, it will pay to plant perennials, for after these plants have become once established they are fixtures in the garden and one need give no special thought to the flowering scheme. In spite of neglect or the thousand-and-one things that may interfere, the planting of perennials will mean a never-failing flower display.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE DUMB WAITER FOR SMALL HOMES

DWELLERS in city apartments are so accustomed to the dumb waiter which forms a part of their kitchen or kitchenette equipment, that both its presence and efficiency are taken as a matter of course. But in the ordinary private house—except where the owner is quite wealthy and many servants are kept—a dumb waiter is not even thought of.

Strange as this fact may seem it is readily accounted for. We have used our practical inventions, our up-to-date labor-saving devices in the interests of the financial enterprises of the cities, and tried to overcome the discomforts of congested population and make life at least livable in its sunless and airless homes, by the adoption of many mechanical contrivances. But we have overlooked the fact that the families who live in smaller private houses in our towns, suburbs and outlying farm districts could also derive a great deal of help and satisfaction from the installation of some of the devices which the city person considers indispensable to hygiene and comfort. We have studied and applied the principles of economy and efficiency in the management of our business, in the equipment of our factories, stores, restaurants, public utilities, but it is only recently that we have discovered that such principles are equally applicable to the simpler problems of our homes. We are finding out that the devices which facilitate the labor of the janitress and add to the comfort of the tenants in a six-story city apartment house, would be equally welcomed by the housewife, servants and family in a two- or three-story private dwelling.

Think what a help it would be for the mother of the family who does her own

housework—and nowadays such women form a great majority—if she could have a small dumb waiter installed in her kitchen! How much back-aching work of carry up and down stairs it would save her, how much time and energy it would conserve. Cellar stairs are apt to be poor affairs at the best, generally much too steep for ease or safety, and almost invariably they are badly lighted. The task of bringing up a heavy scuttle of coal or kindling for the fires, or taking down the ashes and garbage (for the menfolk often are not there to help), the storing and fetching up of potatoes, apples and other vegetables, trays of jelly glasses and canned fruit—all the countless carrying and climbing that a housewife's daily round of labor involves—could be simplified by the use of a dumb waiter.

The various types of dumb waiters upon the market are designed for many different kinds of uses, for light loads and rapid frequent service, and for heavy and less frequent work, the prices and the expense of installation varying, of course, accordingly. With each outfit the manufacturer supplies drawings and directions for its proper installation. As one authority puts it, "satisfactory results from the installation of hand power elevators and dumb waiters depend first upon the selection of an outfit suitable to the conditions and requirements and second upon the proper installation of the outfit selected."

With one of these useful, step-saving devices in the house, and the additional comfort of whatever other mechanical aids the owner can afford which will put the domestic system on an economical and scientific basis, the housewife should find her work both easier and more agreeable. And at the end of the day, instead of feeling too tired and nervous with the drudgery of housework done under difficulties to relax and enjoy the "fruits of labor," she would be able to take part in all the interests of the little evening reunion, in the quiet of dusk and in the pleasant social hours after the lamps are lit.

In a house where there are many children to be cared for or where there is an invalid who may not have the inestimable blessing of a trained nurse, a dumb waiter pays for itself many times over in the comfort it affords to not only the woman who must take the many steps, but the people who need to have the steps taken for them.

A FEW FLOWERS

IKE-BANA, OR THE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT: BY EVANGELINE COLE

A MOST suggestive hint was given to all lovers of home decoration in the recent exhibition of Flower Arrangements held by the Japan Society of America on the roof of the Hotel Astor. It was there demonstrated that in the arrangement of flowers, a simplicity of means combined with an artful distribution of line can be made fully satisfying to the æsthetic sense. In great contrast to our Occidental ideas of great masses of flowers and foliage as constituting the ideal floral decoration are these more austere Japanese compositions, the open lineal character of which lends them an airy gracefulness and charm. It is to be hoped that the time may soon arrive when we shall have eliminated from our practice of floral decoration, as we are eliminating from our furniture and our architecture, all meaningless designs. When that time comes we shall consider the character of our materials, and our compositions, like the Japanese ones, will approach more nearly Nature her-



THREE SPRAYS OF JAPANESE NARCISSUS IN A FLAT DISH OF GREEN POTTERY.



A SINGLE BRANCH OF ROSE IN A BRONZE JAR.

self than do the stiff and symmetrical floral groupings of the present day.

The very principle on which Ike-bana, or the Art of Flower Arrangement, is based is a representation of natural floral growth. The surface of the water in the containing vessel is regarded as the soil, and the arrangement must spring from that in a manner that suggests the growth of the plant arranged. No matter how beautiful the upper lines may be, a composition that fails to suggest strength and vitality at the base is considered defective. The natural locality of a plant also affects the manner in which it should be arranged, and no flower artist would be guilty of the solecism of arranging land plants and water plants, or land plants and mountain plants in a similar fashion.

In keeping with this idea of representing natural growth is the sentiment, foreign to us, that flowers out of season must not be used, nor rare plants of whose habits and growth the artist can have no intimate and sympathetic knowledge.

The spirit of the season must be reflected in the arrangements. In the spring they must be strong in line and suggest the vitality of early vegetation; in summer, full and spreading; autumn compositions should suggest the season by their sparse-

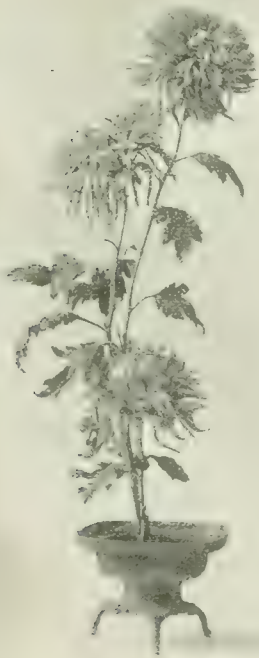
A FEW FLOWERS

ness, and winter ones by a withered and dreary spirit. There are rules, too, in some schools that govern the amount of water to be used in the various seasons. For instance, they require that in spring and in autumn the vessel should be nine-tenths filled, in summer it should be very full—sometimes the edges are oiled to produce the effect of water brimming over—in winter the vessel should be only four-fifths full.

Absence of symmetry was the first characteristic of the arrangements at the Japan Society Exhibition that the visitor noted. The idea of balance was conveyed in a more subtle manner than by equal-sidedness. It was also noted that in no case was an even number of flowers or branches used in any group, and that the group itself or a combination of groups was arranged in three, five or seven lines. The lines of the tri-lineal arrangement are named by the quaint fancy of some school, Earth, Heaven and Mankind; and those of the five-lined composition, Earth, Fire, Water, Metal and Wood. There are possible innumerable combinations of these lines, but in all compositions there are several errors to be carefully avoided. One of the grossest of these is the error of an equal-sided or symmetrical



A SINGLE SPRAY OF RED CANNA, FURNISHING MOST ARTISTIC EFFECT.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS ARRANGED WITH TRUE JAPANESE SIMPLICITY.

arrangement. Closely allied to this is the fault of a drooped branch used on both sides of a composition. Allowing two or more lines visually to intersect one another so as to form angles, and allowing stems to cross and recross to form looped openings are also errors. It is considered wrong, too, to permit parallel lines in the arrangement. The greatness of this fault is exaggerated, of course, if the lines happen to be of the same length. Notable lack of taste is shown by supporting a plant flower on both sides by tree flowers or by placing a flower of one color between two of another.

What may be called the *technique* of flower arrangement requires a certain amount of manual skill that can be easily attained. After the flowers to be arranged have been carefully selected, they must be twisted and bent and clipped. The stems must be built together and fixed firmly at the base to make the "springing" firm and convincing. There are innumerable kinds of fasteners employed—bamboo tubes, small bronze crabs and tortoises—and their proper use is an art in itself. A forked twig is sometimes fitted into the neck of a vase and makes possible graceful arrangements in tall broad-mouthed vessels, such

A FEW FLOWERS

as many of us possess and think necessary to fill with great masses of blossoms. When the arrangement is partially complete, the defective and superfluous parts are clipped off. The Japanese flower artist exercises much care in this cutting as, according to the rules of his art, a flower below a leaf is considered weaker than one above, and while it is correct to leave a strong flower near a weak leaf, a weak or overblown flower should never be near curled or bent leaves.

Although this art is called flower arrangement, many arrangements are made in which not a single flower occurs. Branches and foliage of the evergreens are much used—pictured arrangements of Japanese pine will occur to everyone—and even the foliage of deciduous trees, notably the maple, are much used.

Some flowers are considered by the Japanese to be very unlucky and are almost never used in decoration; such are the orchid and the lotus. Purple flowers signify mourning and are seldom used for feasts. The willow and other drooping plants, supposed to typify lack of constancy, are, of course, considered unsuitable for weddings. Flowers having a strong odor are not to be placed before guests.

Many combinations of different flowers are used, but they must be carefully planned as there are combinations that because of redundancy of expression—as a grouping of cherry and peach—or for some other reason such as similarity of form—as in the case of the iris and orchid—are not considered fitting. Examples of good combinations are pine and chrysanthemum, camellia and narcissus, bamboo and morning-glory.

A harmony must exist between the containing vessel and the flowers, and according to an allied principle, there are certain compositions suitable for use in vases to be placed on a low stand that must not be used for hanging vessels or those on a high shelf. For the latter is appropriate an arrangement that suggests floral growth on the edge of a bank or cliff. The favorite form of vase for a low table or shelf is a broad-mouthed one that allows of the required stability at the base of the composition. For water plants, a low tub-like vessel with sand and pebbles and rocks is used. Vessels to be hooked against the wall or a pillar are low and usually rounded below. The arrangements best suited for them are of a simple and quaint nature. For suspended vessels,

the crescent-shaped vase is a favorite, and the bamboo tube cut to represent a boat. Special arrangements have been devised for these suspended boats—arrangements that suggest the sails of a boat, and sometimes having a streamer down the side to represent the anchor. In this series are arrangements called the “ship becalmed,” “ship in port,” “ship outward bound” and “ship homeward bound.” The water in these vessels must not be seen as that would spoil the illusion by suggesting that the ship was not seaworthy.

The part of the Japanese house in which the flower arrangements are made is the *tokonoma*, a little raised recess in the drawing room. It is here that a *kakemono*, or perhaps several, hangs, and the flower arrangement is sometimes made to harmonize with the pictures and placed in the right relation to them, and sometimes it has a small enclosure of its own in the recess.

In Japan where there have been for centuries imperial garden parties for the “viewing” of the cherry blossoms in season, and where nearly every tree has a romantic legend handed down through the ages, Ikebana is one of the fine arts and a very honorable pursuit. It is surrounded by a ceremonial and an etiquette all its own and is practiced by philosophers, priests, men of rank who have retired from active life, and ladies of the nobility. Its professors are considered to belong to an aristocracy of talent, and are given a rank and social precedence to which they might not be entitled by birth. It is the beautiful belief of the Japanese that gentleness of spirit, self-denial and forgetfulness of cares come to those who practice the art of flower arrangement.

A knowledge, however slight, of the Japanese art of flower arrangement is of value to every lover of flowers. For although America is a land of flowers, still there are many of us, especially in the city, who may only have a few flowers on special occasions. And the art of using these flowers to the very best advantage so that we get all the beauty of which they are capable is one to add greatly to the artistic interest and personal enjoyment of life. For instance, it is quite possible to take thirty or forty short-stemmed jonquils or narcissus and put them in a great brass bowl, and have a certain delight of color. But if you know something of Japanese flower arrangement, you will be content with seven.

THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF
DECORATIVE ART FOR 1912:
SOME OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS
IN INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION,
DECORATION AND HOUSE FURNISHING
IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT

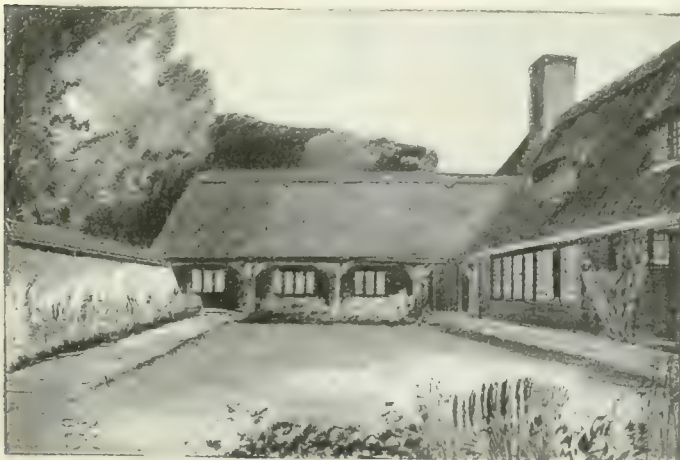
The illustrations used in this review are from the Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, by courtesy of the John Lane Company.

THE *Studio Year Book* for 1912 is an extremely interesting review of building and house-fitting conditions in Europe. It is not only interesting, but impartial. The progress that England is making in architecture, the blight of Secession Art in Germany and Austria, are frankly shown. There is no effort to praise or to decry, merely to present. The illustrations are exceptionally good and complete. In the architectural field one is impressed first of all with the fundamental differences in English and German domestic buildings, the sincerity and beauty of the English home as opposed to the whimsical and eccentric impression conveyed by the modern Continental architect. In Austria and Hungary there is manifest something of a national type, both in the exterior and interior of the buildings shown. In the illustrations given of the houses of these nations, the nearness of the countries to the Orient is felt at once. There is the simplicity of the wide archway, which is essential for a people subject still somewhat



HOUSE IN KENT: THE TERRACE STEPS:
C. E. MALLOWS, F. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

to the patriarchal mode of life. There is a greater genuineness in workmanship, a greater interest in barbaric ornamentation. In other words, Austria and Hungary are closer to the people in their architecture, in their interior fittings and furnishings. There is a hint, too, of Egypt, and that means Secession Art, but it seems more harmonious with this architecture than it does with the Continental style of house building. Something of the Oriental feeling is deep in the hearts of the Magyars and their descendants, however modern the feeling may be in Vienna and in Budapest. And so the hint of Egyptian decoration in frieze and in sculpture does not seem remote or eccentric.



HOUSE IN NORFOLK: THE SERVANTS' GARDEN: C. E. MALLOWS, ARCHITECT.

First in the *Year Book* comes the English architecture, and our interest, too, centers on the lovely English homes as shown in this review. Both large and small country residences are depicted,—the hospitable English manor house as well as the workman's cottage in groups and in rows and in squares. Much attention is

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING



HOUSE IN KILT; THE NORTH SIDE FROM THE ROCK GARDEN; C. E. MALLOWS, F. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

being given all over England now to the workman and his method of living. It is somewhat of a pity for the national peace of mind that some such attention was not given a decade or two ago, for just now we find the English workman somewhat bitter and morose about his condition. He has been ignored too long and treated too much as a part of an estate, as a means of keeping up London palaces, until today there is a question in England as to how important the workman's life is and how tremendous his power is. In a recent letter written by W. B. Yeats to his father in this country the following phrase occurred: "We may all soon be fighting for a chance of a livelihood, if things continue as they have been for the past few weeks, for the workman is unhappy and powerful, and is beginning to realize his power."

But whatever the workman

is doing, the architect in England is at peace with the land, and the most interesting, the most significant, the most comfortable and reasonable homes are being built in England. Practically all of them evince a fine sense of proportion. The building masses and the angles of the roofs are pleasing to a degree, and this means, of course, that they are immensely artistic, because in the last analysis only the things that have been born in the artist's soul are really pleasing. One detail of English architecture which we have noticed again and again is the English designer's interest in and perfection of detail, both indoors and out. It is possible that with some of the builders we feel too much interest in the detail, too much elaboration in the search for picturesqueness. This is especially true in the half-timber construction. Occasionally the contrast between wood and concrete and stucco is marked, and almost a "gingerbread" effect results. Where this is partially hidden under vines and where trees are grouped closely about the house, the contrast is not noticeable. But in the newer districts where even in England the background is as yet unbeautiful, the contrast of tone in the material is noticeable, and there is less dignified and homelike charm than one has grown accustomed to associating with English country architecture. Often these English homes, even when quite new, are reminiscent of the stateliness of the old English manors, and some of the very newest are almost primitive in the simplicity of their construction and the comfortable fulfilment of household needs. It is safe to say that



"DEN-OF-GRYFFE," KILMACOLM; VIEW FROM THE RIVER GARDEN; JAMES SALMON, F. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING



VILLA AT KITZBUHEL, TYROL;
ROBERT ÖRLEY, ARCHITECT.

with but few exceptions, the design and the workmanship of these newer country homes show sincerity and naturalness and a real spirit of frankness toward the essentials of home life. The English architect seems to feel that the English home, whether large or small, luxurious or inexpensive, must be an intimate and friendly shelter rather than an edifice for the display of the architect's skill.

We are becoming more and more familiar with the names of these modern English home-makers. We have shown their work repeatedly in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and are deeply interested in the beautiful work which they are giving their lives to designing and presenting. Mr. M. H. Baillie-Scott's work is shown, and as usual is beautiful and full of sincerity and hospitable friendliness. He seems to have that rare gift of infusing a sense of home intimacy into a house that has not yet been lived in. As a rule, this home quality grows up through personal contact; it is what the people who live in the home do to it, the ways the furniture is distributed, the vines that are planted, the flowers that grow up about it, the curtains that blow in and out of the casement windows, that eventually develop the home spirit. But Mr. Baillie-Scott has the art of building the sense of homelikeness in with the stucco or brick, with the garden he designs, with the very entrance to the garden. The work of Mr. C. E. Mallows is marked as usual by real beauty of mass and pic-

turesque interest of detail, while the suggestion of historic period, though never forced, seems to lend to his homes a reminiscence of the atmosphere of old English manor life.

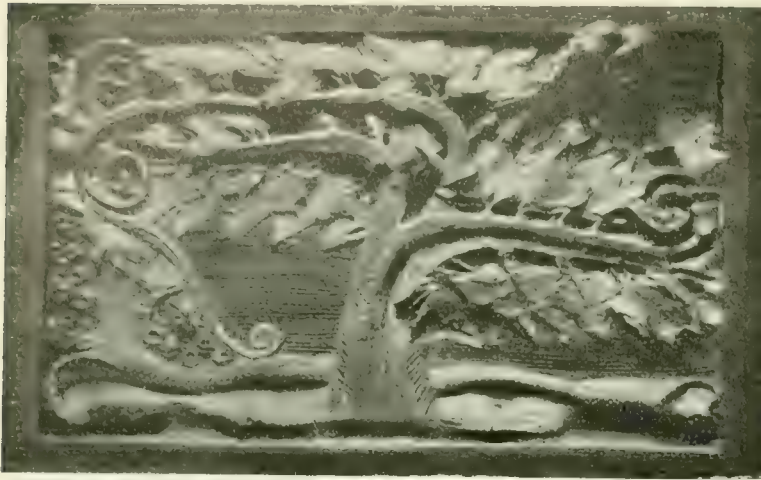
The illustrations which we are showing in this article of a house in Kent with its broad terrace steps, its air of quiet and genial welcome, breathes a spirit of genuineness and charm that undoubtedly is due to the artist's sense of restraint quite as much as his sense of beauty. And the servants' garden for the house in Norfolk is not only a delightful perception of the architectural values, but reveals the

growing wholesome and close interest in the comfort of the workers of the land. A cottage of very real interest, because of its pleasant and wise construction, is designed by James Salmon, the "Den-of-Gryffe," Kilmacollm. The roomy slant-roofed dwelling is perched on a rock knoll, and the architecture of the exterior gives promise of real beauty and contentment within. Among other English architects whose work is definitely modern in that it is at once distinctive, practical and without superfluous ornament, we find presented Fred Rowntree, R. F. Johnston, Parker and Unwin (whose series of articles has been running in *THE CRAFTSMAN*), and William Mackintosh. The latter is represented by



AUSTRIAN RUSH CHAIRS AND TABLE DESIGNED BY JOSEF ZOTTI: EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING MATERIALS AND COLORS.

a cottage interior which shows much wise thought and friendly interest in the needs and comforts of the simple people. The decorative value of this interior depends entirely upon the excellent use of structural features and the furnishings, which are at once simple and appropriate.



AUSTRIAN CARVED WOOD PANEL: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. DRAHONOVSKY.

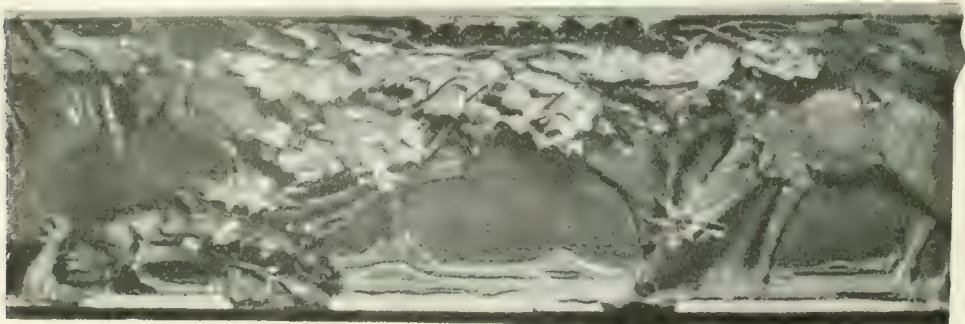
The English craft work, mural and window decorations, tapestries, embroidery, metal work, pottery, shows a considerable imagination and creative skill, but errs on the side of elaboration, a tendency which in the long run means a loss of the first spontaneous freshness of the original design.

We have already spoken of the interesting contrast between the work of the British and German architects. While the latter reveal to us some qualities of excellence and interest in the development of materials and textures, a dignified sense of proportion, as in the broad and lofty interiors and wide stretches of landscape gardens, yet in the main the modern German houses, their interior fittings and their furnishings, are ponderous, self-conscious and tomblike rather than homelike and friendly. It is almost impossible to think of the Secession German house and rooms without feeling that they have all been designed for exhibition purposes, that their architects and designers have been seeking for nov-

elty, hoping for magazine notice rather than to produce homes that people would want to live in and enjoy, and wherein they would find peace and contentment. Occasionally they are imposing, if one regards them merely as novel structures, but it is the exception to find the house, large or small, that is not an architectural emblem rather than an effort to meet the real needs of humanity in comfortable and attractive

ways. It is rather depressing, in a way, to feel how very permanent and durable these very unbeautiful structures are, for the workmanship is excellent, the hygienic detail almost perfection, and regarded as homes they are unlivable and inherently inartistic. As yet there seems little hope in Germany of rescuing the architect from the blight of Secession, so called, Art, because not only has the architect established a vogue for these awesome structures, but the furniture just now throughout Germany is made to suit them, and the tapestries are designed to harmonize with the furniture.

There is a pleasant sense of actual relief in turning from the German architectural pages to illustrations of little porcelain figures, human, animal and bird. Here the Teutonic love of children and small furred and feathered things has found a charming realization, and always a delightful sense of humor. These little porcelains are an expression in art which delight children and which touch the heart and the comedy sense of grown people.



DETAIL OF AUSTRIAN CARVED WOOD FRIEZE: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. DRAHONOVSKY.

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING

The modern homes of Austria as shown in the *Year Book* suffer also somewhat, as we have said, from Secession influences. Despite the fact that the Austrians are a very definite race with vigorous national qualities, there is an overlay of the whimsical New Art in their houses and interiors. The combination of the Oriental and Western is noticeable in their architectural designs, in their house fittings and furnishings. One feels the sense of the public hall and the gallery rather than the private dwelling, and this is definitely what one realizes in all Oriental architecture, when an effort is made to adjust it to the modern domestic life. There is also in the interiors the sense of bareness which is noticeable in all Oriental dwellings, and, where the ornament is intentional, the decoration is fantastic and bizarre. This is true of Turkish ornament and of all the old Byzantine styles. So somehow we feel that the Austrian house is a truer type of national architecture than the Bavarian or North German dwelling, and in the Austrian Tyrol some very interesting simple villas are seen. We reproduce one, the work of Robert Örley, built at Kitzbühel, Tyrol. This home is so simple, so definite in its construction that it is almost naïve. You feel that the recessed porch, the surrounding balcony, the solid structure and the sheltering roof line are all the result of careful thought and practical planning, and absolutely suited to the life of the Tyrol people.

We have long realized that the Austrian crafts hold still a strong sense of individuality. They are an outgrowth of the peasant work which is nowhere on the Continent more interesting, more definite than in Austria and Hungary. And yet we also find interest in new developments, a creative spirit, as in the carved wood panels which we are illustrating, the work of J. Drahoňovský. These are not only extremely interesting from the point of view of technical excellence, but they are an unusual appreciation of the decorative and symbolic value that lies in the use of animal life for ornamental purposes. They are treated quite differently from the famous old woodwork on the Continent. The work is freer, the technique is looser, more brilliant, as it were. We feel that they hold a suggestion for decorative interior work for our own houses; they seem to have the simplicity and the realistic quality that belongs to the bungalow type of domestic architecture.

The rush chairs and table designed by Josef Zotti, architect, and executed by the Prag Rudniker Korbwarenfabrik, are also unique and beautiful examples of workmanship. Their slender gracefulness of outline, while sacrificing nothing in strength, is full of suggestive charm, and would add a very pleasant touch to the furnishings of cozy boudoir, cheerful bungalow apartment or sunny veranda.

Only a dozen pages of the book are devoted to the presentation of Hungarian architecture and decoration, but in the few examples shown of exterior and interior construction, window and rug design and leather work, one finds a good deal of imaginative feeling and sense of the romantic and picturesque.

Some extremely interesting architectural designs which we have not had space to show in this article are village schoolhouses planned by Professor Béla Rerrich, for Hungarian schoolchildren. These are singularly well done, with a construction that seems typical to Hungary, and while very simple, are friendly and attractive in appearance. Any phase of Hungarian art at present carries interest, because it is far more typical of the people than the art of any other Continental land. An especially interesting building is just being erected at Budapest, the Home for Aged Jewish Poor. An illustration of this is given in the *Year Book*. The building is characteristically national, the decoration being pure Hungarian style. The exterior, as is practically always the case in the real Hungarian dwelling, is fairly imposing; but within, the arrangement is most livable. The gardens about the home are beautifully arranged. Not a detail for comfort or cheer for the old people has been forgotten. The entire scheme seems to have been carried out with sympathy and appreciation.

The Hungarian architects, Haasz and Málnai, are just now giving especial attention to the building of residential flats, and the work is extremely well done, for in spite of the new purpose for which these buildings are designed, the architecture is characteristically Hungarian. No comfort or convenience has been ignored, and yet the apartments would never for a moment suggest Paris or New York or London.

In all the crafts Hungary excels, as she always has. Royal schools have recently been established for weaving, and the students make their own designs.

ALS IK KAN

"WE ALSO HAVE A RELIGION"

A book published some months ago which has greatly interested THE CRAFTSMAN because of its close touch with the fundamental truths of life, is "The Soul of the Indian," by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian and a man of scholarly attainment. In an incident which Dr. Eastman relates in the first paragraph of his foreword, he touches upon a spiritual truth so profound that it underlies the relation of man to man, nation to nation, of race to race,—namely, the right of each soul to its own kind of spiritual development, which easily enlarges into the great fact of the right of all races to the religion which has grown up to meet their needs as a people. In this incident Dr. Eastman tells of an old Seneca chief and a missionary who had come to convert the Seneca tribe. After the old men of the tribe had listened to Missionary Cram's proselyting with dignity and courtesy, Red Jacket, the great Seneca orator, arose, making the following superb reply which, after all, is the great reply of one nation to another, one sect to another, one individual to another whenever the question of religion is under discussion: "We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united, and to love one another. *We never quarrel about religion.*"

It would be hard to imagine a more complete answer to an attack upon the soul ideals of a people than this of the Indian chief to the religious gentleman who had come to take away the qualities of belief that had made Red Jacket and his race a people of honesty, bravery, good will and profound spirituality. What greater mistake can people or nations or races make than to "quarrel about their religion." For, after all, what strength has a nation with its spiritual ideals gone, and what ideal can a nation possibly follow and strive for except that which has grown up from the very roots of the life of the people. For each nation must know its own spiritual needs as it knows its own sorrows, and what may be great good for Missionary Cram, very wholesome and very productive of his material and spiritual welfare, need not necessarily in any way fit the life of the Seneca chief whose existence is far away

from that of his self-elected teacher. For in days gone by the Indian's life was ever close to Nature. The Indian prayed without dogmas or without institutions. He approached the great force, which to him was God, silently, reverently and alone. It was only thus that he could gain the spiritual energy necessary for his kind of life. It is quite impossible that the people who are grown accustomed to lift their face to the stars in prayer could ever gain spiritual poise by looking at the roof of even a great cathedral, and it is equally difficult to imagine that people who have looked only to the roofs of the churches would quite understand that there was simplicity, freedom and genuineness in the faith of the star gazer.

It is extraordinary, with all our philosophies and research into the profound mysteries of life, that so few of us have come to a realization of how futile is the process of converting a man to ideals which are not in harmony with his own needs. For if we approach a people who will not resent our ready-made ideals, who will accept them, who will attempt to graft them upon their lives, the race is spiritually dead, and foreign and unrelated spirituality cannot avail. The only people in whom we could have sufficient interest to wish to attach to our own soul interests, are those who have already evolved a religion for themselves, and who are alive because of that religion, alive, more or less, as it has met their needs and helped their finer growth. And so the centuries-old system of proselyting falls to the ground between two stools. It is of no use to the dead people, and the live people spiritually will not receive it.

In the history of all nations the acceptance by a people of a religion which does not belong to them, which cannot be superimposed upon their kind of lives, which has no relation to their needs, which has been poured over them, not borne out of the depths of their experiences, up to the heights of their capacity for exaltation, has always been the beginning of physical and civic degeneration. You can offer people new modes of dress, new manners, new artistic interests, new pleasures, without disintegrating the foundations of their national and moral life. But you cannot wrest from a man the ideals upon which the subtlest individual and national ethics are founded, and offer a new set of hard and fast rules which have no relation to his

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own existence, without leaving him so stranded, so unstable that he, his family and the neighborhood in which he dwells will suffer partial if not overwhelming ruin.

From the time that our North American Indians sacrificed the ideal held by the great Seneca chief, the disintegration of the Red-man began, until today he has neither his own fine and staunch, Nature inspired moralities, nor has he been able to profit from those offered him by the white man. His life is rapidly growing looser, weaker, without roots below or bloom above. Having destroyed him, we characterize him as a vagabond, as a loafer. We give him liquor, and then we build the jail in which to put the drunken Indian. We despoil his soil and designate him as an "unmoral ex-crescence, happily a race vanishing out of our ken," in reality passing away through the vices of our civilization,—tuberculosis, inebriety, vagabondage.

One wonders just what would have been the value to our own race if the answer of the Seneca chief had been listened to and received in good faith. If we had respected the beautiful spiritual ideals of the Indian, if we had permitted him to live them out in his own way, if we had realized that his simple, outdoor life was saner, more wholesome, more beautiful for him than the life we thought essential to him. If we had known then as we do today, that much of our own sickness and misery and unethical conditions are attributable to the very rules of life we thought it wise to thrust upon these people, and which they are perishing for having received, we might have listened instead of "quarreling." Today we are sending our own sick, of which we have countless thousands, to live the Indian life, in the tent, out of doors, wholesomely, looking to the stars for health and for joy. If only we could have approached these people who received us with such open arms centuries ago, with at least an open mind, with a prophetic understanding of all they had to give us, instead of, sodden with our own egotism and with the crass sureness of our own importance battled with them to the death, it is hard to calculate how much that is safe and sane and exalted in religion, they might have contributed to our lives; just as we might, if we had gone about it in a wise way, have contributed

some details of ethics, comfort or practicality to their lives.

Whoever heard of an Indian offering to convert a missionary? What astounding impertinence it would have seemed to us if we had ever encountered in the Indians the very traits with which we have destroyed them. All that they asked of us was the privilege of retaining their own ideals, of living their own healthy life on their own lands.

But we have had our way with this race of clean, wholesome, poetical people. We have forced them to our ideals. They have accepted our religion, our civilization, our manners, and they are dying, if not as rapidly physically as we have sometimes heard, far more rapidly spiritually than we have ever dreamed.

Why can we never go to new people, to simple people, to children, *to learn*, instead of always *to teach*? Why must the more powerful race, the more powerful man always feel that material benefits give him the right to reconstruct the ideals of those who have not paid so much attention to physical welfare? If today we were to turn to those we call the common people, especially here in America, with an idea of instructing them, of offering them finer ideals of democracy, would it not be possible that we might learn from them, as Missionary Cram might have learned from Red Jacket? Could they not answer us with that same tremendous "also," could they not say to us, "We *also* have our ideals of love and religion, of government, of human relations"? And if we listened, if we gave up the idea of "proselyting" them, of reconstructing them, of making them over into weak, bad imitation of a class that has not the force now to hold the government, would we not learn something worthy of consideration of the power which unifies them, the ideals which make their struggles possible and endurable?

How much time the world over we waste by instructing instead of listening. How much the Indian learned from Nature by silent reverie, by listening until he understood, by communing with the ways of the great forces of life, by silently contemplating their beauty. Today we have almost lost the power of reverie, of contemplation, of liberating our souls for contact with spirituality. We have our little ideas, but not our great ideals. And usually when

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we come in contact with the great ideal, we attempt to talk it down and to thrust out our opinions hoping to conquer it. We have loquacity and vanity, but where is the great dominating power which might enable us to pray as the Indians prayed on the mountain-top, mind open, soul free, heart thirsting, without words, ready silently to receive?

The fact that great forces of life touched these men in silent prayer cannot be doubted. Dr. Eastman says all who have lived out of doors know that there is "a magnetic and nervous force that accumulates in solitude, that is quickly dissipated by life in the crowd. Even the Indians' enemies recognize the fact that for a certain innate power of poise, wholly independent of circumstance, the American Indian has been unsurpassed among men." The Indian asked nothing of the Supreme Being except the power to understand. His prayers were never begging letters, his devotion was never in the hope of material benefit. Rather he sought the Divine Power for release from material needs, for mental cleansing, for greater spiritual efficiency.

Thus we begin to understand why the Indian did not quarrel about his religion. His moments of silent isolated communication with the great deity were too sacred, too exalted to be dragged through humiliating controversy. Each man, according to the old Indian philosophy, must find his own spiritual ideals, and their greatness must depend upon his nearness to the spiritual source of supplies, Nature.

Dr. Eastman's book, which was reviewed in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for August, 1911, is published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. We are glad to make this second notice of it, as we feel its value to us is not only in giving us a truer understanding of the spiritual nature of this vanishing race, but also because we believe that the religion of the Indian is so sincere, so simple, so profound in its doctrine that it cannot fail to be a spiritual enlightenment to those who care to understand it and will give sympathetic appreciation to it. Dr. Eastman has in this most interesting discussion of his own race contributed a valuable document to the history of America.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Spirit of Social Work." By Edward T. Devine. 231 pages. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Published by Charities Publication Committee, New York.

"Puppets." By George Forbes. 202 pages. Price \$1.20 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Moving the Mountain." By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 290 pages. Price \$1.00. Published by The Charlton Company, New York.

"On the Laws of Japanese Painting." By Henry P. Bowie. Illustrated. 109 pages and index. Price \$3.50 net. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"In Vivid Gardens." Poems. By Marguerite Wilkinson (Marguerite Ogden Bigelow). 72 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Conquest of Nerves." By J. W. Courtney, M.D. 204 pages and index. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

The American Art Annual, 1911. Edited by Florence M. Levy. Illustrated. 319 pages and index. Published by American Art Annual, Inc., New York.

"The Hill of Vision." By James Stephens. 130 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Crux." By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 311 pages. Price \$1.00. Published by The Charlton Company, New York.

"The Spell of Holland." By Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. 389 pages and index. Price \$2.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Poems. By Madison Cawein. 298 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Alphabets Old and New." By Lewis F. Day. Price \$2.00 net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Essays on Russian Novelists." By William J. von Phelps. 322 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Let's Make a Flower Garden." By Hanna Rion. Illustrated. 208 pages. Price \$1.35 net, postage 14 cents. Published by McBride, Nast & Company, New York.



*The Last Days of John Burroughs
Taken by his son Julian Burroughs*

"BEST OF ALL I WAS A FARM BOY
BROUGHT UP ON A FARM."
JOHN BURROUGHS.



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BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS



SOMEHOW my earliest recollections of my father and our life here at Riverby are inalienably associated with a square piece of canvas. This piece of canvas, thick and patched with a smaller square broadly lapped upon it was all that remained of the sail of my father's boat, and for some reason it seemed to be the only remnant of his life here that was before my time and so not shared by me. For years this piece of canvas was spread under my chair at mealtime to keep the crumbs that I dropped from making grease spots on the carpet. Being told by my mother that it was a part of the sail of father's boat my imagination was aroused, especially since not only did boats of all kinds make the strongest appeal to my interest, but also because mother told me stories of this boat, how father was swindled in both buying and selling it, how he took no care of it, how it was stolen and recovered, borrowed and misused, the sail becoming mildewed, the oars lost and broken. That boat came to be like the lost chapter in a story. And my father would say lightly "Oh, yes, when I came here to live I thought I would spend half my time on the river, having great fun, but very soon I lost all interest in it." And this is one of the predominating traits of my father's character—there had been no rivers like the Hudson in his boyhood country, therefore it could never have a real or lasting interest for him; once his curiosity was satisfied he found it had nothing for him. The great tidal river, almost like an arm of the sea, was wholly unlike anything in Nature that he had learned to love. The trout streams, the woods and fields, the farm and animals of his boyhood, supplemented by books and people, were his life interests. Tides and waves, shad and herring, would be forever strange to him. I could never make a riverman of him. He could never love the Hudson. He almost hated it. It had not the spirit of anything of his boyhood and so its spirit could never be his. The little piece of sail was a mute acknowledgment of his failure to learn to know the Hudson. As for me, though I have learned to know the trout brook and under my father's tutoring to become something of a trout fisherman, I can never love it as I do the big river, the flow of tide, the dash of spray and the wide sweep of wind and water.

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One summer evening we were sitting in the summer house that overlooked miles of the Hudson, talking, dreaming, becoming cool and rested after a hot day, as one or both of us have done hundreds of times, when down the New York Central tracks opposite us came three brightly lighted passenger trains, the black water and shadowed hills reflecting their light and sound, making them so conspicuous that they were the focus of attention, especially as each in turn was held up and stopped in the block exactly in front of us. That anyone in our position could have helped seeing this almost stupendous demonstration of the much talked of block system, I would not have believed until in speaking of it I found my father had not seen it at all! He had looked at the trains with unseeing eyes. Back in the great rolling hills and mountains of Delaware County sixty years ago there had been no block system, no brilliantly lighted trains, and so there would never be for him.

The most noticeable and characteristic objects on the Hudson at night are the towing lights, three of them, one close above the other, hung on the highest pole of the tugs or on the stacks of the sprawling side-wheelers, conspicuous for miles. Though having lived on the banks of the Hudson for years and looked at the great tows as they labored past countless nights, father had never noticed this distinguishing mark or even known that it existed. It was simply his blind side; in other directions he had so trained his senses that they were marvelously keen—he could hear a drumming grouse in the breathless Indian summer woods when try as I might I could not catch a hint, even, of that most elusive of sounds. From out of a confused, to me, babel of bird voices, he would catch the note of some rare visitor, a song perhaps he had not heard in years. To many, no doubt, his always finding bird nests or happening by when some comedy or tragedy of Nature took place, something significant or illustrative of the fundamental truths of Nature, might have seemed luck. It was not, however, it was his eyes and ears long trained to interpret every sound and sight, to follow up every clue, to go straight to the heart of the matter, to catch every hint and arrive at once at the conclusion. Though well trained in the ways of the woods myself, father would see twice what I would in the same time. Finding four-leaf clovers is not luck; it is simply a matter of training, anyone can soon train the eyes so that four-leaf clovers can be picked up everywhere clovers grow. Once I remember our horse got away and in the search we came to a fork in the road, and how pleased father was because I quickly noticed a thin, almost invisible, cobweb across one of them and at once said the horse had not gone that road, a conclusion that proved to be correct.

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AND my father had trained himself, had broadened his vision until he saw at a glance all that the out of doors had to tell simply because he loved it all. "Best of all I was a farm boy, brought up on the farm and I had it in my blood, I guess"* * * * "In writing of a day afield I lived over again that day, tasting again the joys of it all that I had experienced, and trying to make it possible for others to experience that joy also." In short, he went to Nature because he loved to do so, and he wrote of it all because he loved to write of it, living it all over again as he wrote—and this is the keynote of all his work—love. Nothing could be more simple; it is like a law of Nature itself. From his boyhood life on the big Delaware County farm he gained a knowledge of Nature, simple, direct, wholesome, and to this he brought a love of literature gained spontaneously from such books as fell in his way in those impressionable years of youth, and from it all grew his life work, a work of love.

Not only do I believe that my father is a craftsman in the fullest and best sense of the word, but in many ways I have come to realize how impossible is the accomplishment of real work without the qualities if not the virtues of the true craftsman. "There is but one way to learn to write and that is to write—if you only want to write hard enough you will learn," he would tell me. For all his life he went to school to that master of literary craftsmanship, Emerson. "For years I steeped myself in Emerson, I had my being, I lived and thought in Emerson, until when I began to write for myself everything that I wrote had an Emersonian flavor—my first article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, called 'Expression,' was attributed to Emerson. Of course, if I had tried deliberately to imitate Emerson I should have failed, it was a wholly unconscious imitation." It was always a disappointment to my father that I did not relish Emerson and find in him the inspiration that he did. "Oh, the new generation is too smart, it knows too much; it is too sophisticated to care for Emerson—you have been to college, you did not begin Emerson soon enough. Emerson was my college, my text books."

And so like the true craftsman that he is, it is the form, that elusive quality in writing that we call style, that has always been of vital interest to him—almost equal to that of the substance itself. "Make your form and substance one," he would say, and quote lines from the great poets that were as indestructible as the mental images that they bore. "And art is to conceal art, the structure must not be so finely wrought that it becomes conscious, we must not think, 'Oh, how fine this is, how well written,' but we must

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forget the art, the sentences, and have rather our imagination or emotions stirred." I shall always remember how delighted my father was with the story of a well-known English author who went fishing on one of the famous salmon streams and of whom one of the guides said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Blank comes here and fishes, and he fishes beautifully, every season; he is the most beautiful fisher you ever saw, though he never catches any fish!" One must not snarl the line, to be sure, yet fish must be caught! As Sainte-Beuve has said, every peasant has a style because he has something to say, or as Balzac expresses the same thing, "In France style comes as much from the substance as from the words." And my father had many of the virtues of the peasant.

AS AN example of this my father would often tell of the long-forgotten speech of Everett at Gettysburg and the immortal words of Lincoln. "Ah, Lincoln had it in his heart; he had been through the awful sorrow of it all; to him it was all so terribly real that it made his words seem alive." Though we do not carry the grief of a nation in our hearts as Lincoln did, we must be just as sincere, in our own way, in what we write. In the many long hours we have spent alone together, walking along the hilltop highways of the further Catskills, dreaming in the forest shade, beside the open fire, or in the summer house, my father has always impressed upon me, unforgettably, the value not only of determined, unrelenting work, but of sincerity, humility, freedom from vanity or sham. "The moment you feel yourself better than your work you are lost; you must love your work so well that you forget yourself." And this, it seems to me, is the true craftsman's greatest virtue, if not the secret of peace and happiness—humility. And from humility comes sanity, the predominating quality in all my father's work—just as love inspired it, so does sanity pervade it. Though sensitive and excitable, often suffering acutely from his sensitiveness and embarrassment, as well as from the tortures all artistic temperaments must know, none of this appears in his work. His writings take an even tone of joyousness, never obscure, never in doubt, yet never overdrawn or feverish, never dull and never excitable. The tonic and wholesomeness of what he has written is like that of the out of doors of which he wrote, like the fresh joyousness of an April morning or the brooding pensiveness of Indian summer.

Once father wrote a "daily theme" for me for English twenty-two at Harvard and I copied it, handing it in as my own. It came back marked "Sane and sensible," the instructor quite uncon-



JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS LITTLE
GRANDSON HUNTING FOR BIRDS' NESTS
IN THE MEADOWS AT WEST PARK.



A FAMILY PICNIC AT WEST PARK, PERSON-
ALLY CONDUCTED BY JOHN BURROUGHS.
MR. BURROUGHS MAKING HIS OWN GAR-
DEN IN THE SPRINGTIME AT SLABSIDES.



"APRIL IS JOHN BURROUGHS' FAVORITE MONTH, NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS HIS BIRTH MONTH, BUT BECAUSE IT MEANS THE COMING OF SPRING, MAPLE-SUGAR MAKING, THE ARRIVAL OF BIRDS, THE AWAKENING OF NATURE"



ALTHOUGH JOHN BURROUGHS LIVES NEAR THE BANK OF THE HUDSON AND HAS MERRY TIMES WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN OUT BOATING, HE HAS NEVER LEARNED TO LOVE IT AS HE DID THE TROUT STREAMS AND THE WOODS AND FIELDS OF HIS EARLY BOYHOOD DAYS.

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sciously hitting upon the fundamental quality of my father's style. I remember the theme was about the statue of John Harvard that is in the triangle in front of Memorial, the statue being life size and of bronze and sitting bareheaded in a meditative attitude, such as one might take before an open fire at home, the statue, however, being here exposed to all weathers. The incongruousness of this at once appealed to father, who said in the theme that he always had a feeling that he should go and hold an umbrella over John Harvard to protect him from snow or sun. Evidently the instructor caught his point of view.

Often people would send him manuscripts for criticism, something he would rarely ever make except to give one or two words that simply characterized the whole composition. I remember that he said of a story of mine that won a prize in a sporting journal, "You bent the bow too hard, you made it seem overdrawn." Though always a student of style and constantly striving to perfect his form he would rarely criticize any sentence, structure or form for me, except sometimes the use of a word or the substance or aptness of an expression. As a child I had a silver cup from which I drank my milk, playing also with it at table when I had emptied it. Later when I saw my first railway train at close range and watched the ringing of the bell I exclaimed "Cup open bell!" and for years father would repeat this childish though apt expression to me with great relish. If ever I wrote a sentence that knit the form and substance together it seemed to give him the greatest pleasure, as much as, if not more than, if he had written it himself.

DOUBTLESS it is a wise provision of nature that we cannot begin life with a full heritage of wisdom, but must go instead the long road of experience. And even though as we go this road we become strangers to ourselves of a few years back, we always have sympathy and understanding with our childhood. I know it was so in both father's and my case; in fact, he lived over again to a certain extent his own unforgettable boyhood in me. There is one way to be a boy's friend and that is to become his equal in purpose, which means to take him seriously, and that was what father always did—what was real to me became real to him, and he often entered into my undertakings, if not actually taking the lead, in many out-of-door sports. From the fragrant days in May when he would show me how to make whistles of the young shoots of dogwood or basswood to the skating trips to the ponds, he was more often my companion than other boys. As I grew older, however, my pastimes took me more and more out on the open water

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where my father was always much of a stranger. But even here if he did not accompany me in the flesh he did in spirit and I lived the day over again in telling him of it in the evening by the open fire. He would always question me about what I had seen, the birds, the animals, and how they had acted, and often explain something I did not understand.

No one could swing a scythe with more skill or handle a trout rod better, and though it was father's boast that he had never had a hired man that could outmow, or even mow as well as he, I could never make him paddle correctly. Years ago, before the prohibited spring shooting, we spent many delectable days in the Shataca, taking our dinner with us and paddling an old skiff up and down the stream, chewing spice bush wood, then in bloom, listening to the screaming hawks and seeing all the birds returning from the South, scaring the brightly colored turtles from their sunning places on the old logs that hung low over the water, sometimes shooting a duck or two, giving us a day of rare delights, such as only springtime can give. On one such a day I know we started upstream, father paddling, I in the bow with the gun, all excitement, expecting to see a duck spring from behind every clump of willow herb and dodder. Soon father gave up, laying down his paddle, his method of paddling with his waist and wrists tiring him—in vain I showed him how to paddle, using the straight arm thrust from the shoulder. "Your way is all right in theory but not in practice," he would reply. So I had to paddle, with the result that in a few yards up jumped a duck, I bemoaning the luck and father assuring me that I could not have hit it anyway. Several more flashed the silver lining of their wings at us before we got to our destination, a little island in the flooded swamp, where we made a fire and ate our dinner. On the way back, the current being with us, I was able to again take my station in the bow, where I soon had a chance at one of the ducks I had been told that I could not hit. The result was that I made such a clean straight kill as the duck bored its way through the tree-tops that I really believe father was more pleased than I. After that I heard no more about being unable to hit flying ducks.

THAT line of Shakespeare's, "Proud, pied April," was often quoted by my father, and in fact April was his favorite month, April not only being his birth month but meaning to him as well the coming of spring with all its joys; the maple-sugar making, the arrival of the birds, the awakening of all Nature. Only being away from home kept him from making maple sugar, and I have had him write me from California or Florida that he wished he

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were home listening to the bluebirds, skimming the boiling sap and seeing the ice going out of the river. Sometimes he would go to Roxbury to help in the sugar-bush where he had made maple sugar as a boy. Sixty and more years ago the methods were all most primitive and the sugar when made was used at home; the white cane sugar of today being then unknown in Delaware County. So often has father told me of those days, the melting snow, the cows lowing and looking wistfully toward the hills where patches of brown earth showed, the calling geese, the homesick notes of the chickadees, the sound of the sap gouge in the sugar-bush like some big, metallic, downy woodpecker, and all the delights of the first warm days that it all seems most real to me. And the stock of big, fragrant maple sugar cakes in the attic, each like a loaf of bread, the pile waist high, filling the room with their aroma!—I have seen them and eaten my share, too. And the “lock jaw”—who nowadays knows even what it is? Every spring we always make some, not alone for the association it has with the past, but for the indescribable deliciousness and fun of it. Father always leads, his face ruddy from the fire and sun, his eyes happy and smiling, always saying, “Have some more.” The maple syrup is slowly boiled down until when poured hot over snow it forms ribbons of plastic, sticky, golden candy, which you wind up on a fork and eat. Its name of “lock jaw” is well earned.

For several years during his boyhood father tapped some trees about the house, tapping them early before the big sugar-bush was tapped, boiling down the sap on the kitchen stove, making some small cakes of very white, fine sugar which he peddled out in the village, thus earning some money. “One year I earned three dollars, all in silver,” he would say, chuckling with pleasure at the memory of it, “and I bought a little double-barreled shot-gun, a crude, weak little thing made by some country blacksmith, but it gave me untold delight and made me envied by every boy in Roxbury. One barrel was bigger than the other and one was not straight, yet sometimes it would go off, and I killed gray squirrels, rabbits and some partridge with it. I wish I had it now.”

Of more interest is the fact that another spring the carefully hoarded silver shillings, earned by making sugar, were spent for school books. Father wanted an algebra and a rhetoric, but as grandfather had not studied these books himself he could see no need for them and so refused to buy them. Often father would tell the story of how he coaxed for permission to buy them and how grandfather refused until after father had started off toward the village, when grandmother made grandfather change his mind and

THE SONG OF JETHRO THE POTTER

he called from the door to buy those books. "But my blood was up then and I scorned his help. I was resolved to earn the money and buy them myself, which I soon did, selling my little cakes of sugar." In the years to come very often did father spend his last penny, earned teaching school, for some coveted volumes, walking home over the mountains with an empty stomach, not having money enough left for stage fare or for his breakfast, arriving home foot-sore and hungry, but safe with the precious books! The hunger and fatigue were soon forgotten, but the books lasted. And today father takes from the shelf one of these books that he carried home over the hills and mountains of Delaware County sixty years ago, quaint volumes, almost as brown as the hand that holds them, and tenderly turns the leaves that once opened to him a new world. Locke's essay on the Human Understanding was a favorite among these books, which were nearly all on the old elastic dogmas. "And once when someone gave father one of *my* books they say that as he took it in his hands tears came in his eyes," he would say softly.

(To be continued in July.)

THE SONG OF JETHRO THE POTTER

JETHRO the potter am I,
Lord of no ancient line,
Yet at my breath the clay
Glow with the spark divine.
Though at my bidding, men
Bend not the servile knee,
Yet in my hands dead earth
Takes on eternity.
Mounted on prancing steeds,
Kings pass me by, nor guess
How soon shall pomp and name
Suffer forgetfulness;
While I, all ragged clad,
Shaping with fingers deft
Urns for the dust of those
Time has of life bereft,
Whistle my life away,
Kingdoms and kings forgot,
Sure that while time endures
My art shall perish not.

REGINALD DUNDERDALE FORBES.

RAFFAËLLI, A FRENCH PAINTER OF THE PEOPLE: BY DELIA AUSTRIAN



JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI has had the great advantage of beginning life with definite responsibilities to meet. He was only fourteen years old when much of the heavy burden of his immediate family was placed upon his slender boyish shoulders. Even at this age he had felt the definite pull toward the artist life. He wanted to paint or sing or model.

But there were people to be supported, and it was absolutely necessary that he should contribute a very good share of the essential income. Happily for him, he found an engagement in a little theater in Paris where he earned thirty-seven francs a month by singing a few solos every week. As the work was in the evening, it left him much of his days free to study at the Beaux Arts. Later on he secured an engagement to sing in one of the churches and then in addition to working during the daytime he read and studied late at night. All of his youth thus was spent in lifting the cares that were thrust upon him and yet in preparing himself for the career that was essential to his happiness and to the development of his own soul.

There are very few of the French artists of today so well known here in America as Raffaëlli, and many of his most interesting paintings have found a home in the galleries of the United States. From time to time he has exhibited here with other Continental artists, and not only has he awakened much interest in his point of view and his technique, but his influence has been felt among our younger artists, especially his outdoor work, where he has rendered sunlight and fresh air and the spirit of French street life as few other painters. The Paris of his own times he has revealed with a freshness and a lightheartedness and a beauty that will make it live through all ages.

At first, of course, his work was subject to much bitter criticism. It was so unusual and so new. There were certain conditions that he strove to express and he searched through all his consciousness and his understanding of life to gain the right technique for this expression. He knew that he must have it; he must bend every energy and condition to it. And when he finally found just the method for making the great buildings of Paris swim in wonderful golden light, for making his children run and play in the parks and along the boulevards of Paris, for pouring sunshine over the dingy quarters and along the sad edges of the Seine, people at first refused to accept the result and turned all their energies to criticizing the wonderful technique which had brought it about. But this was only at the beginning. The artists, the men who were striving to accomplish what Raffaëlli was presenting, the bigger spirits, the men of genius,

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swiftly recognized his greatness and acclaimed it not only in Paris but in Germany, in England and most widely in America.

As is the case with most painters of distinction, Raffaëlli does not limit to palette and canvas his interest in presenting all phases of life. Like the great Leonardo and Angelo, Raffaëlli is also an etcher, a sculptor and wood engraver. He sings delightfully and writes with convincing skill. One is filled with pleasure when so wide a range of genius is revealed as in the personality and achievement of Raffaëlli. Until such versatility as his is disclosed to us, we do not let ourselves realize that genius need never limit itself to one channel of expression, for all genius is the same,—that is, the source of all genius is the same. It is always the lifting of the veils which shut away truth from human understanding, and once a man achieves this vision of the truth there is no reason why he should not express it in every channel known to the artist. All that is necessary is the technique for such expression. For the man who paints the great beauties of the world should be able to put them in sculpture as well as painting, in music as well as sculpture, if he has only cultivated for himself the means for so doing. If an artist decides to limit himself to one channel of expression, it is only because his interest is greater there, or because he has not furnished himself the proper technique to express his vision along many lines.

AFTER years of work, of self-sacrifice, of self-development, Raffaëlli finally achieved the proud distinction of earning one thousand francs a year. This was money that was not needed to meet the burdens which had early come to him, but which he felt quite free to use for his own happiness. Then he married and went away joyously with his wife to Italy. In Rome he studied more in the galleries than in the schools, and even more from Nature. Always this earnest student had found that close contact with people and with rural conditions brought his greatest inspiration, and already he was beginning to show in his sculpture and on his canvases that live human quality and that mastery in depicting atmosphere which has since brought him fame. Through the appreciation of friends he was enabled to sell some of his Roman paintings, and then happily he journeyed on to Naples. This sea-town somehow meant more to him than Rome had, because there he could study Italian ways with greater freedom, and the picturesqueness of the cosmopolitan life gave him an inspiration greater than he had yet experienced. His enthusiasm and energy quickened and he worked with such zeal that eventually his health broke down and he was forced to seek quiet and rest out in the rural country about



"THE OLD CONVALESCENTS" FROM
A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS RAP-
FAELLI IN THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.



"AT NOTRE DAME": FROM
AN ETCHING BY RAFFAELLI.



"AN OLD WOMAN UNDER THE
HILL": RAFFAELLI, PAINTER.



"AT THE FOLIES BERGERE"
RAFFAELLI, PAINTER.

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Naples. But this return to Nature had its compensation, as is usually the case with a quickened intelligence, for it brought him into relation with primitive conditions and into close companionship with the Italian peasants. The value of this association never passed out of Raffaëlli's life, and even after his return to Paris he went out among the country folk again and again to study their ways of living, their joys and their sorrows. In after years he sometimes painted the people of the ultra-æsthetic class, but these are not the canvases we know and love. And the paintings, the sculpture, the etchings of Raffaëlli which will be remembered longest are those which he did among the very poor, both in the centers of great cities and out in the rural lands.

One of Raffaëlli's contemporaries, M. G. Geoffrey, says of the artist: "From the earliest days he consecrated his talent to painting the people as well as to painting Nature. He seemed best to love the peasants at work, and the meadows where they worked, the people busy in the city streets, the children playing at the river edge, and the great wide rivers and the hills and the trees. The real conditions carried the most poetry for him, and so he has made permanently beautiful for us the fisherman resting on the banks of the Seine, an old man in a Paris alleyway grinding scissors, a fresh-cheeked woman going to market, or the toilers of the sea as they are pulling in their nets at night."

Huysman has so truly said of him: "This master's work will long survive him, for it fills an important place in the art expression of France. He is the Millet of Paris, and he is alive to the melancholy of humanity as well as to all the poetry of Nature and all the moods of the various struggles of city and country."

Raffaëlli himself has said in relation to his interest in the simpler phases of life: "Nature is a wonderful book which everyone should learn to read and which all artists should learn to depict with words or brush." And his faith in and love of Nature, of humanity has not gone unrewarded, for he has depicted these real things as few people of his century, and happily for the world his achievement has not robbed him of his virile interest in life or of his simplicity, while his enthusiasm for his work is as great as in the early days of his experiments. He has traveled the world over, and his visits to the various countries in Europe and the United States have naturally done much to enlarge his sense of humor and his interest in human nature.

TO ENJOY any great artist's work, really to understand and appreciate it, one should know something of the man, something of his way of living, of his attitude toward life. And M. Raffaëlli more than most men who are accomplishing things in

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the world presents to us a charming personality which has profited by the experience of living in many lands and working among many people. His home is a real expression of his interest in life. It is furnished without pretension yet is a revelation of genuine art feeling. Though he has a large studio where much of his work must necessarily be done, he loves to work at home in the company of his wife and only daughter. The day I had the happiness of meeting the artist he was working at his easel with his daughter nearby watching with the greatest interest, and his wife busy sewing near one of the windows. Against the walls were placed two large paintings which were not yet finished. They were orders for one of the large galleries in South America. The larger one was called "The Village Beneath the Hill," and showed a small village resting at the foot of a great hill. The picture was painted on an autumn day and the hillsides were red and brown from the turning foliage. The chilly atmosphere was shown in the greenish blue foreground which was a delightful contrast to the warm tones of the earth, and down the roadway an old woman was going to market. Another attractive painting was of his daughter dressed in pure white. The likeness was remarkable and the whole painting possessed rare decorative quality.

M. Raffaëlli has achieved as great a success in his etchings as in his paintings. He was one of the first to essay the colored etching, and rural scenes which he has done through this method recall Corot in the wonderful poetry of atmosphere. The most vivid scene is his Grand Prix etching. In contrast with the bright turf are the jockeys and the race-horses flying by. Everywhere is a sense of excitement, and the color is wonderful.

One feels in reviewing the work of this man how great is the confidence he has in his own power. He hesitates at nothing. The subtleties of the gentlest rural scene are presented with absolute fearlessness on one hand; on the other a stormy day in Paris is given with as great assurance. Always he is seeking to present with the least effort, with the least elaboration, the various phases of rural or city life which seem to him to show forth unexpected joy or beauty.

THE STORY OF GOVERNMENT RESERVATIONS FOR WILD WATER BIRDS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON: SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES



NEW YORK naturalist stood one day on the beach of the lower east coast of Florida, absorbed in watching what appeared to be a gigantic sea serpent disporting itself along the crest of the waves. As the strange spectacle drew near, it resolved itself into a long, undulating line of brown pelicans winging their way homeward from the outer feeding grounds.

With alternate sailing and rhythmical beating of wings, the line of great birds was seen to pass on until it settled on an island in the heart of the Indian River. A field glass revealed the fact that hundreds of other pelicans were already there.

A boat was procured, and the naturalist soon set foot upon the island, which, however, was the signal for the birds to depart. They were alarmed at the presence of the man, and seemed to distrust human intrusion. Fishermen nearby stopped hauling their nets long enough to explain the reason for the birds' hasty retreat. Yachts, they said, often came to anchor in the vicinity and seldom did they weigh without taking with them trophies of their visit, and leaving behind many demolished nests. Birds were often killed for their feathers, or to satisfy the passing desire to possess for a moment a creature of unusual form and size. Sometimes a dozen were shot to demonstrate the skill of a rifleman in knickerbockers, or again a hundred were sacrificed to procure a small portion of the skin of each bird with which to make a cloak of a kind seldom seen along the avenue.

The naturalist's curiosity and interest were now thoroughly aroused. He made a careful survey of the island and found it to cover an area of about four acres. He counted the pelicans' nests, the young birds and the adults, as opportunity offered during the period of several days, and estimated that the pelican population consisted of about twenty-seven hundred full-grown birds. This was in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. Two years later he again visited the island and found that the bird inhabitants had shrunk in numbers to an extent of nearly five hundred.

This gentleman was a member of the Audubon Society and, being strong in the faith held by that organization, believed that these birds should in some way be protected. True, they were not known to be of any economic value, but on the other hand they were harmless

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creatures. Then, too, they were interesting—one reason being that they were so large. When one of these pelicans spread its wings and set out for a sail down Indian River, it would have required a tape line six and one-half feet in length to reach from tip to tip of its mighty pinions. The pelican's bill is thirteen inches long, and the pouch suspended beneath it is capable of holding four gallons of water. Even with such a mouth no pelican—not even a lady pelican—was ever known to utter a sound, as in the adult form they are absolutely silent birds. Surely such creatures were worth preserving as living curiosities. If attempts were to be made to guard them, here was the place to begin, for with a single unimportant exception there existed no other breeding colony of pelicans on the Atlantic Coast of the United States.

UPON returning to New York the naturalist unburdened himself to the officers of the Audubon Society, with the result that plans were immediately set in motion to preserve the inhabitants of Pelicanville. There was no law in the State of Florida at that time extending protection to birds of this character, but on January fourth, nineteen hundred and one, the Legislature was induced to enact a statute making it a misdemeanor to kill interesting or valuable non-game birds. The Audubon Society at once employed a man to see that the law was enforced on Pelican Island.

Then murmurings began to be heard, "Pelicans eat fish and they should not be protected," declared a stalwart Floridian. "We need the quills for the millinery trade," chimed in another one with a keen eye to the main chance. There was talk of repealing the law at the next session of Legislature, and the hearts of the Audubon workers were troubled.

Then someone suggested that as there were Federal military reservations, and Federal forest reservations, why not make this a Federal bird reservation and permit no trespassing. The island proved to be unsurveyed government land and this gave force to the argument, but there was found to be no legal provision whereby this could be done. There existed no law or precedent for such an act. The discussion at length reached the ears of President Roosevelt, and he settled the difficulty at once and for all time by issuing, under March fourteenth, nineteen hundred and three, a remarkable document which ran in part as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that Pelican Island in Indian River is reserved and set apart for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds."

The gist of this order, bearing the signature of the Secretary of

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Agriculture, was quickly painted on a large sign which could be seen for miles as it stood on the end of Pelican Island.

Imagine the chagrin of the Audubon workers upon learning that when the pelicans returned in spring to occupy their ancestral breeding ground, they took one look at this declaration of the President and immediately decamped bag and baggage to a neighboring island outside of the protected zone! Signs less alarming in size were substituted, and the pelicans, with their feelings appeased, graciously returned and, much to the joy of the naturalist and the Audubon Society, have since peacefully dwelt and flourished beneath the protecting care of the Government. Incidentally, a lesson was learned in dealing with wild birds.

When this act by President Roosevelt came to the attention of the general public, it was not hard to find men who complained loudly that our national executive had overstepped the limits of his legalized power. "What meat is this," they asked, "on which our Cæsar feeds that he should take to himself such powers?" So the friends of the wild birds had another task before them—the President must be given this power. A bill was therefore drafted and after a short delay was enacted by Congress, giving the President authority to establish reservations of this character on government lands not fitted for agriculture.

This accomplished, and the legal difficulty removed, the way was open for the establishment of other bird reservations and the Audubon Society eagerly seized the opportunity. Explorations were at once started to locate and survey the territory holding important breeding communities of water birds situated on government lands in other sections of the country.

Plumage hunters and eggers were busy plying their trade wherever water birds were known to collect in numbers, and in consequence several interesting species were rapidly nearing extinction. Ten thousand terns were known to have been shot in a single season on Cobb's Island, Virginia. The ten thousand pairs of wings collected went to the millinery houses of New York and ten thousand baby birds were left to perish for want of parental care. In the same way, during the seven years preceding nineteen hundred and eleven, twenty colonies of gulls and terns along the coast of the Carolinas were utterly wiped out of existence. From the lakes of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast thousands of grebes' breasts were torn from nesting birds every summer, and shipped East to adorn the hats of fashionable women, while the infant grebes were left to call and creep among the tule until the breath of death should end their cries.

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MR. FRANK M. MILLER, now State Game Commissioner of Louisiana, reported a case in which five thousand sea birds were broken on a nearby island inhabited by sea birds in order that fresh eggs might subsequently be gathered by the eggers whose waiting boats lay at anchor off shore. No wonder the friends of the birds were profoundly disturbed concerning the future welfare of the wild water birds, and hailed with delight the accession to their ranks of the daring, precedent-breaking Mr. Roosevelt.

So enthusiastic was Mr. William Dutcher, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, with the results achieved in Federal reservation work in nineteen hundred and five, that he declared in his annual report that if the Association had done nothing else than secure Federal bird reservations and help guard them during the breeding season, its existence would be fully warranted.

That year President Roosevelt established four more bird refuges; one of these, Stump Lake, in North Dakota, was an immense nursery of gulls, terns, ducks, cormorants and snipe in summer, and a safe harbor for wild fowl during the spring and fall migrations. Huron Island and the Sickiwit group of islands lying in Lake Superior were the homes of innumerable herring gulls, some of which perhaps find their way to New York Harbor every autumn. These were made perpetual bird sanctuaries and an Audubon warden took up his lonely watch to guard them against all comers.

Away down in the mouth of Tampa Bay, Florida, rests the one-hundred-acre island of Passage Key. Here the wild bird life of the Gulf Coast has swarmed in the mating season since white man first knew the country. Thousands of herons of various species, as well as terns and shore birds, make this their home. The dainty little ground doves flutter in and out among cactus on the sheltered sides of the sand dunes, plovers and sandpipers chase each other along the beaches, and the burrowing owls known to inhabit no other point on our Gulf Coast, here hide in their burrows by day and explore the island by night.

When this place was described to President Roosevelt, he immediately declared that a bird must never be killed here without the consent of the Secretary of Agriculture. With one stroke of his pen, he brought this desired condition into existence. Mrs. Asa Pillsbury was duly appointed by the Government to protect the birds of the island. She is one of the few women bird wardens in America.

These things happened in the early days of Government work for the protection of water birds. The Audubon Society had found a new field for endeavor, which was highly prolific in results. With all the limited means at its command, the work of ornithological ex-



A SOOTY TERN ON HER NEST AT DRY
TORTUGAS, A FLORIDA RESERVATION.
TROPICAL NODDY TERNS, NESTING TIME
AT THE DRY TORTUGAS RESERVATION.



THE GREAT PELICAN COLONY ON PELICAN ISLAND,
INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA, THE FIRST OF THE LARGE
GOVERNMENT RESERVATIONS FOR WILD WATER BIRDS.
YOUNG PELICANS ENJOYING PEACEFUL HOME LIFE
ON THE GOVERNMENT RESERVATION.



TWO VIEWS OF ROYAL TERNS ON THE BRETON ISLAND RESERVATION, LOUISIANA: THIS HOME FOR WILD BIRDS EMBRACES HUNDREDS OF SQUARE MILES AND INCLUDES SCORES OF ISLANDS AND BARS.



A GREBE FOUND DEAD NEAR A NEST OF YOUNG. OVER-LOOKED BY THE PLUMAGE HUNTERS.



KLAMATH LAKE RESERVATION IN OREGON. THE SUMMER HOME OF MYRIADS OF DUCKS, GULLS, GREBES AND OTHER WILD WATER FOWL.

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ploration was carried forward each summer. Every island, mud flat and sand bar along the coast of the Mexican Gulf, from Texas to Key West, was visited by trained ornithologists who reported their findings to the New York office.

The Breton Island reservation for the coast of Louisiana, embracing hundreds of square miles of territory, and including scores of islands and bars, was established nineteen hundred and four. Six additional reservations were soon created along the west coast of Florida, thus extending a perpetual guardianship over the colonies of sea and coastwise birds in that territory,—the pitiful remnants of the vast rookeries which had been despoiled to add to profits of the millinery trade.

The work was early started in the West, where Malheur Lake and Klamath Lake reservations in Oregon resulted. The latter is to-day the summer home of myriads of ducks, geese, grebes and other wild water fowl, and never a day passes but what the waters of the lake are fretted with the prow of the Audubon patrol boat, as the watchful warden extends his vigil over those feathered wards of the Government.

ONCE set in motion, this movement for Federal bird reservations soon swept beyond the boundaries of the United States. One was established in Porto Rico, and several others among the Aleutian Islands, where on the rocky cliffs may be seen today clouds of puffins, auks and guillemote—queer creatures which stand upright like a man—shouldering and crowding each other about on the ledges which overlook the dark waters of Behring Sea. One reservation in Alaska covers much of the lower delta of the Yukon, including the great tundra country south of the river, and embraces within its borders a territory greater than the State of Massachusetts. From the standpoint of preserving rare species of birds, this is doubtless one of the most important which has thus far come into existence. It is here that many of the wild fowl which frequent the California coast in winter, find a summer refuge safe alike from the bullet of the white man and the arrow of the Indian. Here it is that the lordly emperor goose is probably making its last stand on the American continent against the aggressions of the destructive white race.

Away out in the western group of the Hawaiian Archipelago are located some of the world's most famous colonies of birds. From vast and often unknown regions of the Pacific, the sea birds journey hither when the instinct for mating comes strong upon them. There are beautiful terns of many species, and albatrosses, those winged wonders whose home is on the rolling deep. Their numbers on these islands were such as to be beyond all belief of men who are unfamiliar

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with bird life in congested conditions. On February third, nineteen hundred and nine, these islands and reefs were included in an executive order whereby the "Hawaiian Island Reservation" was brought into existence. This is the largest of all our Government bird reserves; it extends through five degrees of longitude.

At intervals in the past these islands had been visited by vessels engaged in the feather trade, and although no funds were available for establishing a warden patrol among them, it was fondly hoped that the notice given to the world that the birds here were now the wards of the United States would be sufficient to insure their safety.

A rude shock was felt, therefore, when late that year a rumor reached Washington that a Japanese poaching vessel had been sighted heading for these waters. The revenue cutter "Thetis" then lying at Honolulu was at once ordered on a cruise to the bird islands. Early in nineteen hundred and ten, the vessel returned, bringing with her twenty-three Japanese feather hunters who had been captured at their work of destruction. In the hold of the vessel were stored two hundred and fifty-nine thousand pairs of wings, two and a half tons of baled feathers, and several large cases and boxes of stuffed birds, for which, had the Japanese escaped, they would have realized over one hundred thousand dollars.

Not only have Federal bird reservations been formed of lakes with reedy margins and lonely islands in the sea, but they have been made to include numbers of the big Government reservoirs built in the arid regions of the West.

President Taft has shown much the same interest in bird protection as did his predecessor, his last reservation being Hogg Island in Lake Michigan, which was created no longer ago than February twenty-first, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Up to the present time there have been established by executive order fifty-six of these Federal bird refuges which in the aggregate annually shelter millions of water birds at all seasons of the year.

The likelihood that this method of protecting birds will continue and the number of reservations greatly increased amounts to an almost certainty as the Government policy in this direction is now firmly established.

The movement came not a day too late to save for our North American fauna some of our most interesting feathered forms of life. Within the past generation the Eskimo curlew and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, and the trumpeter swan, the least tern and the long-billed curlew are examples of others that are fast hastening to join the list of wild creatures which through the greed of man are now known only by name.

BRINGING COUNTRY BEAUTY TO THE CITY STREETS: BY ARTHUR HAY



BECAUSE the natural human being, whether primitive or civilized, responds to Nature's stimulus, it is a wise and right plan never to put ourselves wholly out of touch with her inspiring forces. For this reason, as well as for many others, we cannot too closely and intimately surround our metropolitan lives with the beauties which Nature makes it possible to transplant from her own reserves to our city streets. It would be hard to estimate readily the value which trees have in the metropolis, even over and beyond their important decorative and utilitarian service. We who must spend our lives in the city have the greatest possible need of the quickening and restoring power of Nature's beauty, and the streets in which most of us at least must pass a certain number of minutes a day, should become the chief means of keeping us in touch with the natural beauties which we cannot hope to incorporate in our homes and offices, and which we have here in America at least, so often, perhaps all unconsciously, sacrificed to our commercial activities. We should never allow our city streets to become merely highways to business centers, but should religiously hold them for avenues of beauty so that we may pass through them with pleasure, receiving that inspiration and stimulus for work which so often follows the sight of Nature's fresh loveliness.

Although it may not be possible to ornament and keep beautiful the busiest streets in a crowded metropolis, where every inch of space is demanded for the painful conditions of modern traffic, yet surely in our broad avenues and residential side streets and in the living quarters of the poor we can establish some cheering beauty by the careful planting of such trees as have the power to cope with city conditions and which will eventually reward us with spring, summer and autumnal beauty.

There are not, in fact, many trees that are actually adapted to city life. Many of those which grow most rapidly and blossom most quickly are short lived in proportion and often lacking in grace and unsuitable in city existence. Therefore, to gain the best results in the planting of city streets great care should be exercised in the selection of trees which will bring the utmost permanent value. So far as possible we should plan to have them harmonize with the surrounding buildings, and certainly we should select them with a view to vigor of constitution.

Deciduous trees are on the whole more suited for planting in city streets than are the evergreens, giving as they do the shade so needed in the summertime and in the winter permitting the sun to

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cheer, dry and warm the streets. Trees that blossom effectively in the spring should be given due consideration in the selection for planting, though, of course, this is not as important quite as the question of autumnal coloring. The best trees are those that put forth their foliage early in the spring and provide shade and beauty until fall, thus prolonging the period of their usefulness and decorative charm.

When city squares or parks are to be planted, the beauty and value of the individual tree should be considered, but where the planting of entire avenues is under consideration, the charm of the individual tree must be subordinated to the effect of many trees in lines or groups. The question of overcrowding in the initial planting is one that must be carefully considered. Large spreading trees should stand at least thirty feet apart, and if placed fifty feet one from the other, the result in the long run will be better. Planted as they sometimes are, twenty-five feet apart, necessitates in a few years either the sacrifice of alternate trees, or constant pruning, which must to a certain extent destroy the characteristic contour of each growth.

SHADE trees suitable for street planting come under four general classes: the Columnar, such as the Lombardy poplar, Irish juniper and red cedar; the Cone-shaped, such as the sugar maple, sweet gum, white pine; the Vase-formed, or spreading head, as the American elm and silver maple; the Round-headed form, such as the Carolina poplar and horse chestnut. The redbud or Judas-tree, the magnolias and similar varieties are excellent for use on lawns or city squares, but not suitable for street planting on account of their small size and habit of growth. It is best to select trees from nurseries in the fall, so that their form can be fully determined, and this is also a good season for transplanting, for the roots can then become established in new quarters before frost. The trees should be well pruned, and after the ground is frozen a mulch of leaves about six inches deep (held in place by branches, but which allow aeration of ground) should be put on. This will furnish heat, and, by putting it on after the first frosts, will prevent the mice from building nests in, or nibbling, the roots.

The Vase-formed trees, which arch gracefully over the street, and of which the elm is so perfect a type, are quite generally conceded to give the best effect. The American elm is preëminently the street tree of the older towns of the East and Middle West, and rightly so, as it is both rugged and graceful. It grows with uniformity, yet without monotony, shows great individuality without departing from type, developing in age what might almost be called personality. The



190-191 Photographs in connection with a bulletin on "The Live Oak Series," U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

THE LIVE-OAK IS AN EXCELLENT SHADE TREE FOR CITY STREETS IN WARM CLIMATES BECAUSE OF ITS BEAUTY, HARDINESS AND THICK FOLIAGE.

THE SUGAR MAPLE ADDS GREAT CHARM TO VILLAGE OR TOWN STREETS: IT IS INTERESTING AT ALL SEASONS, HAS A FINE SPREAD OF BRANCHES, FEW INSECT ENEMIES AND GORGEOUS AUTUMN COLORING.



Color. Tulip Tree

THE TULIP TREE IS AN ATTRACTIVE BORDER FOR CITY STREETS, ESPECIALLY IN THE SPRING, BUT IT IS NOT AS MUCH USED AS SOME OF THE COMMONER TREES BECAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF TRANSPLANTING: ONCE ADJUSTED TO A NEW SOIL ITS GROWTH IS EXTREMELY SATISFACTORY.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co

THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA IS AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING TREE GROWTH FOR SHADING AVENUES IN SOUTHERN CITIES: IT IS HARDY AND BEAUTIFUL IN BLOSSOM: IN THE NORTH IT WOULD REQUIRE CONSIDERABLE CARE.

THE NORWAY MAPLE IS A POPULAR SUBSTITUTE IN CITY STREETS FOR THE SUGAR MAPLE: IT STANDS METROPOLITAN LIFE BETTER, THOUGH ITS LEAVES DO NOT TURN TO QUITE SO GORGEOUS A COLOR IN THE FALL, AND IT IS SLOW OF GROWTH



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THE LOCUST TREE GROWS WELL IN THE EAST AND MIDDLE WEST. IT GIVES A PECULIARLY LIGHT AND PLEASANT APPEARANCE TO A STREET. ITS LEAVES COME OUT A PALE SOFT GREEN AND GRADUALLY DEEPEN THROUGH THE SEASON TO A RICH GREEN.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LUXURIANT GROWTH OF THIS MAPLE TREE SHOWS THE ADVISABILITY OF WIDE PLANTING ALONG CITY STREETS, AS THE EXPANSION OF THE BRANCHES WOULD IN THE COURSE OF YEARS EASILY ABSORB A FIFTY-FOOT SPACE.

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seclusion and beauty of Eastern academic cities, duplicated in some of the Middle West towns, have become historical in great part by reason of the magnificent elms which border the avenues and fill the yards and university grounds. These noble trees were planted when wood was burned, and they were well grown before coal smoke and gas made city conditions so difficult for flourishing tree life. Young trees nowadays must fight so many adverse conditions in cities that it seems unlikely they will ever reach the fine proportions of their stately ancestors. City life does not materially affect old trees, but stunts the growth of the young ones and deprives them of much of their grace and vigor.

That the fight against city life is a keen one is shown by the fact that elms in a city will shed their leaves fully a month in advance of their rural relatives, and that often the leaves turn brown and drop off with no color change, while those in the country will sometimes turn such brilliant shades of yellow that pilgrimages are made to the fields or clay knolls where their beauty is revealed in natural and unhampered perfection. The gypsy and brown-tailed moth have made serious inroads upon the health and beauty of the Eastern elms, but up to the present time they are unknown in the Middle West. Western horticulturists, knowing that they cannot hope wholly to escape the visit of these pests, are putting forth earnest efforts to discover some method of extermination. The European elm, though hardy, is stiff, lacking the graceful arching character of the American elm. The hackberry, a fine large tree, so like the elm that it is often mistaken for it, is subject to attacks of a fungus that causes an unsightly growth of twigs.

The silver maple, another of the Vase-formed type of tree, is excellent for planting in city and town streets, it is quick growing, long lived, graceful and not expensive to start. It is apt to be attacked by the cottony maple scale, a scourge which is, however, easily overcome by spraying. The wood is brittle and weak, so the symmetry of a tree is often ruined by wind or sleet storms which, while breaking off large branches, do not kill it. Its autumn foliage is not very brilliant and its leaves curl up and drop quickly. This tree was formerly extensively used, but is now being supplanted by the Carolina poplar, which is cheaper, grows even more quickly and propagates easily. It is not so shapely or fine a tree as the maple, has little character or individuality, and therefore, makes a monotonous, uninteresting avenue, as artificial looking as a building made of cement blocks. But it has few insect enemies, will flourish where soft coal smoke is constant, and will resist the city conditions of tight pavements and gas permeated soil that are so fatal to the majority of trees.

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It is probably short lived, as are most soft wood trees, a fact to be borne in mind in planting city streets.

THE sugar maple is charming at all seasons, has a fine spread of branches, few insect enemies, is long lived (being still youthful at seventy years of age) and has a wonderful display of autumn coloring, the gorgeous yellow, orange and scarlet foliage remaining several days after turning. No tree is to be compared to it as a border for an avenue, but unfortunately it is not very tolerant of city life, reaching perfection only in towns or villages or in the country. The Norway maple is the popular substitute for the sugar maple, because it stands city life better, but its darker foliaged leaves are not so gorgeous in the fall and it is of equally slow growth. The red maple flourishes in the North and East, but finds the Middle West less congenial.

The sweet gum does not thrive in the north Central States, but is one of the most vigorous and striking trees when grown in the latitude of Missouri, southward, and in the Mississippi Valley, where it makes as gorgeous an appearance as the sugar maple. It is especially fine in the fall, when in addition to the yellows, oranges and scarlets of the maple, it puts on marvelous purples and bronzes, often displaying all these colors on a single tree. There is an avenue of sweet gum trees in Lower Grove Park, St. Louis, one-half mile long and one hundred feet wide, now about eighty feet high, that cannot be equaled in the world for gorgeous and impressive beauty when in autumnal dress, and this effect could be duplicated in any Southern city. The gum tree is pleasing in the summer on account of its glossy leaf and interesting in winter because of the peculiar bark wings that are then revealed on the twigs and small branches.

Nearly all the oaks seen in city streets are of the red oak family. They are the fastest growers, they vigorously resist diseases and pests, thrive well in a poor soil, and the autumnal red and mahogany foliage hangs on the tree often for several weeks.

The white, chestnut and burr oaks are fine trees, but not suitable for city use, for they grow slowly and are not easily transplanted. The pin oak is shapely and graceful and does well in suburban localities where it can have a fairly moist soil.

In the olden days people went to the creeks and river bottoms and transplanted trees for their streets, but now they must go to a nurseryman who, alas, most often advises them to buy stock that is easily propagated in nurseries, and the fine old trees, relics of other days, that occasionally may be seen in our streets clasping the soil with massive roots like giant fingers, having the rugged dignity of

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the backwoodsman, are generally sacrificed to the unfortunate insanity of city improvement committees, who hew them to the ground, and replace them with symmetrical young striplings that in comparison look like foolish upstarts.

The Lombardy poplars are great favorites with street landscape gardeners, for their Columnar form gives a needed variety to parks and avenues. They are cheap, but cannot be counted on for more than twenty years of growth and are apt to winter kill. Some misguided folk "top" these trees about twenty-five feet from the ground, which causes them to grow to a round crippled head, a process which strangely enough is called decorative.

There are streets in Salt Lake City laid out on the generous scale permitted in the days of eighteen hundred and forty-eight (one hundred and thirty-two feet wide and blocks six hundred and sixty feet long) bordered with poplars which have grown to a height of one hundred feet, because climatic conditions are similar to their native Lombardy. They are green, pliant and so supple that when the heavy storms blow they sway like long plumes, bending under the rush of winds like a field of wheat—a wonderful sight. The white or silver poplar has all the faults of the species, namely too much cotton, weak wood, short life and in addition it throws out a perfect thicket of suckers which ruin the lawns, ditches, sewers or streets nearby.

THE sycamore does better under adverse city conditions than any other tree except the Carolina poplar, though its white mottled bark is not as pleasing in city streets as in its native haunts. The American and European sycamores are called by nurserymen the American and European plane. The former is apt to have a fungous growth which causes the leaves to drop off in mid-summer, but the latter is free from this disease. Its bark is less white and its leaves are darker than the American variety, so that on the whole it is considered a better tree for city use. The Oriental plane is common on the boulevards of Paris, but does not thrive on the narrow side streets, for it needs air and roomy quarters. Our native sycamore is hardy under city conditions and is long lived and inexpensive, but is apt to develop with age an oddity of growth, sending out a long branch far to one side, outbalancing the head, which is decidedly unattractive in a street, though finely picturesque by the side of winding streams.

The round-headed linden is an excellent tree for city planting, for its leaves are able to throw off the soot that is so deadly to the hairy-leaved group. The honey locust grows well in most places of the

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East and Middle West, and on account of its delicately pinnate leaves which come out pale soft green and gradually deepen to a rich dark color, it gives a peculiarly light and pleasing appearance to a street. The type has the trunk covered with long jagged thorns, but a thornless variety (*Inermis*) which should be chosen for street planting, may be obtained from the nurseries.

The gingko, though not native to America, is rapidly becoming acclimated, claiming attention as a tree of importance. It is interesting because its leaves resemble the maidenhair fern. When young it grows in Columnar form, but on reaching maturity, the lateral branches droop, and more and more its growth resembles the oak. Unfortunately for street use, its fruit when crushed under foot releases a disagreeable odor. The tulip, straight, clean and refined in appearance, grows moderately well, though it is not much used because of the difficulty of transplanting. It requires great care the first few years. After that it becomes hardy and puts forth a profusion of beautiful greenish and slightly reddish blossoms. The cucumber tree (*magnolia acuminata*) is frequently used to good advantage in adding variety to parks. The horse chestnut or buckeye is of rather slow growth, with showy blossoms that make it of value in parks and in the country, but is not to be depended upon for city planting. It is a sure prey to the tussock moth, which frequently defoliates whole avenues, so that the street looks as if swept by fire. The white ash is approved of by some authorities for use in city parks, as is also the golden rain and European and copper beech. In the South the *magnolia grandiflora* is undoubtedly the best for shade, beauty and hardiness, though the live-oak is a close rival. Evergreens are rarely used in the Middle West and only in special cases in the East, mainly because of their funereal and gloomy appearance and their usual association with cemeteries.

City streets should never be planted with horticultural freaks and botanical monstrosities such as the *catalpi bungei*, which looks like a balloon on a stick, or the weeping varieties of elm, ash, etc., which remind one of rheumatic mendicants with distorted and twisted limbs. The beauty and variety in the natural species of tree not only please the most exacting taste, but bring rest and peace to the jaded metropolitan spirit, a far more desirable achievement than to pique interest in Nature's abnormal possibilities.



THE RETURN OF THE INNOCENT: A STORY: BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER



TOWARD the evening of a day in late autumn a traveler came out of the forest to the bleak emptiness of Windy Heath. He stopped with the manner of one unfamiliar with his surroundings; looked hesitatingly to the left and right, uncertain which of the three narrow footpaths to take. He was the only living figure visible against the dark background of the forest; very few people came to this lonely part of the country.

He glanced upward and saw from the southwest a black smudge of cloud spreading over the skies. The air was still, not with the calmness of peace, but still and heavy with the menace of a storm. And, as he stood there, hesitating over the three paths that ran like dust-colored ribbons through the hard gorse of the heath, the sky swiftly darkened above him, and the place became full of fateful and chilling shadows.

A few drops of rain fell, thick drops that made a rustle among the trees of the forest as they splashed to the undergrowth. The rustling grew quicker and louder—a flash of lightning made a jagged trail across the darkened sky—and the rain poured down filling the silence with a rushing noise.

“Confound it,” said the traveler. “This is just my luck; either I shall have to go forward, or take shelter in the forest and lose my way.” He buttoned his coat collar tightly round his neck, and, unfastening a bundle from his back, unrolled a short mackintosh cape.

“It’s the fault of that fellow at Chadley,” he muttered. “He told me to take the first to the left and bear round to the right over the bridge. . . . I did it. . . . And now where am I?” He seemed to find some satisfaction in speaking aloud to the empty heath. “Not even a sign-post,” he said with disgust in his voice.

He took the middle of the three paths, and plodded forward, with his head bent to the rain and the wind, and so he passed across Windy Heath, a solitary figure in the gloom, not knowing whither he was going, and thinking hardly of that fellow in Chadley whose directions had caused him to lose his way.

The darkness came. He went blindly on for miles.

And suddenly, on the very edge of the heath, just where the first cottages of Little Garrow straggle down to meet it, he saw the shine of lights in the windows.

“Thank God, I’ve got somewhere at last,” the traveler muttered. His face was wet with the rain, and his heavy walking boots were clogged and clotted with mud. “There may be good people here,” he said, pausing before a cottage door. “At all events I shall find out where I am.” He knocked.

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A woman stood before him in the open door, framed in the dim light of a lamp that she held in her hand. He saw that her face was full of a strange eager happiness, for a moment, and then, he noticed, just as a shadow passes, her expression changed to one of disappointment.

"Good evening," he said, raising his soaked tweed hat, "I'm afraid I've lost my way. The rainstorm overtook me and I had to hurry on. Could you tell me where I am?"

She lifted the lamp a little higher so that its light fell full on his face. "Little Garrow," she said. "Leastways you're three miles from Little Garrow."

"I'm on a holiday," he said. "A walking tour, you know: could you tell me how I can get to Osterden?"

"Osterden," she echoed. She must have detected the cultured inflection of his voice, "you're a long way out of your way for Osterden, sir. You want to get back to Chadley. . . ."

"Chadley," said the traveler, in consternation. "That's eight miles back again."

The woman considered a moment. "It's a terr'ble night," she said. "You'd better come in, sir. . . . P'raps the rain will stop, and if it doesn't . . ."

"You're very kind," said the traveler. "I'll be glad of a fire until the rain stops." He followed her into the house.

She set down the lamp on the table, and he saw that he was in the low-ceilinged room of a cottage, half-kitchen, half-living room. The lamp made deep shadows beyond the ring of light that it gave. At first he noticed nothing except the clean white tablecloth arranged for a meal: the teapot in the center, a joint of meat, and a loaf of bread. The table was laid for three.

Then, by the red glow of the fireplace, something stirred. His eyes peered into the shadows and he saw the vague figure of an old man crouching in a large high-backed chair. He could just define the white hair, and the withered, trembling hand that rested on a stick. The man by the fireplace spoke in a thin wheeze, as though his voice were as dried up as his body.

"Is it Jim?" he asked.

"No, father," said the woman, in a gentle voice. "It's a visitor—a stranger who's lost his way. 'Tis a terr'ble bad night outside, so I asked him in for warmth and a dish of tea."

"I thought it was Jim," mumbled the old man. He took no further interest in the traveler, but remained just as if he were a carven figure, brooding over the fire, detached from his surroundings. Nor did the woman bother herself about the old man. In-

THE RETURN OF THE INNOCENT: A STORY

stead, she turned to the traveler and, in a gentle, courteous voice, asked him to take off his wet cape.

"There's another chair there, by the fire. You might like it."

The traveler paused indeterminately. His eyes had grown more accustomed now to the half-light of the room. He saw that the woman was gray-haired and elderly, with a face that showed she had lived through many sorrows. Yet there was something in her bearing that suggested happiness, at all events for tonight. Her eyes held a quality of gladness in them.

She, too, had been looking at the traveler's face, and she marked the thin, high cheekbones, and the deep eyes of black, the broad intellectual forehead with hair white at the temples. His grim-set lips were clean-shaven and his chin was round, heavy and dominant. A man of sixty, she guessed,—one of the gentry.

"You're expecting somebody, aren't you?" he asked, glancing from her to the old man in the corner, and then to the three places at the table. "I shall be in the way."

The woman hesitated in embarrassment. "No—leastways we are expecting somebody. But it doesn't matter, eh father?" she called.

"What does he say," croaked the old man.

"He says we're expecting somebody."

"Jim!" said the old man. "But that don't matter."

The traveler felt a desire to know who Jim was. An odd constrained atmosphere seemed to make itself felt in the room. There was something of suspense and mystery, too. It seemed to the traveler that these good people were agitated by conflicting desires. They were anxious to show him hospitality, to give him warmth and food, according to the traditions of the lonely countryside. And yet, he could not help feeling that he was an intruder on some family festival. He had come out of the rain and the darkness outside into an intimate phase of their lives. He was conscious of being ill at ease: better he thought to rest a few minutes longer, and then to face the dark and the wet.

"Is the railway station far from here?" he asked, as he sat down in the wooden chair by the fireplace opposite the old man.

"There's one two miles away up beyond Little Garrow. But the trains are few," the woman said. She looked toward the great clock that stood in the corner. "There's one due now," she said with a sigh.

"The train that Jim's coming by?" he hazarded with a smile.

The woman nodded and changed the subject.

"You're not often in these parts?" she asked.

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"No," answered the traveler. "I'm fond of walking, and I'm fond of fine scenery. Every year I go on a walking tour somewhere. It's very pleasant and healthy, especially when you're shut in for the rest of the year."

"Shut in?" asked the woman. He detected surprise in her voice, and then she went on hurriedly. "Oh! you mean at work. What a funny way of putting it—'Shut in'."

She went into another room for a moment, and the traveler sat warming himself by the fire, opposite the old man who never spoke a word; who never took his eyes from the fire.

"Well," said the traveler to him agreeably. "I suppose you're anxiously waiting for Jim?"

The woman had returned suddenly. "It's no use your talking to him. You must shout. He's quite deaf."

"I only said I supposed he was looking forward to seeing Jim."

"Ah," said the woman. "I think we are."

"Is he the old man's son?"

"No. That's grandfather. Jim's my son," the woman answered, and there was a world of love and pride in her voice as she said "my son."

"No wonder you're happy," the traveler observed. "Has Jim been away long?"

"For—fifteen—years," she said, in a peculiar deliberate way, half-closing her eyes.

"That's a long time," the traveler said, briskly, "I expect you'll find him changed."

"Do you think so?" asked the mother. "Do they change very much when—" She stopped suddenly. The traveler could not help noticing the curious inflection in her voice.

"When—" urged the traveler.

"I mean does a hard life change a boy very much?"

"A boy?"

"Well, a man, I suppose. He was twenty when he said 'good-bye'. I suppose he's a man now, to the world."

"Well, it depends on the work, you know. Is he a soldier?"

The woman shook her head sadly. "No. He's not a soldier. He wanted to go in the army, he was a fine, big, headstrong boy."

"A sailor, perhaps. . . . ?"

"No. He's not a sailor, though the sea would not have been too hard for him, he was so strong."

The old man stirred in his seat. The air came cracking upward from his lungs.

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"What are you talking about?" he said, querulously. "I can see your lips moving, but I can't hear."

"I was asking him whether a hard life changes a man much."

"Prison life does. . . . Prison life breaks 'em," said the old man. The woman gave a sob, and her hands went up to her face. The traveler understood suddenly.

"So it was fifteen years," he said.

"Yes."

"That must have been for something very bad," the traveler's voice was calm, and level. "A man doesn't get fifteen years for nothing."

"My boy did!" the woman whispered, "my boy was innocent. There was a keeper shot, and Jim, like many another good lad, had done his bit of poaching. What's wrong with that? But they took him because he'd been seen about that night. They couldn't prove it, but the judge was dead against him. So the jury found him guilty. They said something about mercy, and gave him penal servitude for life."

"At the Assizes?"

"Exeter," said the woman. "Were you ever in Exeter?"

The traveler looked away from the woman. "Yes," he said. "I've been in Exeter."

There was a sound of wheels on the road outside. The woman's face became suddenly illumined with a glow of joy.

"That'll be the carrier's cart," she said. "Jim was coming by it." She ran to the door, and the damp air rushed into the room.

The traveler looked at the old grandfather. He was asleep. He touched the old man's withered hand, and his filmy eyes opened.

"What did you wake me up fer?" complained the old man.

"Jim's come," shouted the traveler, pointing to the door.

"Oh . . . well . . . " murmured the old man, and closed his eyes again. "It's a hard life," he mumbled, "breaks 'em body and soul."

The traveler looked curiously toward the door. His face was well in the shadow. He heard footsteps, and a sudden movement in the passage as though all their words were being stifled by an embrace, and only "mother," and "my son" escaped like little sobs.

Then the woman appeared leading a man by the hand. The traveler saw him with his shoulders bowed, his large hands hanging loosely by his side, and his face was bony and grim.

"This is my son," she said proudly. "This is Jim." And to her son she said. "It's a wayfarer who lost his way in the dark

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and rain . . . a gentleman. . . . He knows, Jim. Grandfather told him."

"Babbling old fool," the man muttered. "Why couldn't he keep his mouth shut?"

He went over to the old man.

"Better not wake him," his mother said. "Let him sleep."

"All right," said the son. He bent down to the puckered face. "He's changed a lot . . . he's got older," he said.

"And you," said the mother, "you have changed too, Jim." She took up his hand and fondled it. "Oh!" she cried. "How terrible they have made your hands. Rougher than they were. And your face is thin—so thin."

The traveler had not yet spoken. He did not wish to interfere with the home-coming. But now, when the mother took the kettle from the hob, and began to pour it into the teapot in preparation for their meal, he moved uneasily.

"I think I'd better be going," he said.

The son looked at him, at the sound of his voice. Then he looked away again, with a puzzled glance at his mother. She was busy cutting the bread with a long, thin knife. He passed his hand over his forehead, and laughed stupidly. The woman invited them to sit down at the table. "You take grandfather's place," she said to the traveler. "He'll wake up and have his tea later."

They sat round the table. The traveler was hungry, too hungry to notice that all through the meal the son was staring at him, peering at him beneath his heavy eyebrows. The traveler ate lustily of the thick home-made bread, and the rich country butter.

Several times during the meal the woman spoke to her son, and at the sound of her voice he was seized with a momentary fit of trembling. His eyes had a cowed and beaten look in them. He used his knife and fork with peculiarly clumsy gestures, and once when the mother dropped her spoon with an inadvertent clatter against the saucer, he half rose from his seat at the noise.

"What was that?" he asked in a husky whisper, and then as if to reassure himself, he laughed. "It's my nerves," he said. There was no mirth in his laughter. "I'm not used to it all yet. . . . I still think I'm in that hell."

"Don't think of it, Jim," said the mother.

He put his hands before his eyes, for a moment.

The traveler spoke for the first time.

"You've paid the price like a man," he said solemnly. "You're still young and there are the years of your life to live."

The son lifted his head suddenly at the traveler's words. He

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tilted his head slightly on one side, and bent forward across the table, with the gesture of one listening intently for an echo.

"What did you say?" he said. And again he frowned.

"I said that you've paid the price—your punishment is over." His voice was slow and deep.

"There's something about you—" began the son, then he checked himself. "Mother," he said pushing his cup away. "I can't drink tea, fetch me a drop of whiskey. . . . it'll be the first since I left prison."

The mother got up with a sigh, and went into the little room at the side. When she had gone the son rose and crossing swiftly to the door, turned the key in the lock.

The traveler stood up from the table. His chair scraped on the floor, and the sound of it set the old grandfather nodding in semi-wakefulness. The man who had come back from prison lifted the lamp from the table and held it level with the traveler's face for a few seconds. Then he set it down, breathing heavily.

"I know you," he said in a hoarse voice. His nostrils dilated and the muscles of his face twitched. "I could have sworn I knew your face. . . . It was the last face I remember hating before I went down the steps to be shut away. . . . And when you spoke. . . . My God! I've heard the voice speaking always."

The traveler made a step forward. His face was suddenly white, "You're mad, my man," he said.

"If I'm mad—you and your cursed sentence drove me mad."

There was a knocking on the door. "Jim . . . Jim . . ." cried the mother. "Why have you locked the door?"

The son paid no attention to her. He stood glaring at the traveler, his eyes no longer dull, but burning with the rage of hate.

"Stand out of my way," said the traveler, making for the door.

And when he saw, in the traveler coming toward him with a menacing gesture, the judge who had sat in scarlet robes high in the Assizes court on that January day sentencing him, in a merciless, cold voice to death, the man who had returned from the horror of a living tomb wherein he had died daily for fifteen years leapt to the table. The long thin knife flickered like a flame in the air. The old grandfather woke up and screamed in his chair as he saw the traveler throw up his hands and fall face forward.

The door trembled and rattled with the mother's knocking.

"Jim!" she cried. "What was that?"

He threw the knife from him and went toward the door with slow steps.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE



THROUGHOUT this series of articles I am purposely avoiding the discussion of anything which is definitely *town planning*, so far as is possible in dealing with topics so closely related to it. For town planning is too big a subject to be treated as a side issue, and its introduction here would only tend to obscure the points which I have desired to make clear. It is impossible, however, to consider the planning of houses apart from laying out the areas on which they are to be built, just as it is impossible to consider the laying out of areas apart from the planning of houses to be built upon them. But I include only so much about laying out estates as seems absolutely necessary to a clear understanding of house-planning problems, and these are confined to residential areas.

For some time past the art of laying out such areas has been influenced by two ideals—first, the desire to secure at any cost the largest return for the land owner, and second, the ambition to produce certain architectural effects which would impress visitors. Our hope for the future of the art is that these ideals shall give way to a desire to produce the right sort of places to *live* in.

In the past, house designs have often been influenced by the need of securing good drainage systems and of effecting economies in the amount of cutting and banking required in forming roads. This has led to the lay-out being adapted to the contour of the land, which in its turn has developed a certain naturalness and sincerity of planning. But far too often those who have had the work in hand have considered how many building plots an estate might be divided into, instead of securing for each plot as many desirable features as possible. In such cases the need of preserving natural beauties has had little weight. Trees have been ruthlessly cut down wherever they presented difficulties in carrying out a plan, and historical associations have too often counted for nothing.

Let me illustrate the differences between an area laid out to impress the sightseer and an area planned so as to be a pleasant place in which to live. And in this connection it is well to keep in mind that a prime essential of good planning—though not the only one—is a proper relationship between the cost of development and the number of building plots created.

A conspicuous example of an area laid out solely for effect is Edinburgh "New Town." I have taken the section which includes parts of Abercrombie Place, Drummond Place, Dublin Street and Nelson Street (see Diagram One). Practically any part of this sec-



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE TO A COUNTRY STUDIO BUILDING
IN ENGLAND: FOR DETAIL FLOOR PLANS SEE DIAGRAM
THREE ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX: INTER-
IOR VIEWS GIVEN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY.



TWO VIEWS OF STUDIO, EXTERIOR OF WHICH IS GIVEN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF INGLENOK AND NORTH WINDOWS.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THIS STUDIO WAS ADDED TO AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE ALREADY BUILT: BY A CLEVER ARRANGEMENT OF CURTAINS SHEER NORTH LIGHT CAN BE HAD AND SUNLIGHT CAN BE ADMITTED OR EXCLUDED FROM THE WEST WINDOW: FOR DETAIL PLAN SEE DIAGRAM FOUR ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE



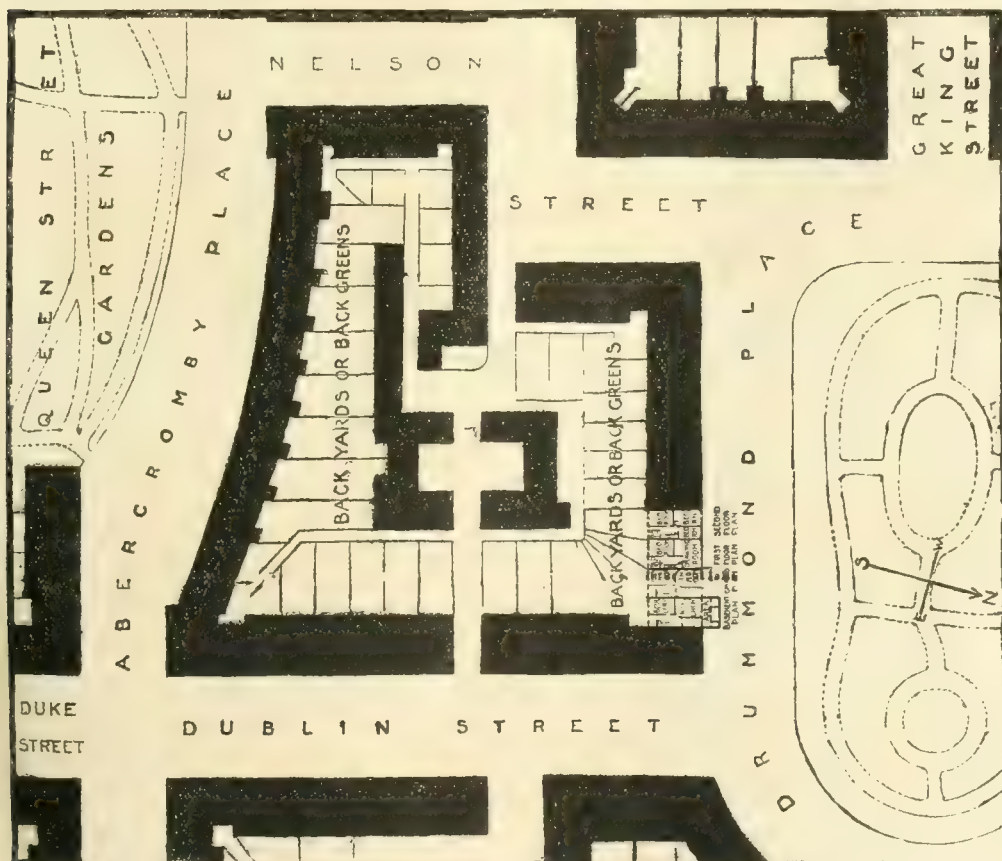
Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

VIEWS OF ENGLISH WEAVING WORKS: PLANS GIVEN
IN DIAGRAM FIVE ON PAGE THREE HUNDRED:
THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS STUDIO WITH NORTH
LIGHT AND INTERESTING INGLENOOK.

BUILDING FOR SUNLIGHT

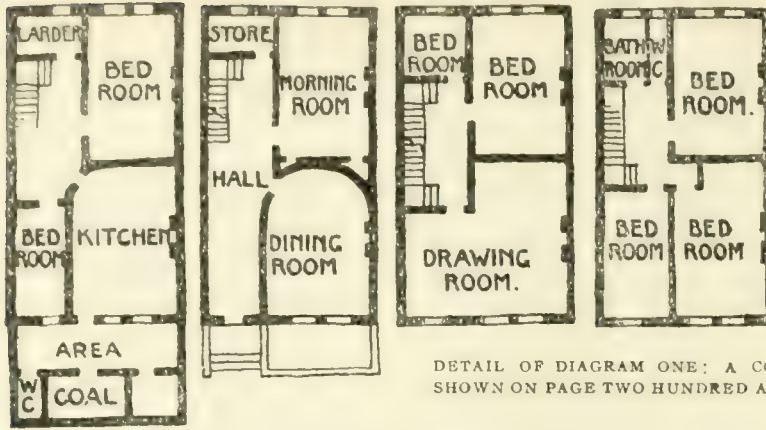
tion might have commanded a fine view to the north, but this has not been secured for any house. The only glimpses obtained of such a view are those vouchsafed to anyone passing along Dublin Street. A great proportion of the houses are so arranged that sunshine never enters their principal rooms. Dublin and Nelson Streets are so steep that one is surprised to see a horse climb them. All the rooms which do not face the streets overlook jumbles of back-yards or, as they are called in Edinburgh, "back greens." In the case of the many north-fronted houses, this is the sort of outlook provided for all rooms which receive any sunshine. This chaos of back greens, each surrounded by an eight-foot wall, offers a dreary outlook which almost defies description.

All this has been the result of striving for a certain impressiveness of exterior effect, even if it is dreary and forbidding, when all other considerations have been sacrificed to this aim. In THE



EDINBURGH "NEW TOWN": DIAGRAM ONE.

BUILDING FOR SUNLIGHT



PLAN OF
A TYPICAL
HOUSE IN
EDINBURGH,
"NEW
TOWN."

DETAIL OF DIAGRAM ONE: A COMPLETE DIAGRAM
SHOWN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE.

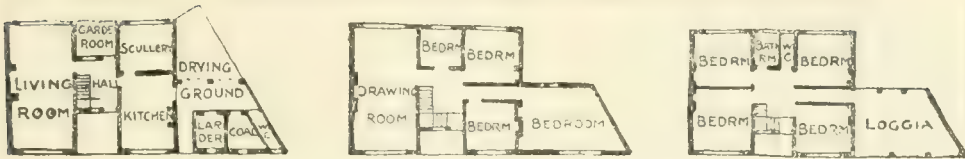
CRAFTSMAN for November, nineteen hundred and eleven, I gave an example of a single house planned to produce a certain external appearance, regardless of the comfort and convenience of the interior, and the sacrifices which this method of designing entailed were pointed out. And in Edinburgh "New Town" we see the discomforts inflicted on the inhabitants by the application of the same methods on a more extensive scale.

Surely a sightseer would derive more pleasure from a district which impressed him as being pleasant to live in than he would if he felt only a balance of architectural masses expressing no living reality. And the inhabitants would certainly be only too glad if it were not necessary to adapt their lives and sacrifice their health and happiness to a superficial architectural scheme.

Diagram Two is put forward not as a seriously considered layout for this Edinburgh area, but only as a hint of the type of plan which *might* have occurred to the designer had his primary object been to create a pleasant district in which to live, instead of to make an impression of grandeur on the minds of visitors.

If such a plan as Diagram Two had been adopted, every house would look both down hill and up hill. The arrows show how almost all the important rooms on the area, even those least advantageously placed, would gain at least some glimpse of the extensive outlook northward,—enough at any rate to convey that "sense of a beyond," that feeling of not being completely "shut in" which so affects spirit and health. It will be noticed, too, that the few houses not commanding the north view would still secure an extensive outlook in some other direction. All living rooms and many bedrooms would have ample sunshine. No room would be doomed to look out over backyards; instead, each would overlook a garden. Each

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PLAN FOR TYPICAL HOUSE IN DIAGRAM TWO

house would be "double-fronted," and each front would overlook a garden "place."

Imagine the difference such a plan would make in the lives of those, for instance, who occupy houses on the north side of Drummond Place. Instead of drawing rooms and dining rooms facing north, getting no sun and overlooking only the confines of the "place," all these rooms would look out south over another garden "place" and north away to the hills.

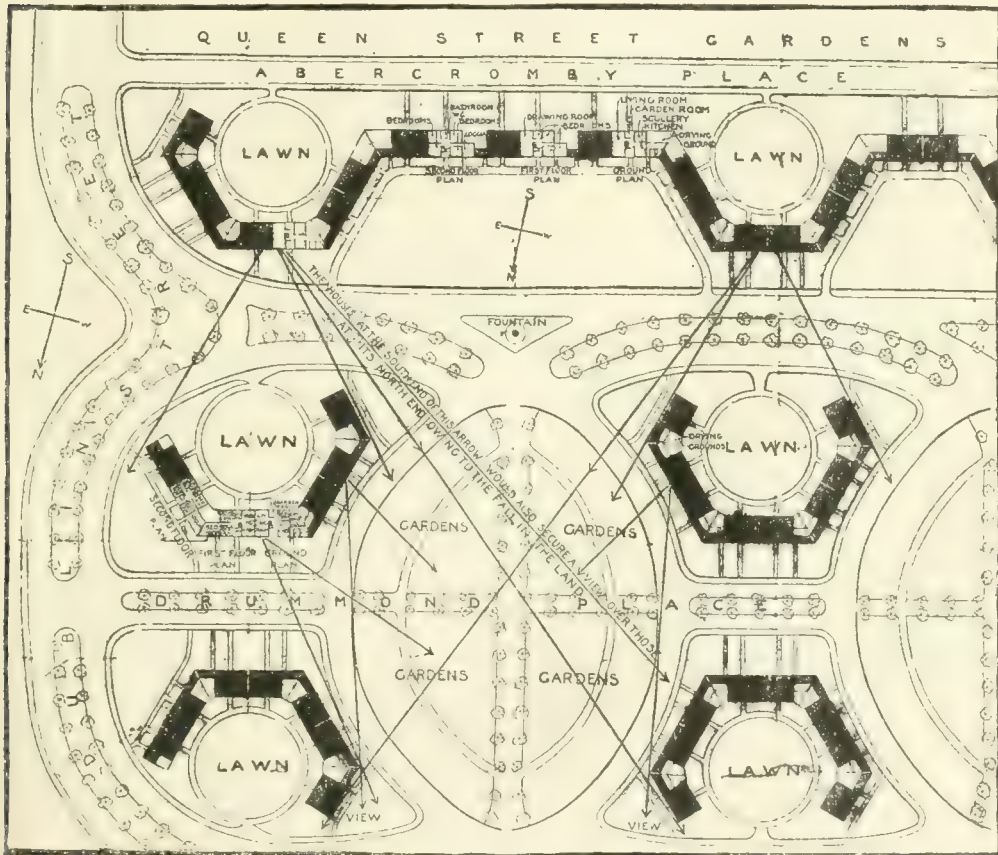
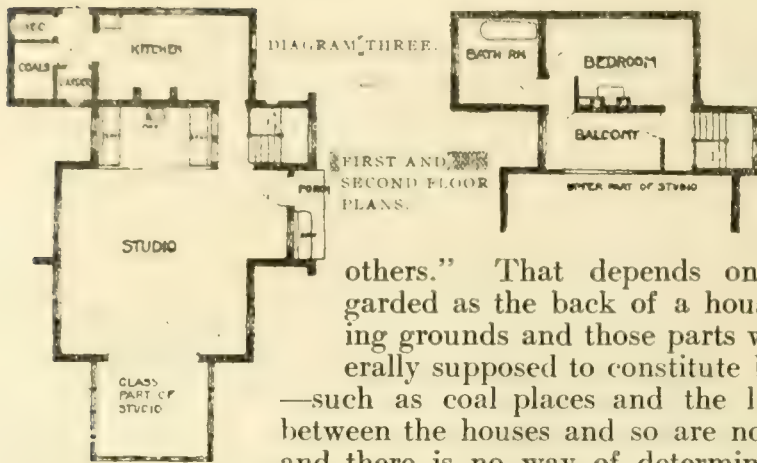


DIAGRAM TWO: HOW MR. PARKER WOULD HAVE PLANNED THE AREA SHOWN IN DIAGRAM ONE.

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The superficial observer might say here: "But some houses would overlook the backs of

others." That depends on what is regarded as the back of a house. The drying grounds and those parts which are generally supposed to constitute back premises—such as coal places and the like—all come between the houses and so are not overlooked, and there is no way of determining, from the

character of the rooms which look out on one side or another, which side might be termed the back.

In such a plan as that shown in Diagram Two, there would be none of those excessive gradients in certain streets in "New Town" which have been the result of the imposition of a plan not based sufficiently on the contour of the land. Nor would this plan demand that a smaller number of houses be built. The land falls very sharply toward the north, so that many of the trees shown on my sketch might be allowed to grow quite tall, for the houses would be so placed as to command a view above the trees.

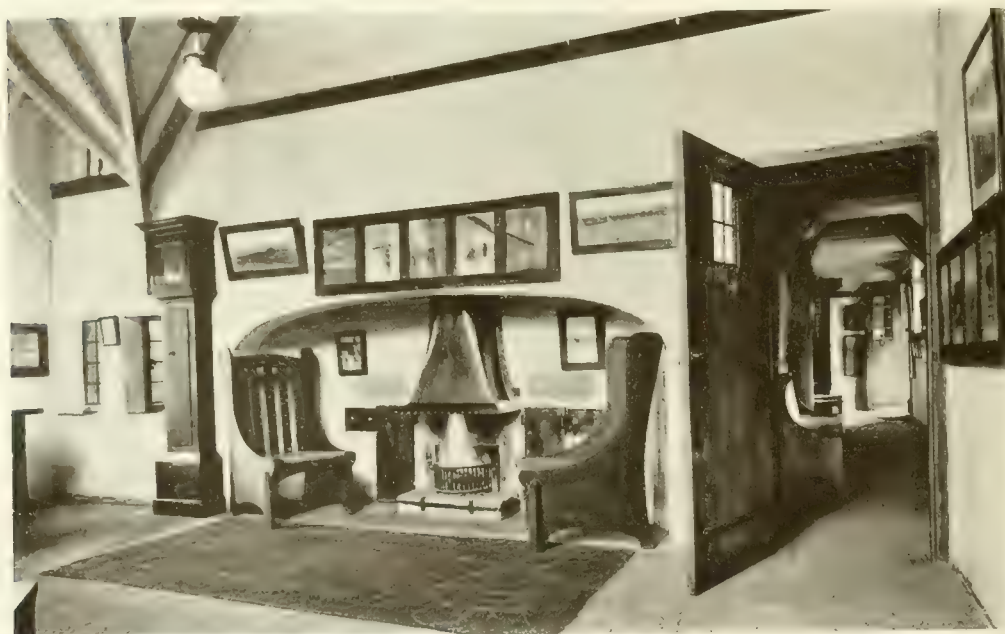
In this part of Edinburgh as it exists today, a tenant has at best the choice of remaining indoors or of going into a public garden. No tenant has any private place in which he may enjoy the open air, unless he succumbs to the attractions of his back green, and this he never seems to do. The loggias on the top floors indicated in my suggestion would provide him with open-air facilities combining attractiveness and privacy, and garden rooms would also tempt him out of doors. The loggias would also afford opportunities for a logical application of the classical orders and the colonnades supporting the roofs, instead of the existing illogical application, as these classic features merely strengthen walls which obviously do not require any more support than the adjoining walls, which are not so reinforced. Also, such an arrangement would give happy architectural effects of solid and space, light and shade, which are quite lost in the present structure.

In some types of architecture one feels that the designer, in planning the exterior, has conceded—as an unfortunate necessity—that there must be rooms for people to live in behind his architec-



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

TWO VIEWS OF AN ENGLISH STUDIO, THE UPPER ONE SHOWING INTERESTING APPROACH AND THE LOWER ONE SHOWING THE STUDIO NORTH
 LIGHT: DETAIL FLOOR PLAN SHOWN ON PAGE THREE HUNDRED.



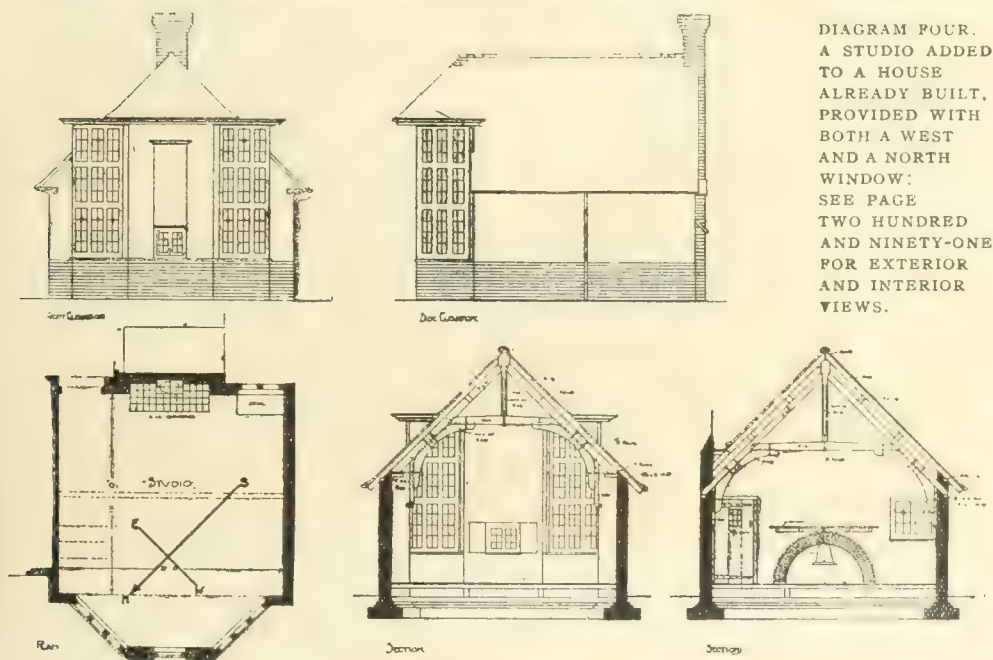
TWO VIEWS OF STUDIO SHOWN ON PRECEDING PAGE, THE UPPER ONE A DETAIL OF NORTH LIGHT AND THE LOWER ONE A DETAIL OF INGLENOOK WITH MOVABLE SEATS

BUILDING FOR SUNLIGHT

tural composition. While in Edinburgh "New Town" this impression is not so definite as in some instances, there must still be a vague hint of this in the mind of an impartial observer. Emphasis is not placed where it is needed to express the facts. Expense and elaboration are applied to the middle and end houses of a terrace, not because they contain more important apartments than the other houses or that more distinguished people are to live in them, but solely because they are the middle and end houses.

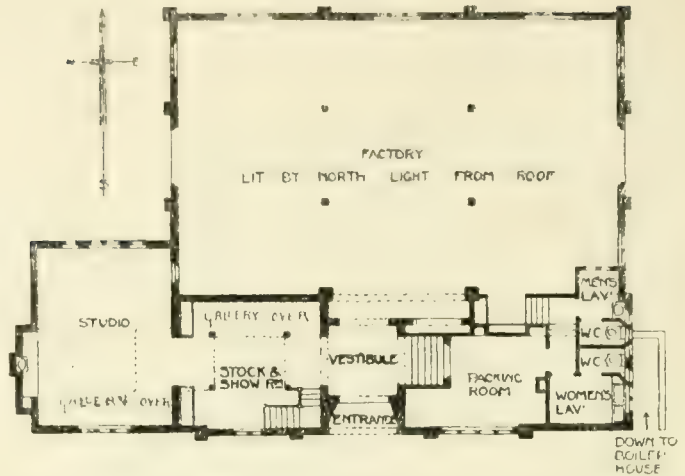
Edinburgh "New Town" has the charm of rhythm and cadence. But just as rhythm and cadence will not produce poetry if applied to words in a way that obscures their meaning, so they will not produce good architecture if applied in a way which does not express the facts. And it is just as true in architecture as it is in poetry, that emphasis applied without regard to meaning usually results in absurdity.

Our consideration of residential areas leads us to the conclusion that right architectural composition is most likely to be attained if we plan our houses with cheerful and sunny outlooks. The next thing to be considered is the planning of a class of buildings which are best when lit from the north. To this class belong factories, workshops and studios. But is it really true that all sunlight should be excluded even from the studio and workshop? A steady north



BUILDING FOR SUNLIGHT

DIAGRAM FIVE
IN ORDER TO
SECURE ADE-
QUATE LIGHT-
ING IN THE
WEAVING
WORKS, IT WAS
THOUGHT JUS-
TIFIABLE TO
PLACE THE
BUILDING AT A
SLIGHT ANGLE
TO THE
SURROUNDING
ROADS.



light, and any amount of it, is essential, of course, and it should be admitted by windows which face due north. If the windows be turned the least bit toward east or west, the worker will be disturbed by the admission of sunlight. But need these be the only windows in the rooms? We must remember that studios and workshops are, after all, living rooms, and that no living room can be healthy if the life-giving and germ-destroying rays of the sun never enter it. I believe that such minor windows for the admission of sunlight may be introduced so as not to interfere at all with the proper "studio lighting" of the rooms, or introduce undesirable "cross lights" where only a north light is required.

Several studios and workshops having such windows are given here, and I am sure no one of the occupants has derived anything but benefit from them. If, however, these windows had created difficulties, they could easily have been closed by shutters inside or outside or by a heavy curtain drawn whenever light from that direction was not wanted.

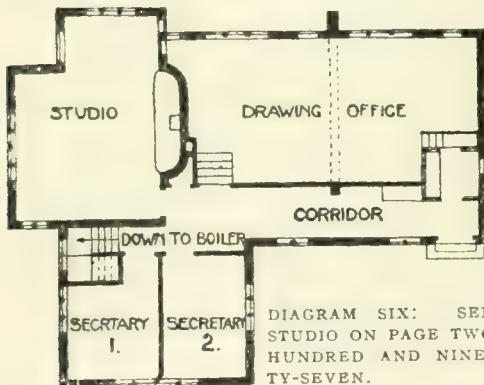


DIAGRAM SIX: SEE
STUDIO ON PAGE TWO
HUNDRED AND NINE-
TY-SEVEN.

Some people contend that studios and workshops are always best lit from the roof. As a matter of fact, studios which are not exceptionally large may be almost as effectively lit by a big window in the north wall, provided the room is lofty enough to allow the window to be carried up high. But for large

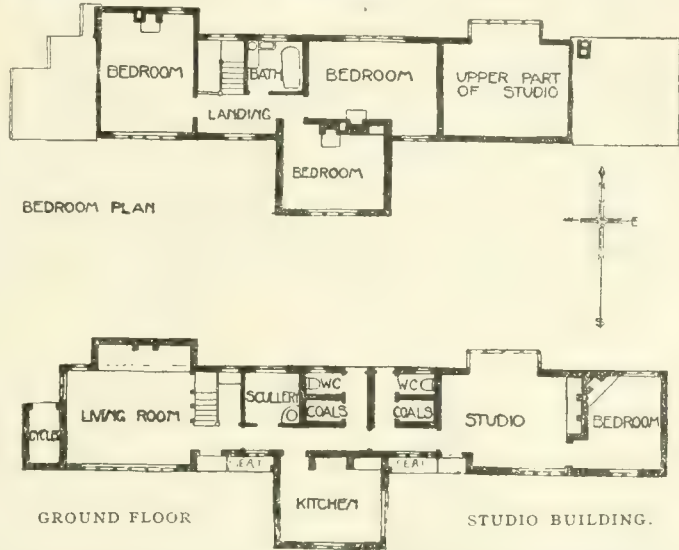
BUILDING FOR SUNLIGHT



AN ENGLISH STUDIO BUILDING WITH INTERESTING LIGHTING AND ARRANGEMENT OF FLOOR PLANS.

workshops no lighting has yet been found to equal that from glass in the north slopes of the roofs, provided these slopes fall to the north absolutely and not the least degree east or west of north.

In order to secure such lighting in the weaving works illustrated here, it was thought justifiable to place the building at a slight angle to the surrounding roads. In the case of the studio illustrated by Diagram Four and the accompanying photographs, it was not possible to turn the studio so that any wall came due north, because this room was added to a house that had already been built. My client had suffered from the disadvantages of a studio which had its window facing a few degrees west of north. At the end of the day, when he was pressing forward to finish his work before dark, around came the sun and shone in upon him, so the idea of not having a due north window could not be entertained. However, the arrangement shown here was hit upon as a way out of the difficulty, and has proved entirely satisfactory. Heavy curtains are provided at the west window, so that sunlight can be admitted or excluded at desire, and pure north light may be had when the work demands.



HANDICRAFT IN TODAY'S CIVILIZATION: A SURVEY OF CONDITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA



THE CRAFTSMAN feels that there can be no progress without craftsmanship, and no good craftsmanship that does not result in progress. Hence we are seeking everywhere for signs of progress, not only along our own lines of work in the development of Craftsman houses, Craftsman furniture and Craftsman fittings, but out over all the world. Whatever is making for greater real beauty in the lives of the people, for a more harmonious simplicity in home surroundings, for more actual comfort, more inherent peace and deeper spirituality, we give place and hearty welcome in THE CRAFTSMAN.

This has often been called an essentially American magazine. We are, in fact, deeply and permanently interested in all the achievement of our own land, in a more complete development of its art, in its hope for a greater civic beauty, in the betterment of daily life, in a wider understanding and sympathy for and a wiser use of the crafts; we are watching politics and hoping they may grow into statesmanship; all phases of our civilization are of vital importance to us, and so we are in reality first and foremost American. And the more we study this country, the more we discuss its development, the more fully we realize that America is becoming a battleground for the biggest art, civic and political struggles of the world, and that the great history of the century is in process of making all about us.

We have always felt that a right understanding and a presentation of American activities could not be accomplished without a far survey of the progressive conditions in other lands. This search for knowledge and for a more general understanding of craft conditions has been typical of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine since its inception. Shortly after the first number was issued, Mr. Stickley decided to make a special study of craft work in England and on the Continent. This trip was taken at the time when Art Nouveau was first establishing its claims as an art inspiration all over Europe. It was difficult even then to find furniture, pottery, jewelry or architecture that was not more or less overgrown with the blight of Secession eccentricities. In the course of his travels, seeking for whatever was inherently good, Mr. Stickley had the opportunity in England of talking over the arts and crafts problem at length with Mr. Charles F. A. Voysey, and when he returned to America he brought home specimens of this craftsman's work, which at the time was regarded as the most significant and individual in England.



THE PICTURESQUE HOUSE AND LOVELY OLD GARDEN OF A LACE-MAKER AT ASPLEY GUISE. AN OLD STREET IN BAINBRIDGE, IRELAND, WHERE THE HAND LOOMS ARE STILL USED.



MR. AND MRS. NELSON, FAMOUS WEAVERS OF HAND-MADE IRISH
DAMASK.



A LINE OF PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES AT BAINBRIDGE, WHERE
SOME OF THE BEST HAND-MADE LINEN IN IRELAND IS WOVEN.

A REVIEW OF HANDICRAFTS HERE AND ABROAD

In Paris he met and knew Lalique, and found his achievement almost the only real expression of craft beauty which France could then offer, if one excepted the work of the Maison Bing, which although touched by Art Nouveau, as indeed was Lalique, still had genuine and exquisite feeling for color and line. It was this finer vision of craft beauty that enabled both of these men to establish a style of their own in craft work.

In Germany the matter seemed even more hopeless to Mr. Stickley. It was hard to find anywhere in use the old German models which had so interested and inspired him in the beginning of his furniture work. All furniture and fittings were expressing the new idea, the New Art, in spite of its being merely an extraordinary fungous growth which had never for a moment thrust roots deep into life.

A FEW years later, when Miss Sargent, one of the early editors of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, undertook a pilgrimage to Europe in the interest of our periodical, Art Nouveau was at its very height, a fact which greatly limited Miss Sargent's accomplishment on the Continent and in England, for the New Art carried little interest for the magazine, and the work of the older artists had at that time already been somewhat widely presented. She found, however, still lingering in England the inspiration of Morris' great achievement; also, she made a very special study of the more formal workers in porcelains and potteries, both on the Continent and in the British Isles. Eventually, the result of her travel was published in a series of interesting articles in the magazine. But the complete summing up of her experiences held no permanent value, either for Mr. Stickley's periodical or for the art world at large; for neither England nor the Continent seemed to be developing modern ideas, and on the other hand, they were not holding close to the ideals of the most vigorous of the old craft workers. Everywhere Miss Sargent found in the fine arts and in the industrial arts, whimsicality, eccentricity, hyperelegance.

Oddly enough at this very time in America we were hearing of "the revival of craft work in England, Scotland, France, Austria and Hungary." Unfortunately it was then, as it has been to a great extent since, a "revival" of forced interest. The Governments and certain societies had decided to have revivals in craft work, regardless of the needs or desires of the simpler folk. The nations were fearful that they were losing beauty in their daily life. They were afraid that conditions were becoming too sordid, or too material. There was a very real desire for beauty, but a very illogical course was taken to bring about its development when it was decided that

A REVIEW OF HANDICRAFTS HERE AND ABROAD

the rural people should be made craftsmen whether they wanted to or not. And so the growth was exotic to a degree, without much more real rooting in the soil than Art Nouveau had had.

Before another trip abroad was made for the magazine, Mr. Stickley had created in America the Society of the United Crafts, and under the auspices of this Society several interesting exhibitions were held from time to time in the Craftsman Building in Syracuse, New York. These meetings brought together collections of the very best handicraft work that America had produced. Interesting specimens of pottery were exhibited, fine fabrics were shown, iron work, jewelry, were sent from all over the United States. Examples of modern basket weaving were on hand. There were metal and leather work, clever pieces of cabinetwork, ceramics, stained glass, bookbinding, book-cover designs, book plates, and even interesting productions from various printing presses were to be seen. During the exhibitions prominent workers in the crafts of this country addressed the people who had gathered together to cultivate finer artistic ideals and to gain more practical knowledge for their crafts. In every way the effort was made to have these exhibitions as representative and significant as possible, yet in the course of several years Mr. Stickley felt that the result was not vital enough, that the work being shown from time to time was more or less imitative of the beautiful antiques and that the American effort in handicraft work was being thwarted, as it was in Europe, by the influence of Art Nouveau, that as yet our people did not seem to possess the real spirit of the craftsman. And he began to realize that when people want houses and furniture, pottery and fabrics suited their own ideals and interests, want them adapted to their houses and beautifully made, then only will the craft spirit stir within them, that unless they are making these things for themselves, or encouraging the making of them for themselves and for others, unless they feel the necessity of them and the value of them, it is impossible to hope for the birth of that creative spirit which is essential for the progress of handicrafts.

LATER on in the history of the magazine, some three years ago, Mr. Stickley, always hopeful of the progress of beauty in one land or another, arranged for a member of THE CRAFTSMAN staff, Mrs. MacDonald, to visit the British Isles in search of the good things in art. He was especially anxious at this time to find out just what was being accomplished in the way of modern embroideries for household fittings; interesting weaves in linens and silks also appealed to him, and he hoped for some great inspiration along these lines among the hand weavers and craft workers in Ireland and Scot-

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land. Mrs. MacDonald's visit was practically spent in the special places in the British Isles where such work was being done. In England she found an interesting little colony of lace-makers at Aspley Guise in Bedfordshire, where the making of fine cushion laces had been traditional labor among the people since the time of Henry the Eighth. But even where some comfort for the people depended upon this one industry, she realized that its progress was in the hands of the older people, that the younger people did not want to sit in the picturesque little doorways, holding wide cushions on their knees and deftly moving fine threads over the pins. They accepted the laces as beautiful heirlooms and hurried away to London to work and live in more modern fashion.

In Scotland Mrs. MacDonald had interesting experiences among the weavers of the Harris tweeds. The old men and the women crowded out to meet anyone from the "new country" and told her all about the heather dyes used in their beautiful wool stuffs, of the making of the colors and the odor gained from the smoke of the peat fires. But here, as at Aspley Guise, she found the industry was in the hands of the older people or the very poor, and the doing of it was not a matter of vital interest or joy, but it was in part tradition and part weakness, the inability to avail themselves of the new and more profitable opportunities of the younger generation. There was much of interest in this old craft work, but not much hope or inspiration among the workers.

While in England Mrs. MacDonald visited Edward Carpenter, hoping that she could gain from him some inspiring ideas in relation to the progress of the arts and crafts. But Mr. Carpenter saw for this phase of development in England as for all others, but one solution,—the political success of Socialism, the reorganization of the people under different controlling influences. And yet as he talked sincerely and spiritedly about this reorganization it seemed to be one for politics rather than for industrial betterment.

In London Mrs. MacDonald found that the hand embroideries, which were few enough, were always expensive and that little in the way of real progress was shown later than the time of Morris. The best of the modern house fittings all owed their beauty to his courage and taste. While each of the little London craft workers seemed struggling not so much for the progress of the industrial arts as for his or her small individual success, seeking for the utmost financial return and yet pinning capacity for success on the glory of England's one great modern craftsman. At the time of Mrs. MacDonald's visit the Secession influences were ceasing to be felt among the English architects and craft workers. The architects had liberated them-

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selves completely, and their work seemed the one significant, sincere art impulse of the nation. Englishmen had commenced to build houses as real, as personal, as beautiful for modern more democratic conditions as centuries ago they had realized in their great stone piles the need and the sense of beauty of Mediæval times. If, as has been said, the Englishman's home is always his castle, surely we are getting more and more to believe that even the Englishman's castle may also be a genuine home.

In the English public schools Mrs. MacDonald also found a more progressive spirit in relation to the proper training of the English artisans. It seems in a way, as though, with the decline of the smaller societies for the promotion of the industrial arts, the effort were being made all over England to improve the standing of the artisan, so that the trade workers should be more highly trained for and more interested in their own method of gaining a livelihood.

During the past few years Mr. Stickley has seen, as have all those who are especially interested in the progress of the fine and industrial arts, that a change is taking place both on the Continent, in England and here. The overwhelming and disintegrating influence of Secession Art has been passing away. What would come in its place (for there is always some sprouting art impulse in every nation, primitive or civilized) was a matter of the profoundest interest to THE CRAFTSMAN.

MR. STICKLEY realized from a close observation of years that real progress was being made in America along certain lines; namely in domestic architecture and house furnishings. As the development of these two phases of essential art are in line with what Mr. Stickley has been working for from the beginning of his career, his interest has been great. All over the country he found a growth in domestic architecture which was little short of phenomenal,—houses being built not merely as in the past, elaborately for the rich and badly for the poor, but wisely and prudently and beautifully for the great mass of people who in America have moderate means with cultivated intelligence. He found that the vogue for imitation Period furniture was beginning to pass away; he found the people who were building simple, beautiful houses insisting upon harmonious, comfortable and simple furniture, and with the furniture a demand for fabrics, metal work and potteries that proved to him that there was a stirring of the artistic impulse in all detail of house equipment.

When he sought to find the source of supplies for the furnishing of the new type of house in America, he did not find it in the schools



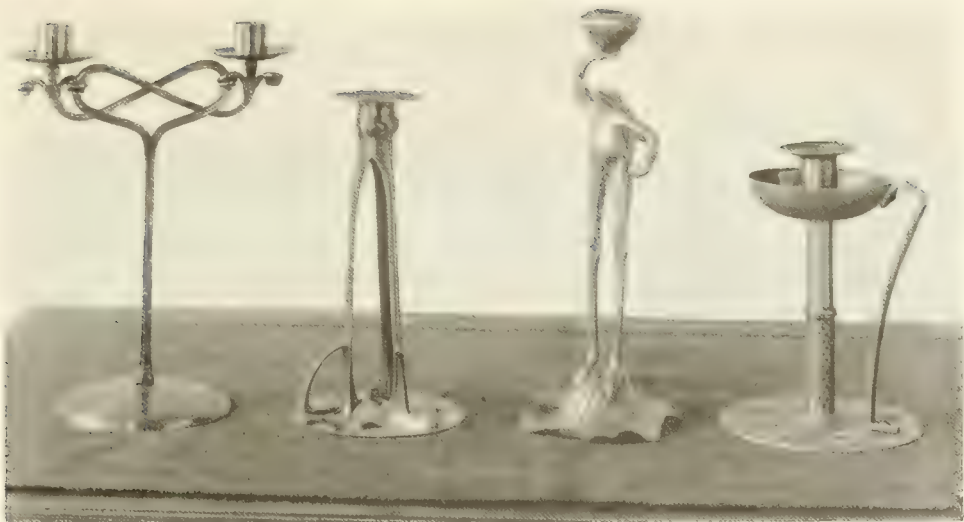
LIVING ROOM IN AN IRISH WEAVER'S COTTAGE: PROBABLY FEW BUTTER WEAVERS ARE LEFT IN IRELAND TODAY THAN THE OLD LADY BY THE FIREPLACE. AN IRISH LINEN WEAVER AT WORK ON ONE OF THE OLD RAINBRIDGE HAND LOOMS



MODERN POTTERY FROM THE PROVINCE OF FLANDERS. THE TONES ARE PALE VIOLET AND GREEN AND THE MODELS ARE ALL TAKEN FROM OLD PEASANT DESIGNS



MODERN GREEN BELGIAN POTTERY, THE OUTGROWTH OF AN OLD PEASANT HANDICRAFT: THE TRAY ON WHICH THIS POTTERY IS GROUPED IS ONE OF THE NEW WOODEN ENGLISH TRAYS WITH WILLOW BORDER.



MODERN METAL CANDIESTICKS—BEGINNING AT THE LEFT, AN EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH HAND WORK, A MODERN JAPANESE MODEL, BELGIAN BRASS AND COPPER DESIGN AND BELGIAN FACTORY WORK.



A COLLECTION OF MODERN POTTERY FROM OLD PEASANT MODELS: BEGINNING AT THE LEFT, A RUSSIAN PEASANT BOWL, SWISS PEASANT PITCHER, TURKISH TRAY MADE BY THE PEOPLE, AUSTRIAN REPRODUCTION FROM AN ANTIQUE DESIGN AND PORTUGUESE ORIGINAL PEASANT DESIGN.



A COLLECTION OF MODERN POTTERY FROM FRANCE, ENGLAND AND BELGIUM, SHOWING THE MOST INTERESTING DESIGNS AND FINISH IN THE NEW LUSTER WARE.



ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT BEDSPREAD IN EXISTENCE: THERE ARE OVER TWENTY-FOUR STITCHES IN THE DRAWN WORK DESIGNS AND BORDERS: A MODEL WHICH THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS ARE STILL MAKING OUT IN THE REMOTE COUNTRY WITH VARIATIONS ACCORDING TO THE TASTE OF THE WORKER

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or the colleges or to any great extent in the art societies, but rather in the hands of the individual here and there through the country, who were meeting a practical and definite interest in and desire for good craftsmanship. He discovered that Mrs. Albee was making her most interesting and valuable American rugs in the hills of New Hampshire, that fabrics of unusual beauty of texture and color were being woven by the people in the little village of Berea in Kentucky. He found Mr. Walrath designing and executing his own potteries in a little New England town, and Mrs. Butterworth carving wood panels in her studio in New York. He discovered that Professor Pellew was perfecting modern dyes that were the equal in color and permanency to the most interesting of the old vegetable products, and so on, from studio to studio and from individual to individual. Everywhere it seemed to him there was a widening interest in creating beautiful home environment, creating it out of existing conditions, making the needs of one set of people the opportunities for another.

Finding so genuine and sincere an awakening in the art impulse of this country, Mr. Stickley desired once more to investigate conditions in the British Isles and on the Continent, and to discover for himself what was the aftermath of Art Nouveau, what new and interesting art development might be found pushing its way up from the soil to hide the scars left where Secession eccentricities and obscenities had flourished, and died. Surely, he thought, new things must have sprouted quickly and grown beautifully over these waste places in Germany, France, England and Belgium, and all these good things must hold inspiration for the earnest workers of our own land. He hoped to find houses that the people needed for their comfort and convenience, that would make their children contented and interested; to find decorations which were suited to these houses, the outgrowth of their structure, and furniture that would last as long as the houses did, and, of course, all the details of the houses once more being made beautiful by interested craftsmen. And the painters, he trusted, and the sculptors, were adorning the land with their own visions of truth, that the people's imagination might be touched and their hearts made sympathetic through an understanding of the vision.

BUT when Miss Fanton, our latest representative, went over last December, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort was to be found. Art Nouveau was more or less on the wane, but in its place the land was not filled with moving and kindly beauty. To be sure, many societies and factories were turning out quantities of elaborate decorations for the newly rich who craved elaboration,

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fragile and expensive wares were being produced, showy tapestries were being made, the members of craft societies were charging fabulous prices for not always beautiful products, but the great thriving, splendid creative art impulse had not yet been born again. The best work to be found in England, France, Belgium, Bavaria, were the close replicas of the old peasant potteries and porcelains, fabrics and embroideries.

Russia was one of the rare places where the peasants themselves were still doing interesting and beautiful things. This was also true to a certain extent in Hungary. Austria was reproducing a great many of her ornaments and household fittings from peasant models, the factories and the art societies vying with each other in copying antique designs which have been gathered and put in the museums and held as precious curiosities. Occasionally in Austria the peasant designs were being combined with Egyptian ideas in architecture and in decorative effects. In Hungary also was found the touch of Art Nouveau and of Egypt, but mainly their crafts today seem the outgrowth of the crafts of yesterday, with the result that there is nothing more interesting on the Continent than the handicraft work seen in the Hungarian shops.

The so-called *original* modern house furnishings, the fabrics, the brasses and the bronzes, the porcelains, were with but few exceptions without interest or life, made to sell, not to last; their inspiration financial, not artistic. The designers and the manufacturers apparently no longer think of the industrial arts in relation to practical life. No one plans to have joy out of their making, or to gain joy from their use. And the result is that they take their place as one more fad of the hour, which crops up for a brief unimportant moment, and as swiftly dies.

In a few instances, mainly along the coast of France and the adjacent country, the craft ideal of the peasants has projected itself into the factory work; that is to say, the same models, the same ideals have been moved from the houses to the factory, and the potteries which are especially the product of this part of the country, are still being made by the people for the people. They are also practical and simple and inexpensive, because they are needed and liked, because they are an expression of the people and their purposes. In Belgium there is today a so-called modern pottery, as there is in the province of Flanders, and the beauty of these products is that they are the actual outgrowth of the old peasant art. Fortunately, the simplest forms are still adhered to, and as the people of this region are more or less of a sea-faring turn of mind, the potteries are in the richest tones, for the folk who live close to the

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sea—practically always crave colors which the dampness and the mists sweeping in from the ocean cannot hide or deface. There is little variation in the patterns of these potteries; what design there is seems inherent in the outline. Delightful, humorous animals seem to meet with the greatest favor. Funny mice creep in and out of the edge on great flower bowls. Porringer dishes for the family service are ornamented with grotesque birds and flower forms, and one fancies how greatly they must amuse the little Belgian babies.

While practically all of the modern pottery from Flanders is rich in color, usually a vivid green, some of the newer Belgian craft-work shows a combination of pale mauves and greens, and though the use of the color is very simple and primitive, the tones are often exquisitely blended, as one would fancy in an early spring sunset, half-hidden with mists.

There is a rumor that the Brittany ware with its interesting gray and coffee colored grounds and its delightfully naïve decoration will soon be crushed out of existence by the inroad of cheap foreign factory productions. Brittany potteries have retained their fresh, naïve flavor of the early peasant work more completely and beautifully than almost any other Continental craft work. It is little short of a tragedy in the craft world that the imitative, vulgar ex-crescence of today should force out of existence a work so satisfactory to the peasant people and so interesting to art lovers the world over.

In England, Scotland and Ireland Miss Fanton found the interest in potteries as in other practical handicrafts, very largely on the decline. To be sure, the clack of the old hand-made looms is still to be heard in the little Irish villages, and the most beautiful linens and fine damasks are still being woven by the old peasants in these bare but picturesque houses. But little by little even these small industries are falling into the hands of the power looms, and it is almost impossible to buy a yard of hand-made linen from the Irish weaver who makes it. He will only shake his head and refer you to the agent to whom the lovely fabrics are sent and who controls the sales.

Some of the pictures which we are showing in this issue of the magazine were taken in the streets of Bainbridge, Ireland, where weaving is done in the old-fashioned ways on the oldest of hand looms, but with all the beauty and picturesqueness of the streets and the houses and the gentle, simple people, there is felt the atmosphere of sadness which forever emanates from the factory control of human industries. And lovely old Bainbridge figures in one's memory as the end of a phase of industrial art, which it seems impossible to save under existing commercial conditions.

A REVIEW OF HANDICRAFTS HERE AND ABROAD

In traveling over Ireland Miss Fanton found although the peasants were poor and the industrial conditions so handicapped by lack of finances that whatever is undertaken more likely than not brings financial and civic complications, yet in spite of all, that Ireland still holds her imagination, her love of poetry, her capacity for writing stirring drama, her interest in all that is beautiful and wonderful in the world of romance.

In search of the Scotch linens, Miss Fanton visited Dunfermline, the center of the industry. Here, as in many other of the manufacturing towns of Scotland, she found the factory built as castles have always been, on the brow of the hill, and so well built that it seems a part of the landscape. In Dunfermline the output is mainly of the fine Scotch damask; while in quaint and pretty Kirkcaldy the plain coarse linens are woven. The factory at Kirkcaldy also rises up on the edge of the hills, and the road to Kirkcaldy from Edinburgh is beautiful. Mostly it runs along the Firth of Forth.

It is odd that while the hand work is so rapidly disappearing from all over the face of the British Isles, not so many years ago several Irish weavers were taken over to Flanders to teach the weaving on hand looms to the peasant people. And fortunately for the industries of Flanders and for the interest in hand work all over the world, these industries spread rapidly over the peasant country, until now no part of the Continent can furnish a finer, more beautiful linen than is sent from the hand looms of Flanders. The center of the hand-loom work in Belgium is now at Courtrai, where some of the finest French linens and beautiful hand embroidered filet nets are to be found.

Practically all the work done by the common folk of Russia is from the hand looms, each piece individual and interesting and unlike anything else that even the same weaver will ever do. Much of the Russian peasant weaving finds its way to London, as do the embroideries and the wood carvings. No large orders can ever be taken on this work, because, as has already been said, each piece is an individual expression of the interest and taste of one craftsman, and unhappily for our modern civilization, we mainly seem to want to duplicate things instead of finding fresh interest in a fresh individual outlook.

Miss Fanton succeeded in finding in the Russian shops some beautiful pieces of the old embroideries. One of the most interesting bedspreads is reproduced in this article. Dozens of stitches are found in this single piece of drawn work, and the pattern is that most often seen in Russian carving, embroidery, drawn work and metal

A REVIEW OF HANDICRAFTS HERE AND ABROAD

work, namely, the double-headed dragon of the Russian Imperial coat of arms.

In other illustrations given in this article we have sought to make clear how definitely the best work today on the Continent is alive with forms and designs of peasant workmanship, as it exists today or existed in the past. We are showing on page three hundred and eleven replicas of peasant faience from Russia, Austria, Portugal, France and Belgium. In many instances not only are the pottery and the porcelain made from old models, but the draperies, the tapestries, the carpets, the inlaid designs on furniture, the metal work used in these countries today are reproducing the old ideals of peasant handicrafts.

The result of Miss Fanton's travels and her careful investigations in the factories, in the home industries, in the life of the people, brings us back to the conclusion which we have so long held in the magazine and which seems an inevitable point of view, that handicraft can only succeed as the work of the people. It must be designed and developed by the people who need it and want it and love it. We cannot take craft work back to the people. Neither can societies of dilettante craft workers devise it to meet the whim of the rich. It is the expression of a more or less creative people of their actual needs and their joy in meeting their own wants. Wherever craft work has developed along these lines, it has been interesting, satisfactory and permanent in its hold on the people. What we can substitute for it, whether it will ever be possible to hold craft work into the life of the peasant people with the changes that civilization is bringing about in all primitive conditions, or whether we must face a certain generation of factory conditions, without interest and without beauty, time alone can decide.

On the Continent the situation appears more or less hopeless. It seems impossible to recreate live art patterns on dead social fabrics. In America there are so many people who so much desire beautiful and interesting surroundings in their lives, that it is possible craft workers will spring up to meet these needs, and because they have a definite object will also produce work of definite interest and beauty. We cannot but feel after this fourth survey of Continental conditions that the great hope for a simple yet beautiful existence lies in this country, for the reason that America is still in the process of growing, and while a nation is alive and progressing, conditions suitable for art development are sure to be found. The growth of the arts, especially of the industrial art, seems to be always concurrent with the actual development of social vitality. As a nation approaches the more formal and

SUCCESS

classic period of its existence, the heart atrophies and beauty is hidden under gray veils. It is rather in newer lands with all their progress and blunders, with all their joys and difficulties, with all their crudenesses and vitalities, that art flourishes. And while America is beginning to be a little matronly in actual years, in the development of her social life she is young, a child. All phases of her life are at present undergoing tremendous reconstruction and reorganization. So swift and so many are the changes that out of this surging life is apt to blossom the beauty which belongs to the vital growth of a nation.

SUCCESS

THEY speak not true who say that I am fame
Or wealth or high position or the gem
That glitters in the gorgeous diadem
Of royalty; I bide not in the name
Burnished with blood or builded up of blame
In whole or part; and not for them
The truth and beauty in my garments' hem
Who love dishonor or the kiss of shame.

But I am one with all the multitude
Of souls who find in their hearts' honest beat
That life is good; I dwelt amidst the herds
Of Abraham in hearts of shepherds rude—
I was the Christ at toil 'mongst shavings sweet;
The good Saint Francis preaching to the birds!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHY MORE FRENCH ART IN AMERICA?

WHY MORE FRENCH ART IN AMERICA?

IT seems that America's newly awakened art impulse has quickened the affection of the French nation, and quite recently a committee of busy French gentlemen have come over here to see about it.

Many of us can easily remember the time when unless a house or a garden or a painting was labeled "French" and "imported" it had no interest for the people with money to spend, even those of us who did not know much about French art insisted upon the all-important Parisian label. We had no interest in American productions; we had never for a moment considered the possibility of American art. We were satisfied that our Colonial houses should be Greek, our Colonial paintings English, and everything in modern life French. Naturally, this not only was very bad for America, but extremely satisfactory and beneficial to France. We became a source of rich revenue to the French artists and merchants to an extent probably not realized by them or by us until within the last decade the tide began to turn. A change of heart set in in this country. We began to waken; our imaginations were touched by the beauty of our own land, and our spirits were quickened toward the possibilities of the development of an art which would belong to us, sacred to our country.

This revolution naturally came about very slowly, is by no means an accomplished fact even now. And yet the condition is probably more widespread than we have realized. At least it is sufficiently general to have alarmed the French nation, and while we here in America are just congratulating ourselves that we at last have time or impulse to think of the development of national styles in architecture, painting, even in ways of living, the French people have suddenly discovered that not only has their financial loss been increasing year by year since the beginning of our national art life awakening, but that they are likely to lose us almost wholly as a source of revenue unless something very significant is done to concentrate once more the interest of the rich American on French production.

And because we are interesting to France, not only as comrades and friends, but as

an important source of revenue, we find a committee of gentlemen coming over to visit us, and telling us that we are such nice people that they are going to give us a French museum of art, which will be created by the French Institute of the United States, which will be a branch of the Comité France-Amérique, with headquarters in New York. They are doing all this that the bond between us may be nearer and dearer, that we may understand their unselfish love for us and their desire to share with America whatever is beautiful and interesting in France.

This committee of gentlemen brings us a bronze by Rodin for the Champlain Committee. This is very interesting, so far as it goes. Anything Rodin does should be of interest to America, for he is not only a great artist, but a great democrat, and we should receive such a gift in the appreciative spirit I picture France would manifest if a bronze of George Grey Barnard were made as a gift to the city of Paris. But the point which is of essential interest to *THE CRAFTSMAN* and which does not seem to have as yet awakened the sense of humor of the American public, is the fact that while we are welcoming with open arms this group of estimable gentlemen, and entertaining them at the White House, at Harvard University, in the homes of our new- and old-rich, they have really come to create once more in America an interest in French products in order that the awakened art impulse which they have observed amongst us, and which is a fact, should be diverted from its natural home channel and flow persistently in rich floods through the shops of France.

It is rather astonishing, considering the frankness of these gentlemen in their speeches and interviews, that the country has not opened its eyes to the fact that they are here "on business." Although they praise the country and the women and their reception, they speak with customary honesty in regard to the purpose of this French museum of art, and what they expect it to accomplish for France. Of course, they do not say definitely and boldly, "We want American trade in France because our banks are not as rich as when we had more of your money," but they have made from time to time amazingly ingenuous statements to private individuals and to the press at large. M.

WHY MORE FRENCH ART IN AMERICA?

Hanotaux, who is a representative of the French Government and a member of the French Academy, has expressed his point of view toward the United States as follows in the French papers: "The mighty United States will some day rule both oceans and possibly both ends of the Continent. Is France *doing her duty* and assisting as she should this wonderful development? The part which America now plays in the world's economic life and in the development of civilization is undoubtedly the most important fact of the nineteenth century." M. Hanotaux questions the world in regard to the French attitude toward the development of America in these naïve words: "Is France giving to the American continent the sympathetic attention it deserves?" It would seem that the impression we are expected to receive is that the great and powerful French nation has not quite recognized America and her little development in Art, but that she is willing to do so if America makes it worth her while. And so this French museum of art will bring to our eager and thirsty art souls a greater knowledge of what France is achieving, and create in us a greater sense of appreciation.

The plans of this museum are very ambitious (for France). Every season masterpieces of French art will be loaned to us. Lectures about French art will be given all over the country. No effort or expense will be spared to create the widest interest in France as a pleasant place in which to live and spend money; in French art as the greatest of the world; in French fashions as essential to the happiness of woman. The free public lectures will be on such subjects as Modern French Etchings, Art Nouveau, Sèvres Paste, Beauvrais Tapestries (all for sale); there will also be committees to give lectures and issue pamphlets on French ceramics, tapestries, textiles, jewelry, Period decorations, furniture, casts, sculpture, engraving, wood carving.

Mr. McDougall Hawkes, an enthusiastic American supporter of this organization and an ardent admirer of French culture, has perhaps more frankly expressed the real purpose of the visit of the Committee and the future work of the French museum than one would quite expect under the circumstances. "This country," he says, "is undoubtedly ready for the extensive *popularization* of French art and

French styles. An extended period of prosperity in America has been very favorable to the development of decorative art. Under the influence of hundreds of young men trained at the Paris Beaux Arts, American architecture, not only in cities but in our smaller country towns, is leaning decidedly toward French styles. The development of this taste will create a steadily increasing demand for the products of French industrial art. At present, however," remarks this noble patriot, "we have not in this country the craftsmen who could supply this demand. This newly born taste for decorative art of quality must be carefully nurtured and directed *along the right line*. For that purpose the works of art which the generosity of American philanthropists now and then add to the collections of our museums are totally insufficient." (In all this matter Mr. Hawkes is alluding only to French collections.) He goes on to say: "We must collect (French) documents, photographs, casts, slides, since we cannot collect all the originals. Finally for those who cannot go and look at our collections, we are going to publish a monthly bulletin recording every step forward taken by the institute."

Was there ever such an astonishing and naïve statement put forward by a native of a country in regard to the art of that country? In other words, the awakening of an art impulse in America toward American conditions is a thing to be perverted from its birth, and to be used absolutely to swell the bank accounts of another nation. We are to sell our heritage of art in this country for a mess of French pottage.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more detrimental to our nation than this movement of the French merchants, artists and politicians to atrophy the growth of American art and to graft upon our very young tree branches of French productivity that would eventually flourish unconditionally and absorb all the life of the trunk and roots.

Why should we open our arms to such a project? Why should we make welcome in this country a group of French gentlemen whose sole object is to strip from us the young fresh growth of art which we are just beginning to water and tend and understand and plant slips from out over the whole land? What hope can there be

WHY MORE FRENCH ART IN AMERICA?

for us in any department of our social progress if we permit ourselves to be wholly dominated by the art influences of another land?

This does not mean for one moment that America does not appreciate French art, has not often been vastly benefited by it, does not wish examples of it in museums and homes, as part of the history of art necessary to widespread culture, but it does mean that the effort which is being made to strangle at its birth the art impulse of this country in order that the French painters and merchants, the French industrial art workers, the French modistes and the French builders may be enriched, is a project which not only should be refused opportunity to implant itself in this country, but should be faced and reckoned with from the beginning.

It is very well that we as a people should welcome this committee as bearers of a bronze statue by Rodin for the Champlain celebration. They are gentlemen, if not of great importance to France and America, at least of international interest, and that they bring us a beautiful work of art in commemoration of the early struggles of this country, in which France was more often than not our friend, deserves courtesy and honor; this we gladly offer to them as representatives of France, as envoys from France's greatest artist. But as a group of business men sent by the keenest business interests in France to establish schools throughout America for the expansion of French art in its fullest sense, surely the civic patriot has no open hand or cheerful word. France may flatter us by telling us how important we are and how significant we are going to be, and how we should be an art center. We are very glad to hear these things. We are interested that a nation as intelligent as France should recognize our possibilities. But why should we for one moment permit her to imagine that she is going to use them as well as recognize them? If we have grown into the possibility of becoming the art center of the world, we owe it first of all to ourselves to become the art center of American production, and not to crawl at the feet of another nation and permit ourselves to be exploited for her financial and artistic betterment. As a matter of fact, we do today know as much about French art as is good for us. We have her history in all our museums

and libraries; we have her influence in some of the most wideawake and significant of our young men. We have been practically for generations crushed under the tight hand of the Beaux Arts in our architectural development. What we need now is to digest all the good things we have eaten from the hand of this nation, to flourish with the strength they may have given, then with what help we have gained from this and a dozen other influences, to put heart and soul and energy into the production of our own art, that it may flourish from one end of the nation to another, for our betterment, for our fame and wherever possible for our own financial help.

Of course, we cannot prevent France from organizing a museum in New York if she chooses to. We cannot prevent her giving free lectures; we cannot prevent her opening the doors of her museum in order to show us how much France has accomplished. As a matter of fact, it is not necessary to prevent any of these things. It is very good of France to want to keep us in touch with all she is accomplishing. It is good for us to know where every nation stands in relation to its own art history; but what we must understand and then absolutely overcome, is the purpose of this committee and those who are receiving them in America, to sidetrack our new grown art impulse into the old lamentable imitation and appreciation of French art, which must result in death to our individual artistic development and loss of national dignity.

If instead of developing American art we buy French art; if, instead of building American houses suited to our own needs, we continue to import the point of view of the Beaux Arts student; if, instead of dressing to suit our lives and living to suit our own ideal of happiness, we import French dresses and manners and customs, the demoralization of our nation will be something past belief. At one time a certain cultured influence was possibly more or less good for us, but now that we have the imagination to apprehend the beauty possible from our national environment and the stirring impulse to make it manifest, we are scorning the gifts of the gods if we turn back and consent once more to ornament our lives with the surplus art products of any nation, however cultured and progressive.

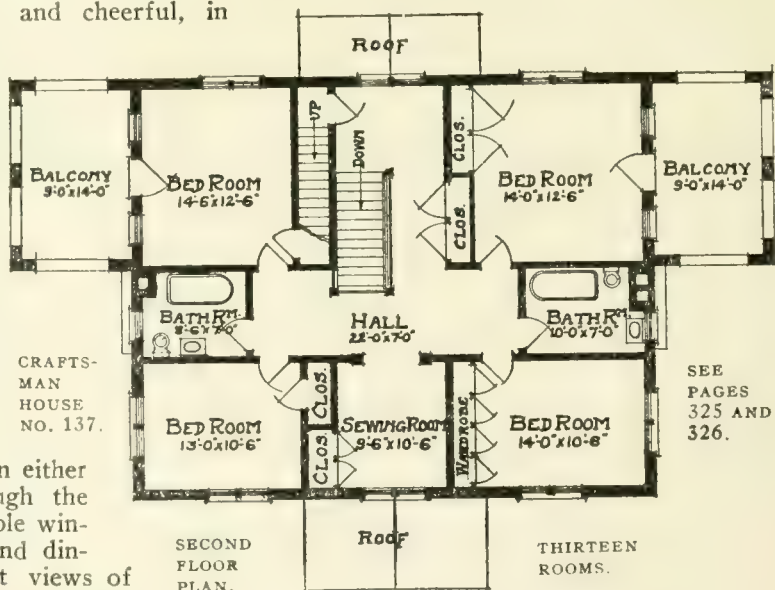


TWO LARGER CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED TO ADMIT PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE

LOOKING at the views and floor plans of the Craftsman houses shown this month, one is impressed at once by the pleasant way in which each interior is linked with the garden about its walls. Especially is this the case in the first house, No. 137. As one steps from the little sheltered porch into the long open hall, the first impression that one receives is the sense of air and sunlight, of kinship with the outdoor world. On every hand through glass doors and casement windows one catches glimpses of the garden beauty, of sky and tree-top, flowers and vines. There is no "shut-in" feeling; it is all wide and cheerful, in close touch with the nature-things outside.

Opposite the front door, at the other end of the hall is a door of glass leading out into a recessed dining porch bordered by a curved parapet and having a pergola roof supported on the corner posts, so that one gets a charming vista down the hall through a frame of vines out across the lawn or flower-beds beyond. On either side of the hall, through the wide openings, the double windows in living room and dining room give pleasant views of the garden at the side. Then, passing through the cheerful living room to the many-windowed library, one feels

still more the nearness of the garden presence, for there on the left, separated only by low bookshelves with casement windows above and a glass door between, is the most delightful feature of all—the sun room. Here one finds windows on every side, looking out upon the surrounding garden, and as the division between sun room and library is practically all of glass, a veritable flood of light will pour into the rooms and bring an outdoor spirit into the whole interior. If the exposure of the sun room be south or southeast, this will insure an ample supply of sunshine throughout the year, and when the summer heat becomes too great, the shades can be drawn or awnings lowered. The idea is, of course, to have only the most durable sort of fittings and furnishings in this room, so that there will be no need



to worry about injury from exposure to the weather or the danger of colored ma-

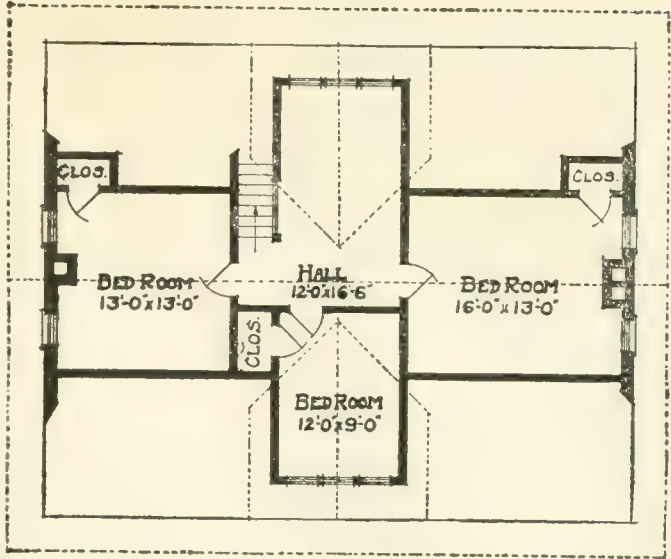
TWO LARGER BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

terials fading under the sun.

Not only will this sunny wing add greatly to the health and joy of the household, but it will prove a very interesting part of the architecture from every viewpoint. Outside, its extension, capped by the balustrade that walls the balcony, forms a pleasant variation in the somewhat plain lines of the building, while indoors, seen from the library, it is an unusually decorative corner. The floor of Tapestry brick tiles, which come in such wonderful colors and varying tones, the brick posts and walls with their rich rough texture, the outward-opening casements with their small glass panes—these will be sufficiently suggestive of garden architecture to emphasize the outdoor feeling. Flowers and growing plants will add to this effect, and baskets of ferns can be suspended from the ceiling beams. Low bookshelves beneath the windows are built between sun room and library. Willow furnishings, both in the sun room and on the dining porch will add to the comfort and picturesqueness of these fresh-air living rooms.

While the porches will be used for outdoor living only in the warmer months, the value of this sun room will be felt all the year round, for in summer the open windows will let in every breeze, and when closed in winter against the cold they will still admit ample sunlight, making the rest of the rooms more cheerful. Besides, in such a room it is possible to have so many plants and vines that it will seem almost like a corner of the garden, serving as a most delightful substitute for those who would like but cannot afford a real greenhouse. The welcome colors of foliage and blossoms will brighten the house all winter when the garden outside is leafless and brown.

On the opposite side of the hallway is the large dining room with its corner fireplace. Swing doors lead to the kitchen through the pantry, which is equipped with ample shelf and closet space and a sink beneath the window. Additional storage room is provided off the kitchen, the large square closet being lighted by a



ATTIC FLOOR PLAN: HOUSE NO. 137.

window in the pantry wall. The smaller closet opening into the hall will serve for coats.

A door from the kitchen leads to the recessed porch at the rear, so that meals may be served there conveniently, and on the other side is another porch which will be a pleasant place for the maid.

The staircase leads up from the hall, and like the rest of the woodwork will form an interesting and even decorative part of the interior structure. Portières hung in the wide openings between the different rooms will soften the lines of the interior, add to the color interest of the furnishings and give opportunity for greater privacy when desired without destroying the sense of spaciousness which pervades the lower floor. The two fireplaces will focus the attraction of the rooms, with comfortable chairs and settles grouped about the hearth, while long deep-cushioned seats beneath the windows will be most inviting and increase the hospitable air of the whole.

The arrangement upstairs is equally simple and commodious. There are four good-sized bedrooms, each occupying a corner of the floor plan, all well lighted and provided with plenty of closet room. Between the two front bedrooms is a smaller sewing room, and two bathrooms open out of the wide central hall.

The most inviting feature on the second floor, however, is the provision of the corner balconies, one over each lower

TWO LARGER BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

wing. These are reached from the adjoining bedrooms by glass doors, and the railing could be made sufficiently high to shelter those who wished to use the balconies for outdoor sleeping.

Of course, if still greater porch and balcony room were desired, the entrance porch could be built to extend entirely across the front of the house, with a balcony above reached by glass doors from the front rooms. In this case, however, less light would be admitted to the rooms below, and it would be advisable to increase the number of windows in the side walls of living and dining rooms. Like practically all Craftsman designs, this plan could be somewhat modified and adapted to suit the particular requirements of the builder, following the general scheme but adjusting the details of it to meet special needs.

The third floor of this house has been utilized to the best possible advantage, and in addition to the dormer bedroom and the corresponding space opposite which would serve for storage, it includes two larger rooms, lighted by windows in each gable. These will serve for the maids and possibly a member of the family, and increase the capacity of the house to a considerable extent. All told, in fact, there are thirteen rooms, two baths, three porches and two balconies, making a much larger dwelling than the majority of those which we design. For this reason it will probably be of especial interest to those who have found our smaller plans inadequate for their needs.

In selecting the materials for the first house, we have chosen brick on a stone foundation, porch pillars of wood, and plaster for the interior walls. Either the common hard-burned brick may be selected or the rough-textured Tapestry brick which is being used nowadays with such pleasing effect. The bricks are shown laid up in Flemish bond, but a more decorative style can be adopted if preferred, and geometric designs included to break the plainness of the surface. If Tapestry brick is used, the "rough cut flush" mortar joints will serve, as the brick itself furnishes sufficient variety. But if the common brick which has a comparatively smooth surface is selected, a touch of interest may be added by raking out the mortar joints.

In determining the location of the heat-

ers both in this house and in the next one, we have considered carefully what would be the most efficient and economical arrangement. As shown by the floor plans, the two Craftsman Fireplaces which heat and ventilate house No. 137 have been so placed that only one short pipe is required to convey heat to the sewing room, all the other rooms being heated directly by registers in the floor or wall communicating with one of the chimneys. The importance of this will be readily appreciated when it is remembered that in many buildings not only does the large number of pipes needed to conduct heat from the furnace to the various rooms necessitate much expense and labor in installing, but the cutting up of the floor beams for the passage of the pipes weakens the whole construction and adds to the danger of fire.

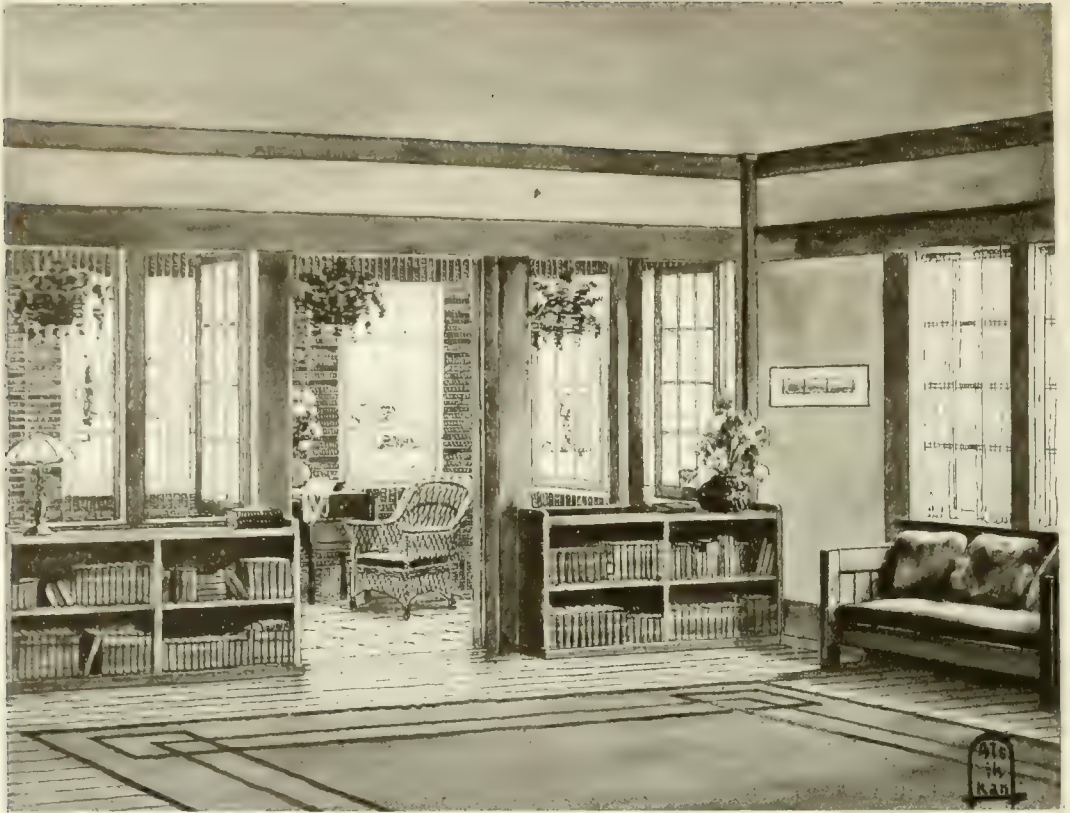
FOR the second house, No. 138, we have also used brick on a stone foundation, but in this case flat tile is used for the roof, and the walls of the living and dining rooms are wainscoted. This house has been planned especially for the ordinary narrow city lot, and is only 27 feet wide. Within this restricted space, however, we have endeavored to combine as much practical comfort and beauty as an economical form of construction would allow. The rooms are large, light and cheerful, the living room which one enters from the long front porch being unusually large for a city house. Bookshelves are built into the space between the open fireplace and the wall, and on the opposite side is the staircase and the hall with its convenient coat closet. There is also a wide opening into the dining room, which increases the sense of spaciousness downstairs without destroying a certain amount of privacy between the rooms. A built-in china closet fills the space behind the living-room bookcase, and swing doors through the pantry lead to the kitchen, which is light, airy and conveniently arranged. The cellar stairs lead down from the pantry, which is fairly large and fitted with cupboards, table, sink and drainboard.

Both dining room and kitchen communicate with the large sun room that occupies the remaining corner of the plan, and the division between sun room and dining room consists of two windows and a glass door, so that the latter room has plenty

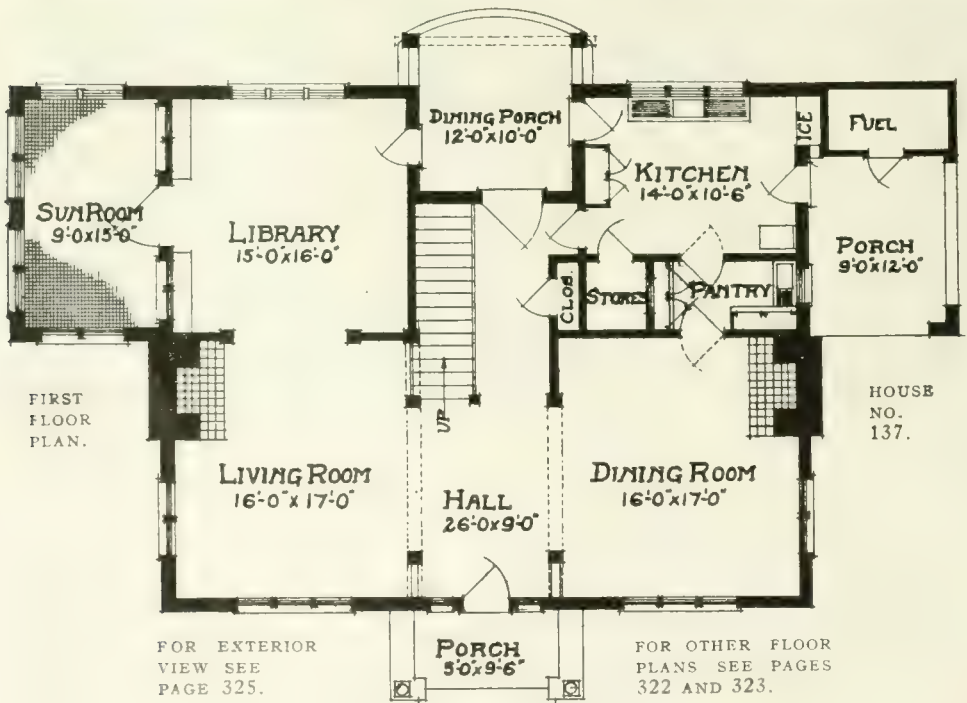


Gustav Stickley, Architect

A BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSE
WITH THIRTEEN ROOMS AND
FIVE PORCHES. NO. 157



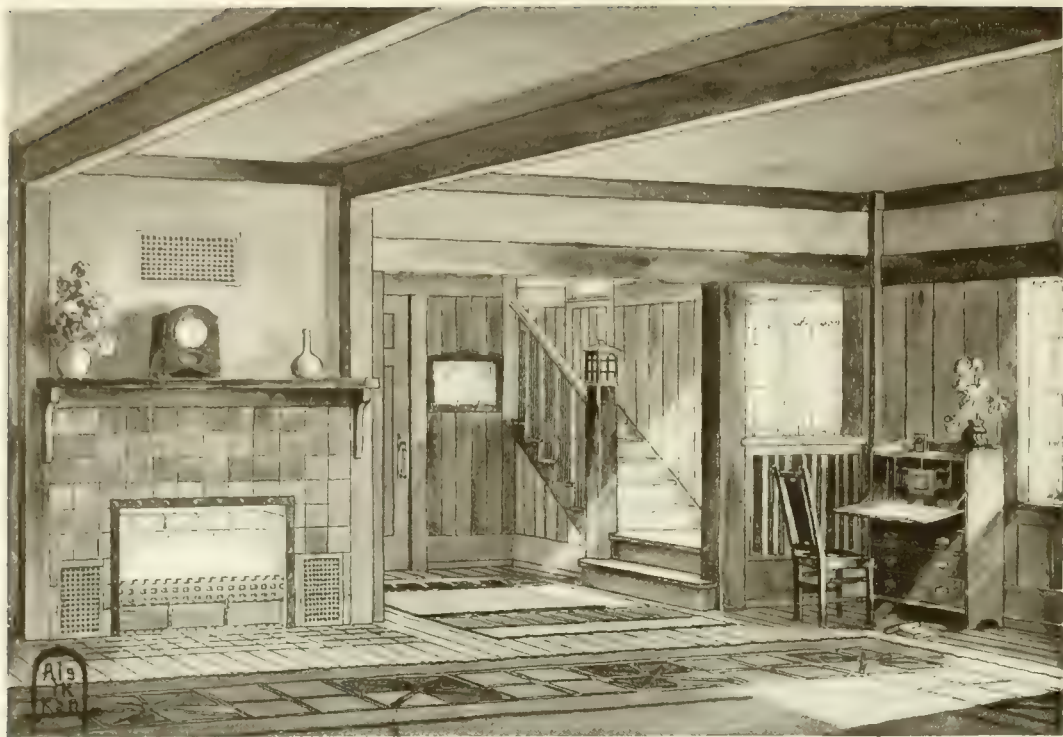
CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 137, LOOKING OUT TO SUN PORCH.



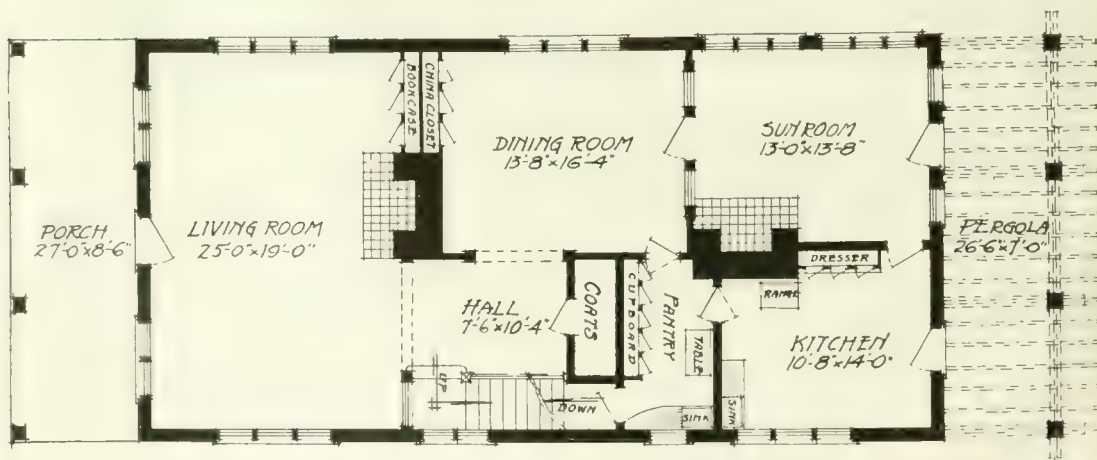


Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE
WITH TEN ROOMS, LIVING
PORCH AND PERGOLA, NO. 138.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE NO. 138 SHOW-
ING CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE AND STAIRWAY



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 138.
FOR EXTERIOR SEE PAGE 327

TWO LARGER BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

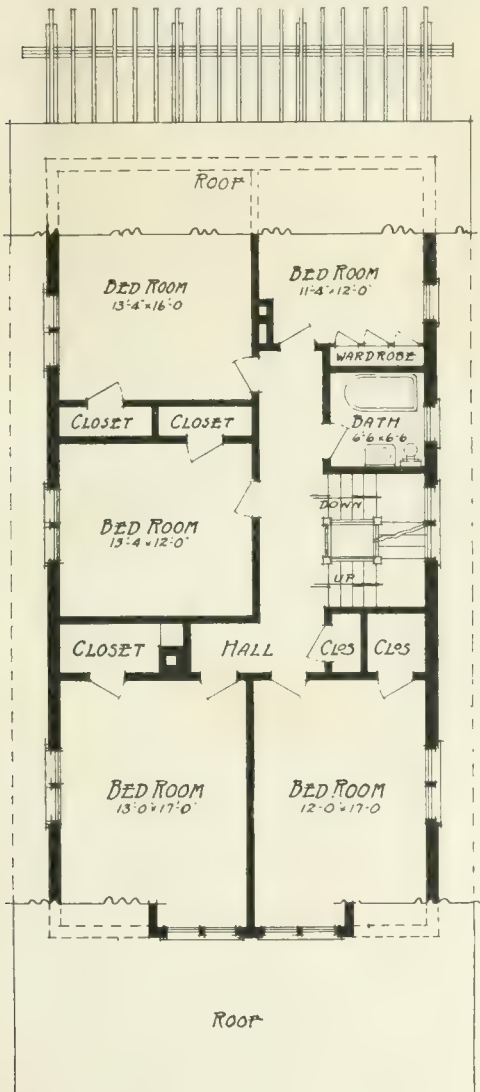
of air and sunshine as well as a glimpse of the vine-trained pergola in the rear.

In this house we have built the second fireplace in one corner of the sun room, which will add to its picturesqueness and comfort. At the same time this arrangement allows the flue from the kitchen range to be carried up within the rear chimney, and only one short pipe will be needed to carry heat to the bathroom on the second floor, the rest of the rooms being provided with registers communicating directly with the chimneys. Pipes will be needed on the third story to convey heat to the maid's room and bath, but these will be short and can be easily installed

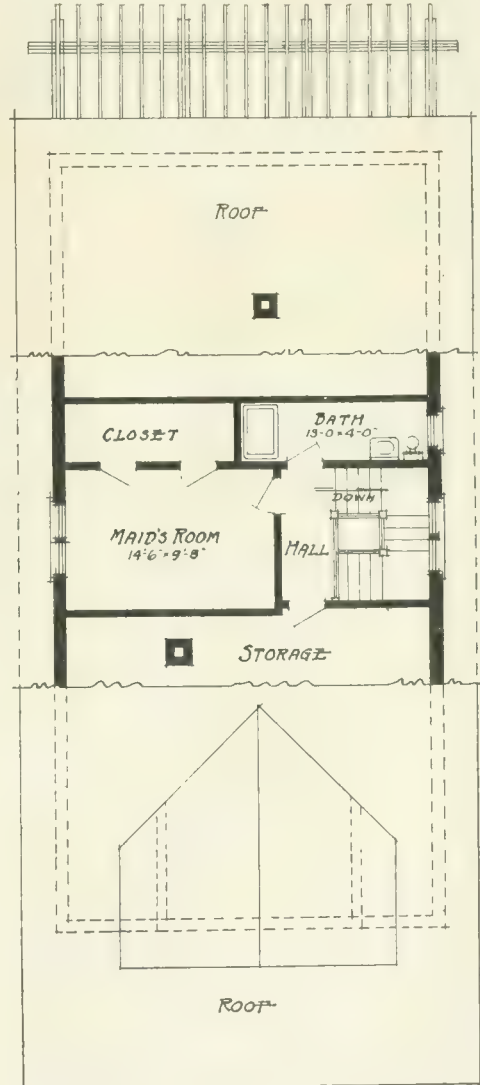
without much cutting of the floor beams.

Five bedrooms and bath occupy the second floor plan, the front rooms having slight recesses in the dormers which will serve as a most appropriate and friendly place for window seats. The rooms are all light, with ample closet room, and there is a linen closet in the hall. The stairway to the attic, unlike the average plan, is well lighted by the windows in the side wall and is easy of ascent, two landings being provided and the stairs being no steeper than the first flight.

In addition to the maid's room and bath on the third floor there is a large closet and storage space beneath the slope of the



SECOND FLOOR PLAN: HOUSE NO. 138.



ATTIC PLAN.

VALUE OF SUN ROOMS AND SLEEPING PORCHES

roof. Altogether there are ten rooms in the house, and the pergola in the rear would be a delightful place for outdoor life, as would also the ample front porch if screened from the street by vines or bamboo shades in summer.

The sun room could, of course, be altered to a den or library if preferred, using some of the window space for bookshelves. But the plan given here seemed to us by far the more pleasant, for if the narrow space around the house is planted with a few trees, shrubs and flowers, and if plants are grown indoors beside the windows, the whole interior will be gladdened by friendly glimpses of leaves and blossoms. In this way, even in the heart of the city one could keep something of the freshness and beauty of country life.

THE VALUE OF PORCHES, SUN ROOMS AND SLEEPING BALCONIES IN THE MODERN HOME.

THE CRAFTSMAN has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the value of both open-air living and open-air sleeping. Not only have we laid much stress on the healthfulness and delight afforded by the ample provision and use of porches, sleeping balconies and sun rooms, but we have tried to increase their usefulness and popularity by incorporating them in the house plans which we publish from month to month. For we believe that in the city as well as in the country, a home is incomplete unless it makes some definite provision for outdoor life.

The majority of people—especially the mother of a family whose duties keep her much within the house—gets comparatively little outdoor air and exercise during the day. At the same time there are many household tasks which could just as well be done in the open whenever the weather permitted if only a convenient place were provided. For this reason we find that it is always well, wherever possible, to plan a kitchen porch,—not the unsightly bare projection that one finds on so many houses, but a sheltered friendly corner, draped with vines and gladdened by pleasant glimpses of the garden, the sort of place where it would be a real pleasure for the housewife to sit and shell the peas or pare the potatoes, or for the maid to rest when work is done.

The main porch, of course, should be as far as possible an outdoor living room,

protected somewhat from too great heat or wind, but open for air and sunshine. If the house stands very close to the street, privacy can be attained by a plentiful use of vines and flower boxes, but if the garden affords generous spaces all around there will be no need for extra seclusion. There will be swinging seats or hammocks and comfortable chairs in rustic, willow or some simple style that will not be hurt by sun and damp, and plenty of durable cushions will add to the comfort and hospitable air. If there are children, the porch will be an ideal outdoor playroom, and for the grown folks it will be a most inviting spot in which to work or play, read or rest.

When the weather is too inclement for sitting out of doors, the presence of a sun room will be immensely appreciated. To have a corner in one's home where the walls are practically all windows, where even on the dullest days one can find light and a sense of outdoor openness, where one can enjoy all through the late fall, winter and early spring as much sunlight as though one were really outdoors—this would certainly add to the joy of living, whether the house were on a city or suburban street or in the open country. Especially would it increase the cheerfulness of the interior if it were made a place of flowers and greenery, so that one could bring within doors the growing things from whose loveliness we are too often self-made exiles. This would be particularly delightful in the case of a city house where the backyard affords little room for gardening. One can hardly imagine a more cheerful room, for instance, in which to read or sew than a sun room such as those included in the Craftsman houses shown this month.

As to the value of the sleeping balcony—modern authorities on health have been urgent in their advocacy of its use, not only by consumptives and other invalids, but also by people in good health. The popular superstitious dread of "night air" is giving place universally to an appreciation of the manifold benefits of thorough ventilation during both night and day, and the even more healthful results of actually sleeping out of doors. Believing in the efficacy of the latter habit when proper precautions are taken as to shelter from weather, warm coverings, etc., we have included one or more sleeping balconies in our house designs so frequently that this has come to be a typical feature of Craftsman architecture.

A BUNGALOW BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE



A MODERN CALIFORNIA HOUSE OF THE SPANISH TYPE: BY DELLA M. ECHOLS

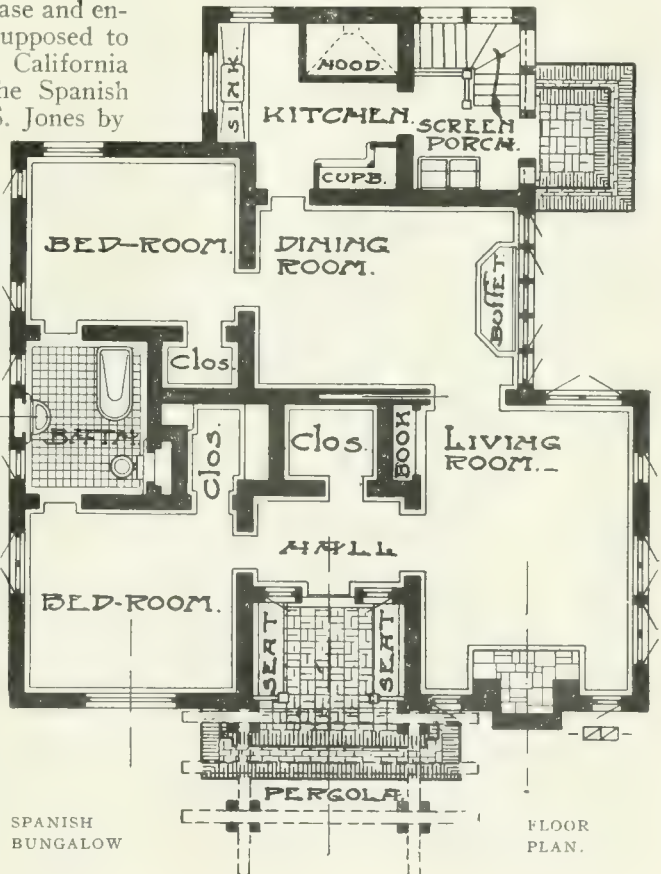
TYPICAL of the comfort, ease and enjoyment of life that is supposed to be inherent in southern California and its bungalows, is the Spanish residence designed for Mrs. J. S. Jones by a local architect. It is built on one of the beautiful avenues of the suburban town of Glendale, a few miles north of Los Angeles, and is surrounded by wide-spreading pepper trees and other native shrubbery.

This type of dwelling is especially adapted to the southern climate, for all its rooms are spread out on the ground and so are in close touch with out of doors. Moreover, with no stairs to climb, the work of housekeeping is considerably lessened.

The exterior is of sawed shakes down to the water-table, below which are red brick in white mortar. The massive chimney is also of red brick in white mortar. Like all Spanish residences, the roof is flat with a wide overhang about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in width, extending the entire distance around the house. This gives the building a much wider

A BUNGALOW BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE IN GLENDALE, CAL., THE HOME OF MRS. J. S. JONES. appearance and emphasizes the low bungalow effect.

A great deal of skill is shown in the ar-



A BUNGALOW BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE



FIREPLACE CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN SPANISH BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL FINISH.

range of the rooms, the idea having been to get the maximum of comfort, convenience and beauty with a minimum of expense. This has been accomplished by a practical and very compact floor plan and by making interest of materials and struc-

tural proportions the basis of all decorative effect. There is no attempt at elaborate ornamentation; everything is simple, home-like, designed primarily for household comfort, beautiful because it is appropriate and worked out with artistic feeling.



LOOKING INTO DINING ROOM FROM LIVING ROOM.

THE ROMANCE OF ASBESTOS

From the pergola at the entrance one steps into a hall which separates the living room from the guest chamber. The house is trimmed in natural woods, unmarred by paint and varnish and finished so that one feels the interest and color of the grain. The wainscoting of channel boarding in hall, living room and dining room is 6 feet high. This not only adds to the friendliness and charm of the rooms, but is especially harmonious with the built-in furniture—bookcases, buffet, china closets, etc. These are all constructed on strong, simple lines, and in filling the various needs in a practical way add much to the structural decoration of the interior.

The central point in the living room is, of course, the fireplace, which is built of old gold brick. What a contrast is this "room to live in"—16 x 20 feet—to the cheerless, formal "parlor" of twenty-five years ago! The dining room beyond forms an extension of the living room, and with its combined buffet and china closets is especially convenient.

The kitchen is equipped with all modern conveniences, so that the work of the housewife is more of a pleasure than a drudgery. A very practical feature is the large built-in hood which comes down low over the stove in one corner of the room and carries off all smoke and cooking odors. The kitchen is as cheery in appearance as the other rooms, being all white enameled. A screen porch immediately off the kitchen contains the sanitary laundry trays and also the stairs leading down to the basement, where the furnace is placed.

The bedrooms no less than the living or day rooms are planned for health and restfulness. The windows and doors are arranged so as to provide the best possible lighting and ventilation, while leaving ample space for the beds and other furniture. Access from the bedrooms to the bathroom is easy, and these rooms are conveniently separated from the rest of the plan. The bathroom has a modern equipment, being finished with a tile floor, white enamel woodwork and nickel hardware.

There is one feature in home-building which every woman appreciates, and that is an abundance of clothes closets, particularly the kind that admits sufficient light and air. This plan makes ample provision for such closets. Another factor which adds materially to the beauty of the rooms and helps to lighten the work of keeping them clean,

is the provision of hardwood floors. These do not add greatly to the cost, and are certainly worth while, for they permit the abolition of carpets and the use of rugs—both an æsthetic and a sanitary gain. The electric fixtures throughout were designed by the architect, and it is just such attention to detail and careful workmanship evinced in every room which helps to make this little home a place of unusual comfort and loveliness.

The total cost of construction was \$2,600.00.

ASBESTOS: AN ANCIENT MINERAL WITH MODERN USES

ALTHOUGH we are all familiar with asbestos in many forms, few of us know where it comes from or what strange and interesting uses its history reveals. The word itself is Greek and was applied by ancient authors to quicklime, though Pliny is said to have used it in its modern sense. It meant "unquenchable" and also "incombustible," asbestos having the power of resisting the action of fire.

This fibrous mineral was used by the ancients in various ways, being woven sometimes into shrouds. These, wrapped about bodies which were to be cremated, prevented the ashes of the dead from mingling with the wood ashes of the funeral pyre. It was also spun and woven into fabrics, such as handkerchiefs, which were regarded chiefly as curiosities, and perhaps its most romantic use on record is the possession by the Emperor Charlemagne of an asbestos tablecloth which, when soiled, was cleansed by being thrown into the fire. The Eskimos of Labrador have used this versatile mineral as a lamp wick, a use to which it was also put in some of the sacred lamps of antiquity.

As to its modern application, one could make a long list of its increasing uses in the industrial arts. It is made into yarn, felt, cardboard, stage curtains and fireproof clothing for firemen; it is used in machinery as packing, and as jackets for boilers and steam pipes, as a filtering medium for corrosive liquids and as an electric insulator.

The most used variety is the serpentine-asbestos called chrysotile. It occurs in narrow veins, the fibers, only a few inches in length, being usually of a delicate, silky luster, very flexible, elastic and of great tensile strength.



A HOME THAT WAS BUILT AND FURNISHED BY THE OWNER FROM CRAFTSMAN INSPIRATION AND DESIGNS

EACH day in our heavy mail we receive from subscribers and friends fresh proof of their interest and appreciation of some particular phase of our activities. But there are few things which give us more genuine encouragement and pride than to find that the principles of architecture and furnishing which we advocate and the plans of houses which we publish in *THE CRAFTSMAN* have been not only a source of inspiration but an actual and practical help to someone who is building a home. Already we have presented to our readers a number of houses built after Craftsman designs, and these have occasioned so much interest that we feel sure there will be a ready welcome accorded to the one illustrated here.

This house is located in Bayside, Long Island, and was planned and built by the owner, Mr. Walter M. Collins. Mrs. Collins writes us: "We first purchased your book of 'Craftsman Homes,' and altered one of the small plans to suit our needs." The three views of the exterior as well as the floor plans show how carefully and practically the whole was worked out. So well proportioned is the building, so satisfying are the angles of the long roof lines, the placing of the dormers and the grouping of the many windows that from whatever point one views it, the house seems equally pleasing in appearance. In fact, if it were

THE HOME OF MR. W. M. COLLINS, BAYSIDE, L. I.

not for the wide entrance porch it would be difficult to say which was the more attractive—front or back.

The outside of the house is covered with twenty-four-inch cedar shingles, stained gray, and the trim is white. Inside the walls are all of rough gray plaster, except in the kitchen. The trim in living room and dining room is chestnut, stained to an-



FRONT VIEW OF MR. COLLINS' HOUSE

COUNTRY HOUSE FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGN

tique oak, with oak floors, the kitchen floor being maple. The metal work is copper. Upstairs the trim is all of whitewood, painted white, with mahogany-stained doors and floors of North Carolina pine, scraped and filled. The hardware is of old brass finish with glass knobs, and cost about \$75.00. Grueby tiles of mottled yellow-green are used in the fireplace.

The floor plans are both compact and convenient. The living room is protected from front-door draughts by the arrangement of the entry which opens into an alcove with a long, inviting window seat in front. The living room itself is deep and spacious, lighted by cheerful groups of windows with single large panes in the lower part and smaller panes above. A wide opening leads into the dining room on the left, and beyond the stairs is the large kitchen with its pantry and square sheltered porch. Upstairs are sewing room, bathroom and three good-sized bedrooms, each with a square corner closet.

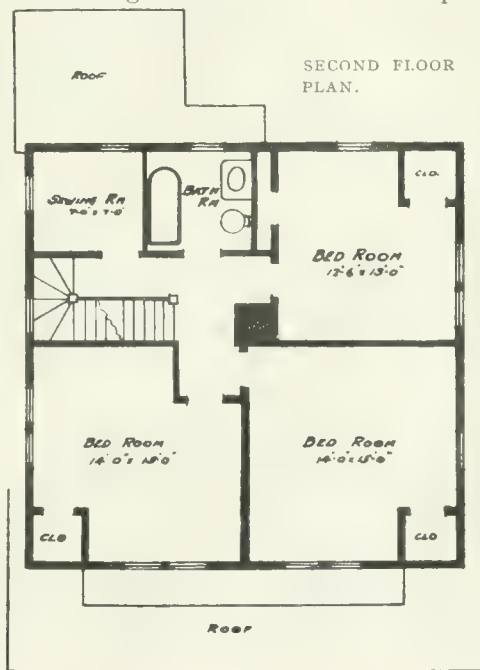
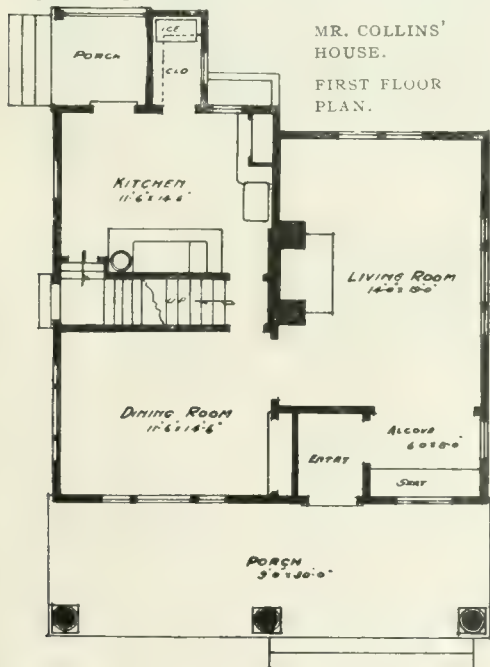
A feature of this homelike dwelling of especial interest is the simple and charming way in which it has been furnished. About ten years ago Mr. Collins began making the



BACK VIEW OF MR. COLLINS' HOUSE
SHOWING INTERESTING ROOF LINES.

furniture of quartered oak in very plain straight lines, and judging from the photographs he seems to have succeeded in evolving not only very serviceable but also very attractive things. After looking at the views of the interior and noting the unpretentious and substantial manner in which the different pieces were built, we were pleased but not surprised to learn that they were made and selected under the inspiration of Craftsman designs. Most of the furniture, the electric and oil lamps, fern dish and trays, drawer pulls on the sewing table, etc., were made by the owner.

The living room and alcove are carpeted



COUNTRY HOUSE FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGN



VIEW OF FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

with three rugs of the same green shade, curtains of écru scrim are used at the windows, and these with the varying brown shades of the furniture blend into a most harmonious color scheme, and, as Mrs. Collins puts it, give a "true living-room feeling." The fireplace with its blazing log on a chilly day brings still greater cheer to the hospitable room.

The dining room is similar to the living room in the style and color of its furnishings, but here the rug is brown. One illustration shows the practical arrangement of

and metal work made up about \$800 of this sum. The best quality of material and workmanship was put into the build-



A CHARMING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS, including double floors, sheathing

quilt, and asbestos packing over the porch. All interior trim was put together at the mill.

Although from the photographs the rooms seem to be fitted up already in a most comfortable and satisfying way, Mrs. Collins tells us that there are still many things to be made to complete the furnishing of the interior, and the grounds have yet to



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN THE COLLINS HOUSE AT BAYSIDE.

GARDENS ON IDLE CITY LAND



DETAIL OF DINING ROOM IN MR. COLLINS' HOUSE.

be laid out. "This," she adds, "means many an overhauling of the old CRAFTSMAN files in search of ideas necessary to start the spark of inspiration."

We believe that a search through the back numbers of the magazine as well as the coming issues, will reveal many helpful suggestions and plans both for the details of the interior and for the arrangement and planting of the garden. And this, by the way, is a useful thing to keep in mind for all those who are in want of that spur of enthusiasm and practical aid which one needs in reorganizing old surroundings and arranging new ones; for the principles and designs for architectural and garden schemes and interior furnishings which THE CRAFTSMAN publishes, are the kind that never go out of style, simply because they are based on principles of common sense and permanent beauty. The suggestions of last year or several years ago will be found just as applicable today as when they were first published, and will be even more popular, in many cases, for people are favoring more and more the simpler methods of home-building and home decoration.

Certainly, these views of the Collins residence, with their delightful homey air and their freedom from all discordant notes, both in architecture and in furnishing, should prove both an incentive and a practical help to others who long for just such simplicity and friendliness of environment. The things which these enterprising people have accomplished, aside from the personal enjoyment and satisfaction which they must have got out of the work, have resulted in the creation of the sort of domestic atmosphere which must make every evening's

home-coming a thing for warm anticipation; for such a dwelling is a very haven of restfulness after a tiring day. And as for its influence upon the children, one can only wish that more homes were as wholesomely and cheerily fitted for the molding of little lives.

GARDENSON IDLE CITY LAND

THE Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Association has published its fifteenth annual report for the season of 1911, and the contents of this little pamphlet are so encouraging that we are glad to quote from them here. The association received more applications for land than it was able to fill, a fact which, although it indicates an unfortunate need of employment among the poor, shows at the same time the genuine interest which is being taken in this useful and healthy form of labor. As it was, 338 families, comprising eleven different nationalities, were assigned gardens during the season, on 72 acres of land. Of these, 186 families had been assigned gardens one or more previous seasons, while 152 cultivated them for the first time.

The benefits resulting from this work are many-sided. Not only does it materially help to raise the standard of the individuals themselves by giving to many poor families the opportunity to grow wholesome food and earn their own living under healthful conditions, but in transforming vacant and often ugly city lots and idle tracts of land into beautiful and productive areas it benefits the whole community.

Then there is the inestimable value of the garden lots to the children. "Every year," says Mr. James H. Dix, the superintendent of the association, "our gardens act as a summer's outing to hundreds of little folks who do not get other outings. They are lured from the dirty streets, alleys and gutters, where they have been accustomed to playing during the hot summer days. We have no way to estimate accurately the full value to various sections of the city, of the improved health thus gained by these children. . . . Each healthy child with rich, red blood and strong lungs is like a little stone wall blocking the way of disease in times of contagion.

"Not only have the children been improved in health, but the men and women are likewise benefited. In addition to the

GARDENS ON IDLE CITY LAND

valuable training and development received by those who cultivate the gardens, we continue to have many evidences of this training being put to practical account on a larger scale than on the gardens themselves. For example, during the past season one gardener has secured a position with the State Forestry Department, another has started farming for himself, and others have proved themselves capable of filling various gardening positions when the opportunity offered.

"One of the many features that our work has demonstrated is that by our method of increasing the opportunity for the families to help themselves, we make it possible for them to maintain their self-respect and confidence by holding their own or improving their conditions before they have lost their foothold in the degradation of poverty and become pauperized by having to ask and receive aid from others."

Mr. Dix says further: "During 1911, an especially strong influence was noticed along the line of bringing about the use of many other tracts of idle land over which we had no direct control. These tracts were worked by families in the neighborhood who, being inspired by what they saw in our work, secured the use of nearby land, and started little patches of their own. In one section, particularly, a most excellent lot of gardens was started on various tracts of land lying around one of our garden farms, which had attracted a great deal of attention.

"Our work continues to be copied in other cities. Among recent reports received, one from the London Vacant Lots' Cultivation Society which started the work in London several years ago, shows exceptional progress there. One of the latest cities to start vacant lot cultivation is Minneapolis, where during the past season over three hundred families cultivated gardens.

"The manner in which our work prevents idle tracts of land from becoming dump heaps, unsightly and unhealthy, and transforms them into gardens, is one thing which attracts many of the communities where similar work has been started or is being considered. But while this is undoubtedly a valuable consideration in any community, and is being understood as such more and more as we come to realize the influence of environment upon the health as well as moral and industrial welfare of our people, it is not the main one.

"The effect upon the health of the men, women and children engaged in the garden work where they get ideal exercise, as well as spend a very large percentage of their time in the open air, does not only affect the families directly connected with the gardens, but has a continual influence through their changed habits upon their neighbors.

"In these days when the importance of manual training is being forced to the front more than ever before, there has been found no method with greater educational powers than gardening. In addition to training the eye, the mind and the hand together in proper relation, gardening trains the worker to use great foresight, to be prepared for emergencies. To be successful in gardening, one must be prepared to do things at the proper moment. Seasons and weather conditions will not wait. Attention must be given to crops at the proper time or the detrimental effect cannot be avoided. This is undoubtedly one of the most necessary lines of training in preparing children to be successful in their industrial life.

"The very effective material relief furnished by our work at so small a cost, and the fact that we keep our beneficiaries up or raise them in self-respect and confidence instead of simply ministering to their physical wants after they have gone down in degradation, has undoubtedly been one of the many factors in spreading the influence of our work in other localities."

Mr. Dix makes one remark which suggests the urgent need of applying this work of idle land cultivation on a much broader scale. "It is unfortunate, indeed," he says, "that some arrangement cannot be made whereby families who are anxious and capable of leaving the crowded industries of the city and entering gardening work can secure idle suburban land at reasonable expense and upon terms of occupancy of sufficient length and definiteness to insure a practical and profitable development of their work." If such an arrangement could be made for utilizing the idle land about our cities it might go a long way toward solving problems of unemployment and congested population. Is not such a plan as this worth serious consideration by all who are interested in the solution of labor and social difficulties and the helping of the mass of people to healthful and happy conditions of living? The movement has certainly proved a practical one thus far.

WILD SEASHORE GARDENS



THE FIG MARIGOLD THAT GROWS IN PRO-
FUSION ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE WILD SEASHORE GAR- DENS OF THE PACIFIC: BY MRS. A. S. HARDY

CALIFORNIA'S ocean beaches are either rocky buttresses or shifting sand dunes or stretches of sand beaten by the waves to hard and glittering floors. And these have their gardens, wide, abundant and brilliant; some of them fringing, others strewing the sandy floors or catching and binding down the sand dunes, or trailing over the rocks to the edge of the sea. The more we study the sea-beach gardens, the more our wonder grows, and our admiration for the plants which cling and beautify the wave-swept, wind-swept sandy reaches where to mortal eyes only discouragement and death await any attempts at gardens.

Incessantly, and from out beyond our vision, roll in the heavy surges that seem most like racing steeds white with foam of angry haste; leaping upon the beaches, stamping, pounding and pawing with silver hoofs. Then comes the tides creeping slowly but surely, reaching out their shining fingers for whatever spoils they may gather from the land.

And if this were not enough to discourage the most optimistic of plants, the sea water is salt,—and too much salt, we know, is fatal to plant life in general.

These sea-beach gardens only widen and brighten with the years, and are covered with blossoms whose petals are as silken and stamens as fine and flossy as if they grew where no troubles ever come, and no tragedies threaten.

From above dear old Monterey and running down beyond the boundary line into Lower California grow great garden beds of beach primrose (*ænothera cheiranthifolia*) lifting cups so golden as to tempt one to the fancy that like the clay which once holding a rose forever kept its fragrance, so these uplifted cups have held the sunshine until their chalices are golden. The flowers are thick-set among stemless leaves silvered like the sea they love.

Old primrose myths come to us of the German "Key Flower," a name applied in Germany and England alike, to the yellow primrose and its fair cowslip cousin. The German myth tells us how a fairy maiden enticed through a lane of primroses to an enchanted castle, a "Key Flower" in the hand touches the castle door and it swings open on golden hinges. The favored mortal passes into a mystical room where tall as primrose stalks stand urn and cup and amphora, carved with primrose patterns, and filled with jewels and gold. The favored mortal who holds the Primrose Key and enters the charmed portal may have the jewels and gold, but he must leave, forsooth, the more precious Primrose Key, or henceforth he will be followed by a shadow,—a black dog old and ugly, the legend calls the shadow.

This beach primrose is my "Key Flower." It opens to me charmed doors into enchanted moods, and palace thoughts, and jeweled memories.

My yellow primrose suggests Leigh

WILD SEASHORE GARDENS



A STRIP OF BEACH COVERED WITH FIG MARIGOLD.

Hunt, of whom it has been said by one who knew him,—“He is the only person, I believe, who if he saw something yellow in the distance and was told it was a flower, would be disappointed if he found it to be only a guinea.”

Often a yellow butterfly—symbol of a soul—floats over my sea-beach garden, resting here and there in a primrose heart.

From far northern coasts down to the low warm lands of the southern peninsula, wherever the sea roars and gives its salt spray to the air, there we find and love the seaside daisy with purple rays and yellow disc. Science has named this dweller on surf-tormented shores *erigeron glaucus*, but its lovers call it simply seaside daisy or beach aster, resembling as it does its cultivated cousin—the China aster, both of whom are charming little *Compositæ*.

Does the world

stop to think how much it owes to the *Compositæ* family of plants? What lovers of gold they are, bunching it in shining discs large and small and scattering their little suns over the earth. They are a brave folk, too, making their settlement often on deserts and on sands and are as radiantly happy when beautifying waste places as when

planted in kings' gardens.

Most conspicuous upon the beaches are the *mesembryanthemums*, growing in thick mats over the sand. Fig marigold is their common name. Very showy plants they are, covering large tracts of sand with their mats of green. Their long stems, heavy with succulent leaves and bright flowers, reach like long arms over the arid ground and trail down the façade of rocks as if longing for closer contact with the sea. The landscape owes much to these dwellers on the ocean beaches, and so wide and stalwart



THE BEACH PRIMROSES MAKE BEDS OF FLAMING YELLOW ALONG THE SHORE.

WILD SEASHORE GARDENS

are their colonies we would take them to be real aborigines—California-born; but the wise ones tell us that these plants with a long name are Africans who have made their way to this coast in remote ages, no one knows how. Their stems, thick and succulent, often take on a kind of fleshlike hue, and reaching out over desert wastes they shine in bronzy substance like a Cleopatra's arm banded with green and gold.

M. crystallinum decks herself with crystals of mimic ice and is familiarly known as ice plant. We wonder how this African with leaves like outspread palms and tufts of pink and white bloom came to be so diamond decked. Did some ancient ancestor round Cape Horn on an iceberg and in commemoration of the voyage leave to its descendants this dower of icy ornaments as a kind of family coat of arms?



A FEW STALKS OF BEACH PRIMROSES.



THE SAND VERBENA WHICH GROWS A LITTLE BACK FROM THE SEA, OVER DUNES AND BEACH MEADOWS.

They were made to beautify stretches of desolation; to sit down in dry sands and work the miracle of drinking where no water is, and there to fill their cells and fruits with juices, to lean over the rocks for the chrism of ocean spray, and to dream sea dreams.

Not quite so close to the thundering waves, but creeping out to sandy dunes and to white stretches of sea sand, we find and love the pretty abronia or sand verbena. They are of prostrate, creeping habit, bearing delicate, fragrant flowers of lavender or pink. They belong to the four o'clock family, but long ago abandoned their ancestral habit of not opening their dainty trumpets until four o'clock. Instead, they carry armfuls of verdure and bloom out over the dreary sands and all day keep their trumpets open to the tuneful winds.

A Seashore Parable.

"Pity for the bare sea sands so fills my heart that half my blossoms blight," said one Primrose to another as they stood among the lilies under the pines. "When the sea grows restless and his heart is stormy with anger, how he beats the little sea sands, and run as they will, they have not so much as a leaf to hide under."

"I have seen it myself," answered the

These plants have another habit which hints strangely of sea life; their blossoms are close imitations of sea-urchins, the rays of the flower mimicking the spines and tentacles of the fuzzy echinoidæ. Curious and interesting as is the *M. crystallinum*, it does not court human companionship. Too rudely touched its icy crystals break and discharge unpleasant alkaline juices. Plainly they were not made to be walked among.

WILD SEASHORE GARDENS

other Primrose, "and I am glad that we can go to the very border of the sandy beaches and show them what beauty is."

"But I have been thinking that it may be possible to do more than that," said the first yellow blossom, "and I am resolved to try. I hear the raging of the sea all day, and even at night when my blossoms close for sleep. I can bear it no longer. I am going out myself to live in the sands by the sea. I will give them all the grace and the help that I can."

"Dear little sister Primrose, you shall not go alone. I will go with you," said the other.

So the two brave little pioneers sent out their roots further and further through the sea sand, and as they stepped on and on, at every place they rested they left a colony. So enriched were they in giving themselves, and so glad grew their hearts, that blossoms unfolded on their stems as no primrose blossoms had ever done before.

But that was not all.

When they were fairly out upon the sandy stretches and could see far up and down the coast, the bare beach was so wide and so long that even hearts as brave as theirs were affrighted. "Alas!" they cried. "The task is greater than we knew. We can never clothe all these sands with beauty, though we work a thousand years. Our hearts fail us. But we must still toil on. We will do the best we can."

Then it was that stormy winds raced over the ocean and billows mountain high came rolling in from afar; and in riding upon the crest of one, a strange plant leaped upon the sand close to the little primrose town. "Oh!" exclaimed the voyager, "most glad am I to touch land once more. For æons, it seems, I have been sailing stormy seas, tossed and shipwrecked, bewildered and bruised; but never lost out of my heart the voice that thrilled me to leaving my native shore. Something told me, speaking clear and plain, that other sands were needing me somewhere, that I must go and clothe them with my beauty. Long and hard has been the voyage, but something told me in my heart that one my pilot was who would bring me into harbor just when and where I was needed most."

So came the mesembryanthemum to the California ocean beaches.

How joy blooms leaped along the silvery primrose stems! Faster now the blessed work went on.

The winds that blew over the ocean played their sea songs on reeds that grew just beyond the sand dunes. Blue asters heard afar the syrinx-blown story of brave deeds, and started southward to join the hero band who were giving gardens to the ocean beaches.

One day a trailing Verbena, who lay with her ear close to the reed stems, heard the wind-played hero song. Nothing so thrills as love and the hero-spirit, and as soon as the Verbena heard, she blew clarions on her tiny horns till all her clans listened, then she sang over to them the hero songs she had heard about plants that were toiling and stretching to clothe the barren sea sands with their beauty. Then all her clans, wearing their white and their purple and pink, started toward the ocean. "We will go, too! We will carry our grace to the barren sands!" they said. Then the winds added another stave to the hero song they played upon the reeds.

So it came to pass that the sea beach has its gardens; and where once stretched but wastes of storm-beaten sands, trailing plants weave now their borders and mats of green and gold and rose! and when the sea rages in wild unrest, the little sands run up under the spreading leaves and hide until the tempest is over.

Never had blossomed before primrose and mesembryanthemum and aster and verbena so gloriously as those that for love and pity went out to live on the barren sea sand.

THE WHITE PINE TREE

THE designation "white pine" is applied to any one of several species of *Pinus*, having a white or whitish wood and leaves in clusters of five. There are three chief varieties in this country: first, the common white pine (*Pinus strobus*) of the northern United States and Canada, which has been perhaps the most valuable lumber-tree in the United States. Being light, soft, straight-grained and easily worked, it is adapted and used for all kinds of carpentry and construction. Then there is the mountain pine (*P. monticola*) of the western United States, and the Western white pine (*P. flexilis*) of the mountain ranges from Montana to Arizona at high elevations. (In Oregon the white pine grows at an altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level.) There is also a species of white pine found in Australia and New Zealand, —a large tree (*Podocarpus dacrydioides*).

AN AMERICAN BUILDING SUITED TO MODERN BUSINESS CONDITIONS

BUSINESS conditions in modern cities often make serious demands upon architects' skill and ingenuity.

In congested districts houses must necessarily shoulder each other, and yet light and air must be secured for the dwellers or workers within their walls. An interesting expression of American architecture has come to our notice in the form of a building recently erected in New York. In this instance the architect's problem was to construct a building to be used as a show place and selling place for rugs and carpets, a class of wares that demands large spaces and plenty of light. So close has the architect hewn to the line that the result is inevitably simple, practical, logical and beautiful. So admirably have the demands of the city in which the building is placed and the requirements of the wares been taken into consideration that the structure is typical of our civilization.

This extremely practical and interesting building is eight stories high, with basement, and is faced with Indiana limestone. It is solid and substantial in construction, simple and dignified in design and yet not in the least severe or forbidding. The many large windows solve the lighting question and make the sturdy structure seem but a frame to hold them.

The interior arrangements have been well thought out, and the spaces intended for the various departments of a modern business firm are not only ample for their purpose, but most conveniently located. There is only one row of supporting columns on each floor of the building; this allows the greatest amount of clear floor space. The first floor is very lofty and occupies nearly all the ground space of the building. On the right are two electric passenger elevators of unusually large capacity. On each side of the elevator is a white marble staircase leading to the second floor. The elevator well is completely enclosed through all the floors of the building by wire glass panels covered with metal grill work. The main staircases communicating with the upper floors are of white marble, like that between the first and second floors, and they are also located next to the elevator well.



THE IDEAL BUSINESS BUILDING BECAUSE ABSOLUTELY SUITED TO ITS PURPOSE.

The show windows are very wide and high, and have side and rear walls of dark oak paneling. These windows, in their dimensions, and more particularly as their finely polished hardwood floors are but slightly elevated above the level of the outside pavements, are intended closely to simulate the appearance of real apartments. In the extreme rear of the ground floor and upon a mezzanine floor above are located the administrative, clerical and accounting offices of the retail departments.

There are many more rooms upon the second and third floors, the walls of which are all plainly and simply paneled, but which differ somewhat in their tinting. All through the building the coloring and decorations are in neutral and subdued tones.

Many other features of this modern building are noteworthy. A complete vacuum cleaner plant is included in the mechanical equipment. Filters of large capacity purify the water used for drinking purposes, and this is piped to all floors into white enameled coolers. Each cooler is equipped with sanitary individual paper drinking cups. The electric lighting throughout is admirable for business purposes. Tungsten lamps of high candle power are set in glass reflectors in the ceilings.

Two combination passenger and freight elevators of very large size are at the extreme rear of the building, connecting with every floor and the basement. Directly back of the main stairway is a second enclosed stairway, with iron flights and cement landings, communicating with each floor by means of fireproof doors.* There is another iron stairway adjoining the elevators at the rear of the building.

THE NEW GAME FARM IN MASSACHUSETTS

SPORTSMEN and all who are interested in the protection of game birds in this country will be glad to hear that the American Game Protective and Propagation Association announced in its March bulletin that it is founding a large game farm for the breeding of wild duck, quail, ruffed grouse, pheasants and other birds. The land acquired for this purpose comprises between 5,000 and 6,000 acres, and lies in Carver and Plymouth Townships, Massachusetts, about forty miles from Boston, near the town of Tremont on Cape Cod. This area is especially desirable, as it has been used as a game preserve for three or four years, and there are many quail and ruffed grouse in the covers. The winters there are never severe enough to kill such hardy birds.

"At one time," the bulletin says, "the ponds afforded some of the best duck and grouse shooting in New England. They lie directly in the line of flight of these migrants, which, since restrictions have been placed on shooting them, have been alighting there in increasing numbers on their northward and southward journeys. Many wild fowl breed there, and the association plans to increase the number by affording them unusual advantages in the way of food.

"The breeding of wild ducks will be the initial work in propagation. A supply of black, mallard and wood ducks will be purchased immediately. Corn will be distributed in the shallow water around the edges of the ponds, so that the flocks brought down by the propagated ducks will be encouraged to nest there. The eggs laid by the tame flock will be hatched under hens. This method of propagation has been successfully carried on many times, and as black ducks and mallards are great layers, it is estimated that thousands can be raised this year."

The wood duck, which was formerly so plentiful throughout the country, and is now almost extinct, is to have especial attention, its present scarcity being due simply to American thoughtlessness.

"The reasons," continues the bulletin, "for so many failures in attempting to propagate our native birds have been various, but it is not at all strange that we should fail in this country at the beginning. People point to the fact that in England, Scotland and on the Continent thousands of native birds are raised annually, but they do not stop to consider that they are raised by gamekeepers, father and son having been engaged in this occupation for generations. They have learned the secrets of the trade, while in this country we have given little thought to the matter.

"It is quite likely that the association will procure an expert gamekeeper from Scotland to take charge of rearing upland birds. The foreign gamekeepers in this country have been very generally successful. Undoubtedly they will teach their profession to Americans, and will thus start a line of gamekeepers in this country."

The bulletin announces that birds will be distributed for stocking purposes, wild duck, quail, ruffed grouse and pheasants being raised for free distribution among members. The association urges the establishment of game refuges all over the country, and predicts that these will improve the shooting in the vicinity.

"If the birds have a place where they can raise their young in security and where the coveys will not be reduced to one or two each fall, they will increase so rapidly that they are bound to overflow into the surrounding territory.

"The Massachusetts farm has been taken on a ten years' lease, with an option to buy for the original price of \$13,000 any time during that period. The land, which is worth many times this amount, was purchased by disinterested sportsmen, each putting in about \$1,000 on condition that no shooting be allowed upon it. These men have very kindly turned it over to the National Association.

"The only restrictions attached are that it shall continue to be a sanctuary for twenty years after the date of the lease, whether or not it is purchased. It is also stipulated that at least \$500 a year must be spent in reforestation."

INDUSTRIAL ART IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

INDUSTRIAL ART IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE School Art League of New York is not more than a year old. It is the vigorous little child of the Public Education Society, and its first public picture appearance was at the American Fine Arts Building in May, 1911.

"The purpose of the School Art League," according to its circular, "is to foster the interests of art education in the public schools of the City of New York, and to secure to this end the coöperation of other societies. The League is designed as an organization for all interested in the creation of beautiful school surroundings, in the training of the young to the appreciation of fine and applied art, and in the preservation and development of talent in gifted pupils.

"The Art League now has in its possession a number of excellent casts and pictures which have been donated for use as prizes, and will be awarded for drawing competitions during the present year. Nearly four hundred fine craftsmanship medals will be awarded each year.

"A series of illustrated lectures is carried on in the winter for the members at the Metropolitan Museum. Various speakers have been engaged as specialists to explain the Loan Collection of Rugs, the Winslow Homer Exhibition, the Armor Exhibition, the Principles of Design, etc.

"A series of visits to art galleries is conducted for high-school pupils, each of the important current exhibitions being visited in turn. At each, the pupils are met, the exhibit is explained, and the students conducted by the speaker through the galleries. Free admission has thus been secured by the League for pupils attending the Architectural League, Academy of Design and Special Metropolitan Museum Exhibitions.

"A Committee on Schoolroom Decoration has placed casts and pictures in the schools as these are secured by special contributions.

"The Art League will, as soon as possible, offer through competitive examination a number of Industrial Art Scholarships for talented pupils who graduate from the art classes of the high schools and desire to continue the study of design in professional schools for the education of workers in the industrial arts. Other cities offer many of

these scholarships, but there is at present not one open to the graduates of the New York City public schools. The need for these scholarships is urgent.

"The several school activities of the Art League may be classed as Teaching, School-Museum Coöperation, Schoolroom Decoration, Prizes and Awards and Scholarships."

There is no branch of the League's activities that does not touch one's appreciation and approbation. The work exhibited at the first of the exhibitions showed a very real and pleasing development of art understanding among school children. The colors were harmonious. The designs were mainly well drawn and neatly executed. Practically all the work had been done with seriousness, and some interest. The work as a whole was very flattering to the teachers in charge and to the inaugurators of the movement.

There seemed but one drawback. You could not feel that the child somehow had any very consciously close relationship to the work. There was practically no variation in the designs or in the sense of color or in the ideal. I recall but one sketch really having creative feeling, and that was done by an Italian schoolboy, I think. It was a decoration for a book, and there was a procession of tigers, as I remember, around the subject. It was very conventional and delightfully humorous, as only a boy would be humorous. The tigers were fierce to such a degree as only a schoolboy who had imagined tigers and never had seen one could possibly execute. Each tiger possessed three bristling whiskers on each side of a man-eating jaw, and these three whiskers sticking out without a wavering line and adding to a general effect of naïve ferocity I have never seen equaled. You knew that the boy had only dreamed of such jungle beasts as this, that deep in his practical soul he knew that they could never be so fierce as he had drawn them, that he smiled a little at his capacity for outdoing Nature in her most dangerous moods.

Other than this rapacious study of tigers, practically all the work might have been done by one child or any one teacher. You felt the children's training, but not their interest. They had been well taught, but had not expressed any personal development through their work. It seemed amazing that out of the quantity of work there was not a greater sense of the children's

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feeling about it or their attitude toward it. It led one to wonder if it is possible to awaken interest in children in their achievements without developing first in them some purpose about the work. I mean a practical, not a theoretical, purpose. Will any normal child take much interest in doing anything to increase his mental or normal or æsthetic development merely? And can a child really grow without a vital personal interest in his daily occupation? Must not every child have some practical application of his work to secure through it the full value? Can we ever hope that any child will put heart, soul, mind, body into a drawing that does not mean something beyond technical skill? And can any child learn to think unless there is something real about the work he is doing—unless he knows why he works and has a sense of pride in the result of his effort?

If, for instance, a child had always to bind his own schoolbooks, and his sister had to make the curtains for the teacher's window, or both were making a doll for the baby at home, or a playhouse for the sick child in the neighbor's family, would not there develop a certain practical interest and purpose in the work? Would not the child almost inevitably show personal taste and desire to have the thing he was creating done in his own way? Or, if an older girl should make a fashion design for her own dress and then evolve a pattern for the design and then make the dress, it seems to me that all along the line she would study sartorial economy, she would grow herself in the making of these three things, and the pattern would be very vital to her comfort and happiness.

When a boy faces problems which he must overcome, he has *got to learn to think*. And as he is *thinking* his way through these problems he comes up against the need of information on certain subjects and of his own accord he seeks knowledge to help his thinking brain. He learns eventually to value books, not as something to study or as a means of culture, but because they help him work. They make success in what he wants to do easier. He learns to respect the writers of books, some of them at least, because they have solved problems that have perplexed him. He turns to a bookshelf, instead of shying away from it, because he knows that back within those tiresome-looking covers are facts which he has got to get hold of. He cannot work *well* with-

out them. Mathematics help him to work miracles. And science he finds after all just the commonest thing in the world; it is only a guide-post to make clear the details of his work which were a little perplexing. And by and by, through this need of knowledge, he establishes a wider interest in the merely cultural education.

An important point to make right here is that a lot of boys or girls turned loose in a carpentry shop, where they were allowed to make rather poor furniture, allowed to do anything without understanding the need of perfection in it, would not be much better off than children who are just making sketches for exhibition purposes. It is the philosophy under the making of all things that stirs a child's mind. It is understanding that beauty is buried deep in doing perfectly the usual simple things which establishes a child on an imperishable foundation of truth that will last through youth and strengthen old age. The child's vitality, enthusiasm, sense of relation to the whole structure of the world must be stirred, stimulated and encouraged, and this can only be done by bringing him personally in contact with the creative universe through useful labor.

The need after all of teaching children to understand and to value work by releasing their imagination toward it does not decrease the value of lessons in drawing and knowledge of color harmony and appreciation of the beauty that other people and nations have accomplished. In fact, it may be that we must go slowly in the final training of children toward what seems to us the only real education—the understanding of work. And certainly every step that makes a child interested in what is beautiful today and has been beautiful in the past, is a step in the right direction. And whatever children do well with their hands must help them finally to understand more fully the dignity of manual labor.

WOMEN AS FARMERS

WOMAN is taking a more important place in the "back-to-the-farm" movement than is generally supposed. She has long been the unnoticed power behind the movement, urging and pleading for a more natural life and home and a better playground for her children than the vicious, unwholesome streets of a city. It is she who generally instigates the search for an abandoned farm that will

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serve as a summer home, or leads in the hunt for the small spot in the mountains or near the sea where a tent could be pitched or a tiny cabin built as a summer's refuge.

Not only has she been instrumental in urging the more sane and simple life of the country, but has at times actually taken the reins of government in her own hands. Women are now personally managing thousands of prosperous farms in America, though the heavy work is done by men. It is, of course, no uncommon sight to see women at work in the fields throughout Europe, though it will doubtless ever be an unusual sight in this land. Yet we have heard of girls seeking employment on farms in the Northwest, who declare they prefer such outdoor labor to work in hotels or as general city servants. They like the fresh air and greater freedom, and take pride in the added health gained in such labor. In the West women often work in the hop fields and vineyards, for they enjoy sorting and packing the fruit and olives under the shade of trees, regarding it as infinitely better than confinement in some dingy, noisy city office.

When a woman is left to the management of a farm, or deliberately goes out in search of one (which is often the case), she brings to bear upon her work much native managerial skill. Not having the physical strength to do the heavy labor, she employs strategy, as it were. She studies the soil, interviews every farmer in the neighborhood, that she may profit by their experiences. She quickly sees the wisdom of spraying trees, fighting garden pests and of giving personal attention to the preparation of the soil before the seed is put in. She goes to infinite pains to procure the best of seeds, plans ahead for the haying, fruit picking, etc. Such work calls for the intelligence, vigilance and thrift that she has been accustomed to exercise in conducting all the innumerable detail work of her home.

Now that scientific knowledge about farming is more widely appreciated and the work of a farm not the crushing, cruel toil of former days, a new vista is opening for woman's work and happiness. How many New England farms have been kept going by the thrift and energy of the women who encourage and stimulate the men to try new methods! The farm women like to read the papers and magazines on

scientific farming and are eager to follow the advice given in them.

Almost every paper or magazine that we pick up contains some account of a woman's success in conducting a farm. One Miss Frances Mitchel, in Boone Co., Mo., a college graduate, went back to the worn-out home farm of 320 acres and has made a model place of it. She rides over the farm, starts the men at planting and mending fences, keeps everything in perfect repair, buys all her seed, stock, farm tools and implements. She enjoys her work to the utmost, keeps up with the times and travels extensively during the winter. Another, a Vermont school teacher, was left in control of an apparently worthless farm in Florida. She decided to raise beans upon a small patch, and by much work and in spite of mistakes, raised a profitable crop. At the end of four years she is now cultivating six acres, entirely without assistance except in picking time, and in spite of mistakes and losses she nets about one hundred dollars a month.

There is a farm of four hundred acres near Boston owned and operated by Mrs. John Cummings, the business of which amounts to \$40,000 or more a year. The work of financing so large a place (requiring no little ability) as well as the active direction of the thirty or forty men regularly employed is attended to entirely by Mrs. Cummings herself. The question of help, generally so serious a problem on large farms, receives her personal and sympathetic interest. The men and their families live in small houses on her land, so that they are contented rather than restless and regard her place as their home as well as business center.

Many girls have joined the corn clubs of the South and West, taking active part in the contests, sometimes carrying off the prizes, one girl, Miss Hannah Plowden, receiving the gift of a free scholarship for four years in Winthrop College, for her creditable efforts.

It is a significant fact that the very first call for a book at the opening of the magnificent new library in New York City was for a book on farming—and by a woman! And that the two first requests at the opening of the New York Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations (organized for enlarging the field of employment for educated women) were for women capable of managing small farms.

IMPROVING THE WOODLOT: EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF CORNELL'S HELPFUL PAM- PHLETS ON FARM FORESTRY

FARMERS, foresters and agriculturists generally, who are not already aware of the fact, will be interested to know that the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., is publishing a series of extremely practical and helpful pamphlets dealing with various farming problems. L. H. Bailey is the Director, and Charles H. Tuck is the Supervisor of the "Course for the Farm."

Not only is the subject considered in detail with many instructions and suggestions which the farmer may profitably follow, and illustrated by a number of photographs which bring out graphically the points taken up, but there is also enclosed with each lesson a "discussion paper" containing questions on the more important topics. Readers, if they wish, may answer these questions either from the lesson or from practical experience, to help fix the information firmly in mind, returning the paper to the Supervisor. "Each discussion paper returned," the notice says, "will be read over carefully and will not be quoted. It will require letter postage, which is the only expense connected with the course. We regret that we cannot reply to every discussion paper personally, but we shall write to those who need definite information that we can supply." Readers may also indicate any new series of reading course lessons they wish to take up. When the lessons in any series have been studied, references for further study will be supplied on request.

Altogether, the idea of the course seems most wise and helpful, and no doubt will prove immensely valuable to many farmers who desire to put their work on a more efficient, economical and profitable basis, or to extend their knowledge along various agricultural lines.

The pamphlet before us is on "The Improvement of the Woodlot," by Walter Mulford, and contains so much useful information and so many interesting and practical suggestions in farm forestry that we cannot do better than quote some of it here.

"In order to get a crop of potatoes," says Mr. Mulford, "we plant and cultivate; if

we want the best orchard, we spray and prune; but we let nature plant and care for the woodlot—and then we wonder why that woodlot does not pay!

"Look carefully at your woodland. Are all the trees of the kinds that you like best? Are there places where the trees are so crowded that none of them can grow well? Are there young trees growing so far from their neighbors that they will hold their branches most of the way to the ground, and so make knotty lumber? Are there open spaces with no trees at all? Are there decaying, crooked or forked trees, whose room could be more profitably occupied by better ones? Is there grass in the woodlot? If you care for the woodlot as a place to raise timber rather than to furnish pasture, a cover of grass instead of a leaf mulch is as bad a condition in the woodlot as is a tangle of worthless bushes in the orchard.

"It is sometimes said that the woodlot needs no care because timber will grow without help. So it will. And so will the natural meadow yield a crop, but if we want plenty of the best hay we do not trust entirely to the natural meadow. The woodlot will respond to care just as much as will the hayfield, both in the amount of product and in its quality.

"The most serious objection made to giving care to the woodlot is that it takes too long to raise the crop. It is true that many years are required to raise timber of considerable size. This is one of the reasons why the Government should practice forestry on a large scale. The national, State, county and city governments will probably raise most of our large-sized timber of the future. It does not take so long to raise small and medium-sized products, however, and there are several reasons why it is usually good business to raise them on the farm.

"A large amount of farm land is too poor to be used profitably for the regular farm crops. Instead of being cultivated at a loss, or lying idle, such land should be used to raise timber crops. If there is already some thrifty young timber on the land, it will not be many years before it is large enough to cut. By giving such timber a little care, it can be brought to merchantable size much sooner than if left to itself. Even if the woodlot must be started from seed and therefore a long time must pass before the harvest, its care is an easy and safe way in which to build up a bank account of several

EVERY FARMER HIS OWN FORESTER

thousand dollars for old age or for one's children. Moreover, the time is coming when first-class woodlots of thrifty young timber not yet large enough to cut will have a decided value. Such a woodlot will give a higher value to the farm as a whole.

"The worth of the woodlot should not be judged simply by the sale value of the product raised on it. If there is no woodlot on the farm it will be necessary to buy wood materials; and the buying price is decidedly greater than the price for which the farmer could sell the same products, entirely aside from the cost of haul. The convenience of having wood, posts and timbers of various sorts at hand when wanted is in itself no small matter. Further, many woodlots increase farm crops by shielding them from wind. Because of the protection it affords against disagreeable winds, and because of its beauty and the pleasure to be derived from it, the woodlot often makes the farm a still more pleasant place on which to live. For this reason alone the farm frequently commands a higher sale price.

"The expense needed in caring for the woodlot is much less than for other crops.

"One of the troubles with the farm-help problem is that many farms do not have enough winter work to hold the good help all through the year. The woodlot offers one means of providing winter work for men and teams at times when they might otherwise be idle.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE WOODLOT

"There are three chief aims to be kept in view in caring for the woodlot: (1) to keep the ground covered with as many trees as can grow to advantage; (2) to have only the best possible trees; (3) to make the trees grow rapidly.

DENSITY OF STAND

"Openings in the forest do several kinds of injury. An open space is idle ground. The trees around it will have many low branches unless their trunks are already cleaned of limbs to a good height, and each branch means a knot in the timber. Every opening tends to dry out the soil by letting in sun and wind, and means a poorer leaf mulch on the ground. Care should therefore be taken that all open spaces are covered with good trees as quickly as possible. This is done by protecting desirable young growth and by planting trees or seed when a good crop will not start of itself.

"Young trees need protection from graz-

ing animals, fire and breakage due to carelessly felled timber. A little care in felling trees will often save many thrifty seedlings and saplings.

QUALITY OF TREES

"Poor kinds of trees should be discouraged and good kinds favored whenever timber is being cut or new trees started. Not only should the poor kinds be removed, but also poor specimens of good kinds, such as decaying or crooked trees. Whenever possible, such trees should be cut instead of the best ones.

RAPIDITY OF GROWTH

"The income from the woodlot depends largely on how fast the timber grows. Aside from climate, the rate of growth depends principally on three things: first, the species or kinds of trees that are being raised; second, the moistness and mellowness of the soil, and third, the amount of light that the tree receives.

SPECIES

"When choosing species to be favored or planted, their rate of growth should be considered. For example, among fence-post trees red cedar grows slowly, locust rapidly.

SOIL CONDITIONS

"Soil moisture and the mellowness of the soil strongly influence the rate of growth. The growth of timber depends more on these things than it does on the richness of the soil in plant food. A mellow, moist and well-drained soil is best for the forest.

"The best way to keep the soil moist and mellow is to keep a layer of leaf litter on the ground. The litter serves as a mulch in holding moisture; it keeps the soil mellow by supplying organic matter; and it acts at a fertilizer by returning large amounts of plant food to the soil. Every effort should be made to keep a leaf mulch on the ground, except when trying to get new trees started from seed scattered by neighboring timber.

"Fire, sun and wind are likely to destroy the leaf mulch. Slight surface fires do great harm by burning off the mulch, even if no trees are directly hurt; therefore care should be taken to keep fire out. If much sunlight reaches the ground it causes rapid decay of the litter; for this reason openings in the forest should be filled quickly, so that the ground is kept well shaded. Wind destroys the leaf mulch by blowing the leaves so that they gather in heaps in-

stead of covering the ground evenly; in order to keep out wind, all openings should be filled and the exposed edges of the woodlot kept as dense as possible, especially on the sides exposed to the most trying winds. This may require the leaving of otherwise worthless trees and underbrush, or the planting of more trees on the exposed edges. Norway spruce is a good tree to plant as a windbreak.

"Water is lost by allowing sunlight and wind to get to the ground, not only because of injuries to the mulch, but also because both wind and sun greatly increase the evaporation from the soil. By keeping the ground well shaded and providing windbreaks on the exposed sides, this loss of moisture may be decreased.

"Grass is very undesirable in the woodlot. It uses much water that should be used by the trees if the main object is to raise timber. Grass and a good leaf mulch cannot both exist. When grass comes into the woodlot, the chances are that the timber will grow much more slowly. Grass should be kept out by having the ground well shaded.

AMOUNT OF LIGHT

"The third important factor that determines how fast a tree will grow is the amount of light it receives. The food materials that are later used to make new wood must be worked over in the leaves and the leaves must have light in order to do this. The more leaves there are on a tree, and the more light they have, the better chance the tree has of making a large amount of new wood. If closely crowded by its neighbors, the tree will not have a well-developed top or set of branches (called the crown); therefore it will not have as many leaves and will not grow so fast as it might otherwise do. By removing a few trees from crowded clumps, relieving the best trees from too great competition, these trees can be made to grow much more rapidly."

We regret that there is not space here to quote Mr. Mulford's further remarks on the benefit to the woodlot by improvement cuttings, methods of starting new trees (to fill openings or replace timber to be harvested), by sprouts, by seed falling from neighboring trees, by sowing seed broadcast and by planting trees or seed. Those who are interested, however, can write direct to the college for a copy of the pamphlet itself.

ALS IK KAN

THE VALUE OF THE SMALL FARMER

IF we of the city intend to turn our footsteps to the country, to live and work there, surely this is the season. We are often warned by the over-prudent that the only time to look at country property or to go out on a farm, with a view of buying, is in the winter when it is bleak and desolate and when every disadvantage shows to its utmost. I feel quite differently about it. There are bad times for living in every climate and every season, and if we want to think of the country as a place of home making for ourselves, the time for us to go is when everything is as beautiful as possible, when welcoming hands are held out to us, when the sky is blue and the sod green, when the air is gentle and filled with sweetness and the birds tell their own story of peace and happiness.

Why should we not see at the very best the thing we have longed for as a background for our own lives and for our children? Surely we do not judge our friends when they are in tears, or when they are weak or failing. We hope to find them happy when we go to see them; we like to remember them as in the midst of joy. And so the wise person who has decided to make a homestead for the family should select the place where he will build his nest, or even the nest that he may buy that someone else has built, in the most perfect season of the year, when everything is clean and fresh and new and fragrant.

We do not need to tell the middle-aged or the aged that the country holds rainy autumn days and bleak wintry ones. We have all learned that there is a somber side to life in rural lanes as well as in metropolitan streets. But what we are seeking in the country is the side associated with happiness, the productive side that brings us in touch with the great creative forces of the world, and enables us to *do for ourselves* rather than to *buy from the world* what it has reluctantly done for us. Not only do we seek the country for healthier, saner living, for greater peace of mind and bodily health, but we expect to find there a higher and finer spirituality. We hope not only to grow good things in our gardens, but in our souls. We hope that our characters will develop because we know that country life rightly used furnishes an opportunity beyond all others for the com-

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pletely rounded growth of man or woman. For if we are in debt to Nature for our comfort, for our joys, for the house that protects us, for the beauty we long for, we are more than likely to come to some real appreciation of her power and influence. Country life taken at its best and lived to its fullest not only brings about self-reliance and develops physical energy, but it creates in the young as well as the old a sense of justice and of fair play. Men in the country also get to understand the interdependence of human beings. The farmer regards the person who lives next door to him not as an unknown quantity recognized occasionally at the doorstep, but as his neighbor, his helper in the field, his friend in the hour of joy and trouble.

And in all thought of a return to rural life we must bear in mind this spirit of neighborliness,—the farmer needs it in his life. He cannot grow and be content without it. More neighbors is what every farm district in America requires, more people to talk to, more people to work with, more community spirit, more recreation, a greater consciousness of the joys of companionship.

It seems to me that the way to accomplish this is to get the manufacturing interests into the country. Get the factory near the farmer and the home of the factory-worker near the shops, so that a threefold interest is created. Bring action to the country. Let the farmer realize that the world is about him and needs him, and above all make an opportunity for the indoor worker to live in the country near his trade or profession.

When we stop and think how far the average man lives from his source of supplies and in many instances how far from the base of his daily activities, we realize how much time is wasted in merely connecting with life, how much strength is exhausted getting to and from work and how much valuable effort goes for naught in the course of a year. I know a man working in New Jersey who lives in Long Island. In order to reach his place of work he gets up at five in the morning, hurries (underground) to New York, from New York crosses a ferry out to New Jersey. With the return trip this means four hours of activity and productivity gone to naught, and a condition of mental and physical exhaustion induced which renders the work a hardship and life at home empty of real joy.

I feel more and more that not only could the high cost of living be in a measure reduced, but that the happiness and health of the great mass of working people could be vastly increased if the manufacturing interests which now fill so large an area of metropolitan life were forced out into the country districts. If the men and women who work in the factories and the shops lived in pleasant houses, with interesting surroundings, near their work, what an amazing difference in the joy and the satisfaction of living! Suppose that this workman whom I have in mind even continued to get up at five in the morning and put two hours daily in caring for his own garden and chickens and in milking the cow. At night, suppose only a half hour of the time were given to watering his garden and the other hour and a half spent resting on his porch or chatting with his neighbors or to attending some lecture or some concert, or riding or walking about through the country with his wife and family. There is really no argument that I can see to prove that this would not be better for the individual, for the race, for the civic life of the nation. For not only does this gardening add to the health and happiness of a family, every member of it, but it lessens the cost of living to an extent hard to understand until one has tested it.

We are all talking about and suffering from the present high cost of living, and we are blaming the trusts, the middlemen, transportation, the tariff and what not; but how many of us have tried to think the matter out, really to understand what seems to me the fundamental reason,—namely the loss in the United States of the *small farmer*, his growth into the business farmer with a new standard of weights and measures and a hard and fast system of bookkeeping. Agricultural colleges, systems of intensive farming, Government experiment stations, etc., have opened the farmer's eyes and taught him the advisability of considering farming and gardening as legitimate business enterprises. On one side of his books the business farmer estimates the money invested in his farm and fittings, the value of his time and that of his family, his taxes, and the wages paid; on the other side of the ledger stand the prices he receives for produce. In other words, the farmer has become his own business manager. He knows what it costs to raise a potato and the expense of bring-

ing up a cabbage. The big farm has got to pay, or the farmer sells it to a rich relative for a "homestead" and goes to town. This economic readjustment of the farmer naturally reacts on the cost of living, for the consumer has to pay for the farmer's good business methods. This is right when farming is regarded as a means of livelihood. There is but one way to meet the difficulty, and that is for the worker in trades or professions also to become the little farmer. With the manufacturing interests held in rural districts, clustered about with little villages, the worker regarding the factory or shop as the essential source of revenue, why should not every house have its own garden, large or small, where vegetables are raised, flowers cultivated, a cow kept, and always chickens?

Equally there is no reason why the man who continues to work in a city should not live thirty minutes, or an hour even, from town, in a house suited to his ideals of home, and work in his garden morning and evening, with his wife to help,—for gardening is better than gymnasium or dancing class for health and beauty. And if there are children a most significant part of their education will be gained in the plowing, the seedtime, the planting and the harvest joys.

Every man who has his little country or suburban place, where his occupation is in the immediate vicinity, or even in the busy metropolis, can become the producing center for his larder, monopolist of his garden produce. No one can raise the price of milk for him or make it impossible for him to have berries in the spring; no one can charge him extra because there is a great demand for new potatoes. He has the comforts and the pleasures of his life in his own hands to develop and make flourish as his capacity for production and his understanding of the value of it increases.

I remember when I was a boy in the West, when the season of work ran low in the factories and in building, there was no sense of panic among the workers, because practically every man had his own little house and garden and when the factory doors closed the garden gate opened, and the man with his family to help him cultivated the soil, fed the chickens, tended the cows and produced about enough from his own few acres to keep his family alive through any period of business inactivity,—

not only alive, but flourishing, for the food from the garden was better than any that could be purchased and the health that was gained in producing the food prepared us again for the difficulties of indoor life when a period of commercial prosperity set in. It was wonderful, how much we enjoyed and appreciated these opportunities for gardening. My mother enjoyed and appreciated them as much as I did, and aided me in them. They probably had much to do with the health of our family in after life, when we left home and scattered about over the world to face its cares and difficulties.

Home life in the rural parts of France at the present time, I fancy, does not vary much from the life I led in the West as a boy. I am told that the one great industry in France today is the hen, for practically every French peasant or small business woman in country or town has her own little chicken yard which not only helps to supply the family table, but which sooner or later becomes the nest egg for the family fortune. As I have already indicated, the great reason for this immense wealth from the chicken raising of France is because it is done not as a big business enterprise, entailing vast cost, but as a side issue by the individual, so that there is no charge account in the family ledger against the keeping of the chickens. The production is practically without cost, and the gain is very near one hundred per cent. And it is far more valuable to the state that thousands of families should have small gardens and a few chickens, which means the capacity for production, than that a few men should have hundreds of acres with thousands of chickens, the outgrowth of a big business proposition, which must of necessity and legitimately greatly increase the cost of living.

I sometimes wonder if we realize how high a price we really pay for life in the city, not merely in the actual cost of house and food and clothes, but in the separation of family interests, in the lack of opportunity to live and work and play together. Possibly the greatest value that the little garden or that the little farm holds is the chance it furnishes for family life to cement its interests, for it is quite impossible that husband and wife and children should work intelligently together for their own mutual benefit without gaining in mutual understanding and happiness; when the father

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is away at his daily labor the boy must help with the farm work and must develop through the helping, while in the morning and in the evening toiling side by side the father and the son get really to know each other. The wife gets a truer understanding of her husband's strength and patience and love of his family, and the man must surely gain a wider reach of sympathy and affection in the early hours out of doors working with those nearest and dearest.

It seems as though there were some intimate relation between the development of humanity and its *capacity to produce* the essentials of life. And once we have learned the value of producing the essentials, we will quickly grow to realize how necessary it is to create our pleasures and happinesses. For every complete life must have joy and recreation as well as its problems and difficulties. One of the saddest things we contemplate in modern American life is our tendency to buy everything,—our houses, our gardens, our food, our clothes and all our pleasures. Instead of planning and evolving our homes and home life, we pay men to plan our houses, men to build them, men and women to adorn them and men and women to amuse us in them. This certainly will lead to a very sterile condition, mentally and spiritually, if it is allowed to progress to its ultimate end. And a step away from it, a step surely in the right direction is toward the country in the springtime, when we see all the beauty that may be ours with a right understanding of life, with a willingness to face complications and difficulties.

In addition to reducing the cost of living and to acquiring a wider mutual understanding and sympathy in family life, we shall learn through our gardens one of the great lessons that Nature has to teach us. In other words, that we cannot have a complete enjoyment of existence and a real growth in it without directly *producing for ourselves rather than buying*. It is impossible in the world as it stands, always to be the recipient of necessities and pleasures and at the same time to attain our real development, mental and spiritual. Nature in her way is something of a tyrant, and she demands from us that we grow to understand her by working with her. Those of us who neglect to profit by the opportunities she gives us for laboring under her direction, will find in the long run that we have not received the fullest of her bounty.

However negligent the human parent may be in insisting upon a mutual relation in life, the great parent and master of all, Nature, has no such sentimentality in the more subtle relation which she has established with her human children. If we release ourselves from any obligation to her, we will find sooner or later that the opportunities which she offered us are no longer open for our advancement and our happiness.

And it is in the springtime that Nature woos us most ardently and reveals to us most lavishly all that she has to give in return for our willingness to work in her garden. So do not let anyone deter you this spring from going to seek your own homestead, from planning your life far in the country or even at the edge of the city. Go on the brightest day to the sunshiniest spot; drink in all the beauty that the freshness of Nature can give you, and make up your mind then and there to become a part of it, to live close to it, to find out and benefit from the miracle that Nature works for those that choose her for a lifelong companion.

WHAT A GREEK GENERAL THOUGHT ABOUT WORK

DURING the old days of Theban supremacy, Epaminondas, one of the ablest of the Grecian generals, replied to the enemies who had tried to disgrace him by electing him public scavenger:

"If the office will not reflect honor upon me, I will reflect honor upon it."

More than two thousand years have passed since the words were spoken, and they are no less significant today, for they embody a philosophy of life and an ideal of labor which, with all our culture and civilization, we have not wholly attained.

It is not the work itself so much as our own attitude toward it that counts. That is what Epaminondas realized; that is what he meant when he spoke of reflecting honor upon his office. We forget that in the use of our hands lies one of the greatest channels of self-expression, and that the humblest kind of physical work, if rightly done, may be a source of invaluable training, a field for the development of manual dexterity, wise judgment, alertness, intelligence, thus serving as a firm basis for future material and intellectual achievements.

When New York and Brooklyn put their

army of street cleaners into white uniforms, we felt as if we had moved a little nearer to our civic ideals. White uniforms may be a bit impractical, but they were symbolic of a great idea. They raised the wearers, somehow, in the public estimation. We began to think of them as a useful body of men whom we had perhaps not sufficiently appreciated. We even began to admire their work, to feel grateful for it. For was it not necessary, sanitary, a benefit to the community? The white uniforms seemed to raise these men with brooms and dust-carts nearer the level of those other servants of humanity,—the skilful-fingered surgeon, the patient, white-capped hospital nurse. We felt that perhaps manual labor was not really so degrading as we had been taught to believe; its differences of dignity and compensation were only a question of degree. It was the outward symbols that had deceived us. Suppose the "noble art" of war were suddenly to be stripped of its uniforms, its titles, its medals, its false patriotism and fine-sounding glory. Would we not then be more likely to see it as it really is, to see the far-reaching horror, the barbarism, the commercialism of it?

In determining, therefore, the dignity of any occupation and its claims to respect, it may be a good plan for us to forget the symbols of it for a moment, to forget society's attitude toward it, our own prejudices of caste, our own stupid notions of life, art and labor. Then we may find that there is more honor with the old woman who scrubs our office floor and scrubs it clean, than there is with the most influential politician who mismanages affairs of state. In other words, that the value and meaning of the work and its reaction upon us depend chiefly upon ourselves.

I know a woman whom the pressure of circumstances has forced to accept the much-despised position of janitress. She is a fine woman, physically and mentally, the mother of strong, beautiful children, and as everybody puts it, she is "above that sort of work." But unlike most people who feel themselves "above" their work, she makes an excellent janitress. For the sake of those children she gets down on her knees with scrubbing brush and a pail of soap and water, and scrubs the steps and hall of the apartment house in the basement of which she lives. And every time I see her I think of Epaminondas, the great Grecian

general; for behold, here is a woman fashioned after his own soul—one who reflects honor upon her office!

Epaminondas saw the importance of a man's feeling about his work. The work is inanimate; it is the worker who has the will-power, the soul. His is the shaping influence, the subtle force that makes or mars, that draws good or evil out of his environment, that bends and molds the raw materials into their finished form, stamping, consciously or unconsciously, the personality, the greatness or the meanness of the maker upon the humblest and most insignificant object beneath his hand.

There is a law of conservation and transformation of energy in the spiritual as well as in the physical world. What we get out of our work depends upon what we put into it. Thus, if we put in skill, earnestness, patience, sympathy, we shall find efficiency and beauty in the result. On the other hand, if we work grudgingly, with our eye on the clock, our mind on the pay envelope, and in our hearts antagonism and ignorance instead of sympathy and understanding,—then in the final product there must inevitably be inefficiency, coldness, poor workmanship.

The time is coming—or perhaps we should say it has already come—when we must readjust our attitude toward labor, and especially toward that form of manual labor which we have looked down upon as "menial." We must break down many useless class distinctions and put aside many false kinds of "dignity" and "pride." We must recognize the fact that while there are necessary differences in the forms of labor and in the degree of intelligence which each requires, yet every necessary task, done well, with the right spirit, by the right person, holds in addition to its inherent dignity of usefulness and fitness, the opportunity for physical and mental development. And when we do recognize these things, then it will be our endeavor to make the conditions under which each task is performed as healthful, as cheerful and as beautiful as possible, so that work may be a world power for good instead of evil; so that instead of dragging men and women down through varying stages of material and spiritual debasement, it may lift them up to greater efficiency of achievement, and so to greater capacity for happiness. Then will "dignity of labor" be transformed from a fine-sounding phrase into a noble fact.



*Reproduction of the "Intelli" Gerard by the Knapp Co.
The portrait of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



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BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: PART SECOND: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS



IT was always a pleasure to hear stories of father's boyhood, he often liked to tell them, his memory being as clear and the pictures he drew as vivid as though it were all of yesterday. The old homestead lies in a beautiful, rolling, restful country, open to the sun, a land of great fields and slopes, no sharpness or jarring line in it all, a land of clear springs and trout brooks, of pastures where the herds graze or rest, of cool woods where the hermit pours forth his ethereal song, of meadows brimful of hay, over which the fragrant summer wind sends gentle waves. It is a country of the cow, dairying being the one and only industry, everything, all work and interest, has "boss" for its center. One of father's earliest and best essays, "Our Rural Divinity" shows how well he knew and loved the cow.

"Ah, my boy, you never wore cowhide boots or a homespun shirt, you don't know what discomfort is. The boots were made by the village shoemaker and were stiff, heavy things that froze on our feet. Often mornings in cold weather when we got to school we would sit around the stove and cry while our boots thawed out, and at night when we pulled them off the skin would come, too. It always took two of us to get them on in the morning and sometimes three to get them off. Hiram would get over us smaller boys and take hold of the boot-straps over our shoulders and we would pull, too, and kick with might and main, and at last on would come the boot. Father used to grease them with tallow and lamp black; that softened them a little. And in spring when our heels thawed out, oh, what an intolerable itch there was! Sometimes we would rub them with corn cobs until the blood would come.

"The homespun shirts when new almost took the skin off your back," father would say as he drew in a breath in respect to the memory of them. "They were harsh and of a yellow color at first, but with wear and many washings they grew softer and of a gray-white. We raised the flax ourselves, planting a small piece every year; we rotted, swingled, and hatched it ourselves and the women folks would spin and weave it and make it up into our clothes. Then

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we had sheep and washed, sheared, carded and spun the wool. That also the women folks made into cloth and blankets. I remember hearing the tramp, tramp, of the women upstairs on long drowsy summer afternoons and the buzz of the loom as they wove the woolen cloth. Mother made dyes and dyed the yarn herself, a soft, unfading blue. Geese we always had with goose-feather beds and pillows. Our mittens and socks mother knit, thick and warm. Mother made tallow dips, they were the only light we had; we always had a box full of them on the attic stairs."

FEW indeed were the things that the farmers of those days bought, nearly everything consumed on the farm grew or was made there as well. My uncle Hiram—father was the seventh child—was a most deft and careful craftsman, and father always spoke of his work with pride—of the ax handles, the ox-yokes, the rye cradles, the wood sleds and other things that were made by Hiram, the sort of things that today are for the most part bought. Shingles for the barns and houses were all home-made, a shingle horse being in every barn; window- and door-frames, boxes, chests, window-sash, and so on were all made at home. Few nails were used, iron nails being also hand-made and expensive, more for the iron in them than for the labor. The boys were real boys, too, learning to make their own toys and to depend upon themselves. "We made our own ink wells, copy books, pens, slate pencils and even our strings," father would say to show how superior was his boyhood to mine. "Down at Stratton Falls we got a soft slate stone that whittled into slate pencils. I remember how Hi Meeker had a slate pencil on the end of which he had fitted a copper gun cap and how beautiful I thought it was—oh, I thought I had never seen anything so desirable! We made our ink wells by casting them from lead about a cylinder of wet, soft wood wrapped in wet paper, digging out the wood afterward. We made our strings for kites and other things out of tow, and our trout lines we painstakingly braided from horse hair.

"Every other Saturday was a holiday—what fun we did have! I made a little sawmill out beyond the hog pen in the brook,—it is all dried up now,—and I had a saw of tin that would buzz and saw up apples and turnips, and that made people going along the road stop and look at it. I made a big kite and tied a meadow mouse on it to send him up aloft, thinking it would be a fine thing to let such a lowly creature see the world. I know he came down none the worse for his trip, blinking his beady eyes. There was always trout to catch. I have caught nice strings of fair trout down in the lower pasture where it is all dry now; grandfather was a great trout fisherman and he often

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took me with him. He was able to tire me out when he was over ninety. He taught me to believe in spooks and ghosts and witches. He had served in the Revolution, spending the winter at Valley Forge with Washington, whom he had often seen. Wild pigeon sometimes darkened the air, I can never forget their soft piping call or their beautiful blue plumage."

EXCEPT on the upper Hudson a grape vineyard and tide-water is a rare combination. Here at Riverby we not only feel the pulse of the sea, but the rows of grapes go down to the clean slate beach that is eternally covered and uncovered by the flood and ebb of the tide on its way up and down the river. In the late sixties father was compelled to take up the interesting occupation of searching for a home. Of this search he has spoken in "The Roof Tree," deciding at last on this spot because it was near his work of bank receiving and examining, near New York and also near his beloved Catskills. The further reason, the Hudson, soon became no attraction at all; in fact, later on he built Slabsides as a retreat to get away from the big river and its worldly noises. In the eighties, his health being poor and a change in the administration at Washington having cost him his bank examining, he began to grow fancy grapes. Just as father's boyhood had the cow for its center of interest mine has had the Delaware grape. The clearing up of new land purchased from an adjoining farm, the breaking of the sod, draining, blasting stumps and rocks, setting out the new vineyard and bringing it into bearing all occupied father for several years, restoring his health. For years the grapes paid a living return, besides providing interest and work. Except during the harvest or "grape time" father soon came to do little of the manual work, which is tedious, often hard and disagreeable as well as insufferably hot. The spraying, spreading fertilizer, plowing, hoeing, setting posts, trimming, tying, summer pruning, and all the other year-around work, was done by others. Father would nail up the crates, tie baskets into bundles, stamp the lids and make out shipments. Then came the birds apparently bent on destroying the entire crop, orioles especially, going from vine to vine, wantonly pecking the berries right and left, sometimes doing such damage that no grapes could be gathered from whole sections of the vineyard. Father said the vixenish chatter of the oriole became an ugly sound and that in spring when he was helping set out young vines the orioles would say mockingly from nearby trees, "Set out your grapes! Set out your grapes!" Then men and boys would come to steal grapes, often breaking the arms maliciously. Drastic measures partly stopped this.

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One affair of this kind became a joke in the end and afforded father much fun. Some big boys habitually came into the ripening Delawares, picking them when unripe only to scatter the green bunches along the road, keeping this up nightly until father lay for them. It so happened that in the darkness one boy came to the very vine under which father was waiting, whereupon he unfolded his hands without serenity, rose up and grabbed the boy. The lad, a strapping fellow of eighteen, tore loose and jumped over the fence, father grabbing him again as they went over, the top of the wall falling over on them. It was then that the boy in his terror let forth such a terrific yell, so fearsome and loud that it awoke some of the neighbors. It was so startling and unexpected that father relaxed his hold, the boy fleeing madly. The boy reached the highway and mounted his wheel, starting to pedal away. He could not refrain from looking back, lost his balance and fell off. Before he could remount father was upon him, the boy again fleeing wildly up the road, leaving his wheel as hostage. Later in the same night a fine copper wire that I had stretched across an opening into the vineyard and had attached to an infernal machine of my own invention gave a prospective grape thief such a scare that it is doubtful if he ever came back. The next morning father was doing a dance of triumph about his "prisoner," as he called the captured wheel, the owner of which later appeared, shamefacedly apologizing. In the last ten years, however, father gave up all real interest in the grapes, giving his time entirely to other things.

IT is said that happy nations have no histories and doubtless this is often true, not only of nations but of individuals as well. Certainly our life here at Riverby was as happy as it was uneventful. We all came to like best the life in which nothing ever happens. Father had built a little bark-covered study below the house on the brink of the hill, and there, surrounded by his books, he did much of his writing, working during the fall and winter. In cold weather he cut all the wood for the study fire, sawing, splitting and carrying it in himself, declaring that he thus got double heat. Much of the furniture for both the study and his house he made himself, working it by hand from our tough native oak, carving and decorating some of the pieces in simple designs. We had a workshop up on the hill, but as it was never locked most of father's tools were lost or stolen, the rest becoming dull or broken. When I built my house he helped me finish some of it, taking pleasure (though he always complained of patent planes and other of the newer kinds of tools) in putting up bookshelves, wainscotings and other finishings. When later I built the Wawee, a cabin motor-boat, he put in seats, cupboards, shelves, made steps,



JOHN BURROUGHS IN THE GARDEN OF WOOD-
CHUCK LODGE. A LESSON IN BIRD-NEST MAKING.



JOHN BURROUGHS MAKING A BASSWOOD
BARK WHISTLE FOR THE CHILDREN.



BURROUGHS' GENTLE WAY OF INTER-
VIEWING A DOMESTICATED WILD
MALLARD DUCK IN HER NEST



WHO BUT JOHN BURROUGHS COULD FIND
THIS NEST WHICH THE SHY SONG SPAR-
ROW HAS HIDDEN IN THE LONG GRASS.

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brackets, etc. What he liked most was to find natural crooks, elbows, tripods, etc., and from them build rustic furniture, making some very attractive things thus for his friends, for Slabsides, and in nineteen hundred and eleven, in his seventy-fourth year, he made most of the furniture, railings, etc., of beech and birch, for his new summer home at Roxbury, "Woodchuck Lodge."

Machinery and mechanical devices always interested and delighted father until he had to use any of them himself, when his patience soon gave out. I remember he said of my wanting a typewriter, "Oh, they are a product of our mechanical age and how I do hate them!" The big talking machine using the oak horn and the bamboo needle gave him endless pleasure, however, opening up what had always been an almost unknown world, the world of music. Brahms' "Cradle Song," a cornet solo by Rinaldi, was his favorite; Caruso's "M'appari" and "De quella pira" thrilled him; in fact, the unswerving power, the glorious virility, the unflinching high Cs of Caruso never failed to stir his blood. When he tried to make a record himself, reciting two of his poems, the machine got the better of him and the record was not as successful as he wished it might have been.

It seems to me, and with regret, that the life that my parents lived here at Riverby, a life that was typical of the time and of the generation that went before, is fast giving way to much that is not so good. Like father, mother came from pioneer New York stock, and she was what the past generation called a "good housekeeper," thrifty, economical, inheriting many of the customs and methods of the earlier days, and though sometimes carrying to extremes her tidiness and the use of that most fallacious saying that a dollar saved is a dollar earned, she never for a moment tolerated the haphazard wastefulness that is so characteristic of much of the housekeeping of today. Though the past generation despoiled our forests and streams, wasted the natural fertility of the soil and many of the natural resources of the country they could teach us much of thrift and economy in house-keeping. It is said there are three stages of domestic science: first, the pioneers who peeled the potatoes thin and carefully, next, the second generation who peeled them carelessly and thick, then their descendants who again peeled the potatoes thin from necessity. Father and mother had much of the pioneer in their blood. "How the generation to come will curse us!" father would often remark in regard to our almost universal wastefulness. The sight of good manure being used for a railroad filling, the woods full of trees cut simply for their bark, the two-hundred-year-old trunks being left to rot, the good of the soil being allowed to wash in the brooks, fish caught and game shot only to be thrown away, always gave him real distress. A country that

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was not a good farming country with attractive farm homes and barns with clean barnyards and signs of true husbandry on every side could never give him much pleasure. He always delighted in digging or blasting out rocks, patching up thin places in the soil and in taking good care of the manure. In spite of this, however, he still clung to the pioneer principle of burning everything that would burn. I never succeeded in having a compost heap; father invariably found and burnt it. As he himself said the sight of any inflammable waste material started a reflex action, almost involuntarily making him feel in his pocket for matches. Twice he almost burnt up a heap of grape-posts and one hot spring day he had a furious fight with a fire he had started near Slabsides, working until he was nearly exhausted to prevent its burning the buildings.

WHENEVER I came home from Harvard on a vacation the life at Riverby seemed to impress me as being most natural, quiet and simple. Rarely was there any servant or "girl." Father and I always helped with the work, which was really simple enough except when mother's excessive cleanliness made it hard. As father's pet aversion had been picking potatoes, mine was dusting the spindles of the stair railing in the upper hall on Saturday afternoons and putting the wash to soak on Sunday afternoons. Beating carpets and canning fruit I always rather enjoyed. Breakfast was at six-fifteen and dinner at noon, supper at five-thirty. The house was locked up and everyone in bed at eight-thirty. Neither sickness nor weather was ever permitted to interfere with the day's routine. Time and tide wait for no man. One of the best jokes I ever worked on father was the year after I graduated and while I was still living at home. I went to the hired man's for a euchre party and told father to leave the door unlocked for me, which he did. It was very late when the euchre was finished and it was after nine o'clock when I got home, where, not wishing to disturb father's sleep I came in and went up to my room with a stealth born of long practice in stalking black mallards. In the morning father asked me excitedly, "What time did you get in last night, anyway?" and on being told it was quarter past nine, he replied, half in admiration, half in reproach, "Well, you must have been mighty sly about it, for I lay awake and listened for you to come in and when it got to be ten o'clock I got up and came down to see what had become of you and found you were in!" The best joke I ever got on mother was the same winter when I caught a brown wild rabbit and brought it home alive in my hunting-coat pocket. Putting an apple in the pocket for bunny I hung the coat up in the hall for the night, meaning either to liberate the rabbit the next day or make a

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

pen for him. The idea of a full-grown, wild rabbit being in my hunting-coat pocket hanging in the hall pleased me much, the rabbit, however, being of another mind, for in the night he climbed out, and when mother came down at five o'clock the next morning, it being in December and so very dark, the rabbit gave her something of a scare; nothing serious, however, because she opened the door and hustled the rabbit out of the house as soon as she saw what it was. When I came down she demanded of me what I had let that rabbit in the house for. And I told her that it was so cold and as the rabbit came to the door and wanted so much to come in that I couldn't refuse him, an explanation that she accepted, much to father's delight. When I "muggled" or "dillydallied" in my work and mother took me to task for it, I always at once tried to switch the discussion off and on the broad shoulders of Walt Whitman. This not only nearly always worked, but it was carrying out a fixed principle of mine never to attempt a defense but always carry the war into the enemy's camp by a counter attack. Whitman and father had been great friends, father always being his aggressive champion. Whitman had been to West Park and had been a regular caller at father's house when he lived in Washington. Mother never hesitated to express her disapproval of Whitman and his shiftless, care-free, Bohemian ways, and though neither she nor I really understood his aims or his poetry, his life and verses always served for a heated argument that soon swallowed up all remembrance of my delinquencies in housework and chores.

One of the reasons that brought father to Washington was the fact that he could see Whitman every day, as a result of which the first book father wrote was "Notes on Walt Whitman, Poet and Person." The book, needless to say, was not a financial success, having been published the time of the Civil War. The loss on the book did not increase mother's respect or admiration, and in speaking of it all she would pronounce the title quickly, with a scornful snap of the "person." She made some of her mince pies, however, for Walt to give to the wounded soldiers at a Christmas dinner he got up for them. Also she said she always respected Whitman because he never married, certainly a doubtful compliment. It was with almost jealous reverence that father showed me a tree along Black Creek, against which Whitman had rested, while on one of their walks in the woods.

(To be continued in August.)



A NEW ART DEVELOPMENT IN ENGLAND: COLOR PRINTING FROM WOOD BLOCKS DONE BY A SOCIETY OF ARTISTS



WE have grown accustomed to expect sincerity of workmanship from the Englishman. We may not always look to England for the rarest imaginative flights in the fine arts or crafts; we may not always expect the English Government to have the most open mind toward what would be best for the forgotten half of her nation; but once a project reaches her intelligent consideration, we may rest assured that it will be taken seriously. The English workman varies in no wise from the statesman in definiteness of purpose and determination to produce well whatever becomes a part of his daily toil to produce at all. Although at present there is a great lapse in England in the arts and crafts movement, what little handiwork is done is done thoroughly and beautifully. On the other hand, much interest is being shown at present in the revivifying of English domestic architecture, hence nowhere on either continent are more beautiful homes being produced than the English architect is at present designing and building. English furniture is for the moment still tainted with the Art Nouveau outline, yet the modern hand-made furniture is extremely well made and very beautiful in construction and finish, if one can forgive its inspiration.

In the fine arts England is today doing but little, if we except the flourishing impulse of such men as John Lavery, William Strang, Charles Ricketts, Charles Shannon, William Nicholson, F. Cayley Robinson, David Muirhead, William Orpen, Max Beerbohm and those who have profited by the fresh staunch beauty of the work produced by the Glasgow school. There are but few sculptors that arrest the attention, but few etchers who do not belong to the older school, scarcely a miniature painter of note, no glass maker like the great Lalique in France, no designer of pottery like Grueby of America. Only here and there is a freshening of the creative spirit felt in the fine arts or an awakening of the old craft impulse that once made England's guilds set the standard of beauty and righteousness in work for Europe.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition of craft work intimately related to the so-called finer arts which England has produced in the last decade is the achievement of the Society of Engraving-Printers, founded in nineteen hundred and nine in the atelier of M. Theodore Roussel. For a long time in England, as in America and probably the world over, reproductions of famous paintings in black and white have been all the pictorial surroundings that the average home could



Courtesy of Les Arts

"THE HAYMAKERS": FROM A COLOR
PRINT BY T. AUSTEN BROWN, A.R.S.A.



Courtesy of Les Arts

"OLD BRUGES IN THE EARLY EVENING": FROM
A COLOR PRINT BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT, A.R.E



Courtesy of Les Arts

"THE THREE FISHERWOMEN OF ITZALES," FROM
A COLOR PRINT BY NELSON DAWSON, A.R.F.



Courtesy of Les Arts.

THE WASHWOMEN OF D'ARLETESVILLE,
FROM A COLOR PRINT BY E. L. LAWRENSON.



YOUNG GIRL AND GOAT, FROM A COLOR PRINT BY
MISS MABEL A. ROYDS.



ANIMAL STUDY, FROM A COLOR PRINT BY MISS
MABEL A. ROYDS.

ENGLISH ARTISTS AND COLOR PRINTS

afford. Original color work in oils or water color has been prohibitive in price. The mechanical reproductions which have been furnished in color were so unsatisfactory as to be considered without the pale of consideration in the homes of people of taste. Yet those of us who are devoutly interested in the development of the fine arts and who feel the necessity of color where color is inherent, have often realized a very real deficiency in our purely black and white decorations. The English Society of Engraving-Printers have gathered themselves together to meet this problem which has developed in modern cultivated society. Their work is the most intimate relation of the fine and the industrial arts that in recent years has come to our observation. In the first place, the work is done by men and women who know how to paint, who know what good composition means, who understand the value of highly developed technique, who have that rare Japanese quality of elimination which is slowly dignifying modern art. These artists are people of the greatest appreciation of the picturesque quality of rural life. Some of their most beautiful prints are of the humble sea folk along the sea coasts of England and Brittany down to Italy. Each picture is drawn as though the perfection of its design were the final achievement that each particular artist had in mind. Then follows the real purpose of the Society, the making of wood blocks, engraving the designs and printing in water color so that each reproduction is accomplished entirely by the artist who creates the picture. For it is the rule of this Society that no one shall make the blocks, engrave them or print from them except the artist who designed the picture which is being reproduced.

ALREADY the prints which are made by the Engraving-Printing Society have been exhibited in London and several times in Paris. In the latter city they have met with the most boundless enthusiasm. The French critics are as one in their appreciation of the quality of the work which has been accomplished by this society of artists. Naturally, every print which is reproduced in this exclusive fashion has especial value, just as every etching has especial value, because it must of necessity retain the feeling which inspired the artist to make the picture. In other words, the original inspiration does not end in the design, but finds its way from the blocks out into each separate print which the artist handles. This cannot be otherwise, because the work is done with enthusiasm and because the technique of each artist is that of a developed earnest craftsman.

The medium used, water color, is naturally absolutely best suited for the sort of reproduction which these artists have in mind. For not only must they first consider the scene which is to be reproduced

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from the point of view of the creative artist, whose imagination has been stirred by its beauty, but always the medium and the technique must be considered in relation to the fact that the mechanical print must be so well reproduced that not only is it a permanent and beautiful example of the block printing art, but that it carries with it the enthusiasm and joy of the artist in his original creation. It is no small task, indeed, that these English artists have set for themselves. They must be nature-lovers, people of imagination, trained draughtsmen and craftsmen of the type that would have made them the leaders of their guilds had they worked in the old days when English crafts were famous the world over.

It is interesting and significant that the reproductions which these people are making do not for a moment suggest the mechanical side of their skill. Once seeing the luminous quality of color that is secured by these artists in their finished prints, one realizes why the rules of the Society are so very stringent, why absolutely no one artist is permitted to help another, and why no artist for a moment dreams of having the difficult technical detail of his work done by an assistant. So strict are the rules of this Society and so closely do the artists abide by them and so excellent is the result that they seem well worth recording in this article: "First, all the pictures exhibited must be the invention of the artist, all copies and reproductions are rigorously excluded from the exhibitions; second, all the proofs and original plates must be executed by the artist himself as well as printed by himself; third, all works in which photography has been employed will be rigorously excluded from the exhibitions of the Society; fourth, all works are guaranteed to have been printed by the artists and not colored or retouched by hand."

It is easy to understand how valuable eventually these individual prints of original work will become. They must in the course of time earn for themselves the reputation and value of a remark etching. For from the moment when the artist decides the subject for his print, no other personality is brought to bear upon the work, leaving the individuality of each artist free to permeate the work which he alone originates and develops. The value to the public of being able eventually to own the color prints of various interesting and beautiful scenes the world over is beyond calculation.

IT is quite wonderful the immense variation of inspiration and craftsmanship that one feels in the different prints of the various artists. In the work of Mr. William Giles there is an essentially decorative quality. He seems somehow to transpose his visions of beauty into the more exalted region of poetry. There is a lyric note

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in all the prints which we have seen of his; especially in the one called "The September Moon" is there inexpressible tenderness and a quality of rare ineffable light which trembles down the rays of the moon through the leaves of the night trees. In the work of Mr. Austen Brown there is a more vibrant, brilliant note. The method of production is more vital, almost violent, after the manner of the neo-impressionists. His technique is frank and there is a certain almost startling quality of light and shadow, a lack of *nuance*, a sense of overwhelming light through all the work which he presents. His gardens are a riot of orange and blue. His sunlight is radiant, his adjustment and arrangement of color emotional in the extreme. On the other hand, the work of Mr. Frederick Marriott, especially that lovely scene which we are reproducing of "Night in Bruges," is a most tender and poetical presentation of the Mediæval life which still exists in the old Belgian streets. The old-time houses, lighted in soft melancholy way, the people in simple dress, without hurry, without stress, all are shown apparently without effort and certainly without anything of the strident note so often used by the painter of modern ways.

Nelson Dawson's drawing of the "Three Fisherwomen of Etaples" is done so freshly, so vigorously that one scarcely notices at first the rare quality of elimination which this artist had brought to bear in his technique. How much is accomplished by a single stroke, by a line, a dot, can only be realized by a study of the illustration which we are showing in the magazine this month. And yet with all the elimination there is abounding light and wind as well as a sense of human activity in the little sketch.

In a recent article in a French publication called *Les Arts* there is a tribute to these workers which is well worth presenting. "We find," says the critic, "in the original prints, of these artist-engravers and printers, men and women animated with a most sincere love of their work, technique which shows a sincerity, a common ideal which is rare in modern craftsmanship. Their color is beautifully reproduced, handled with a significant difference of temperament, yet in every instance their accomplishment is that of artists. Not in a single instance do we find the vulgarization with which so many of the artists in new endeavors handicap their work today. These people, whether their work is of familiar home scenes or of picturesque conditions in foreign lands, show an almost ingenuous delight in the subjects which they are presenting, combined with the quality of imagination and a handling of technical difficulties which would be rare in any day or country."

That a group of artists should affiliate themselves not solely for

DANDELIONS

personal aggrandizement, but to make possible the widest dissemination of beauty throughout the country in the homes of people who have up to the present time been compelled to limit themselves to black and white reproductions of works of art, seems to us of the widest significance. That artists are willing more or less to sink their individuality into their accomplishment as craftsmen certainly is a realization of the old craft spirit which has been rare indeed in these modern days of personal aggrandizement.

DANDELIONS.

THEY like to tramp about—
They do not know what Duty means
Nor do they trouble to find out.
They feel as good as kings and queens
And every one of them is brave.
No matter what may come—
Like soldiers they behave.

They push their way with plucky might
And never mind the blows—
Nor falter in the fight
With plows and rakes and hoes.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR NATIVE PLANTS: DIGEST OF A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS, BY DR. N. L. BRITTON, DIRECTOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?" EMERSON.



THE protection of our wild flowers and plants may seem, at first glance, to be a trivial matter from a national standpoint; nevertheless, it is a subject which every thoughtful person will recognize as an important factor in popular education for the conservation of national resources. The effort to promote public appreciation of our beautiful wild plants and of the great desirability of their protection, has gone on for a number of years with more or less gratifying results. It cannot be said that the destruction of wild plants has been entirely prevented, but it has been checked very materially in some sections of the country. This has been done particularly through the work of societies. A number of societies in the United States have been organized for this purpose, which are aided by the establishment of certain funds. Two of the principal ones are the Society for the Preservation of Native Plants in New York City and the New England Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers, Boston, Mass. The New York Botanical Gardens also hold such a fund, established by Olivia and Caroline Phelps Stokes. Through this fund various efforts have been made to distribute information and arguments in favor of the protection of native plants. This has been done by lectures delivered in different parts of the country, by the publication and distribution of pamphlets, by articles in newspapers and magazines. Prizes have been offered to high-school pupils for essays on the subject. Posters have been used forbidding, under penalty of the law, "the gathering of wild flowers and ferns and the cutting of any tree or shrub or the starting of fires" in public and private parks and reservations; but the shocking devastation of our woods and parks continues.

The reasonable picking of wild flowers in sparsely settled communities is not particularly detrimental. Flowers may be taken from some places in large quantities without damage, as in the case of some wild stemless violets. But if this practice is permitted in public reservations and parks, it becomes almost impossible to prevent children from picking flowers at random. Also, there is in ungoverned human nature a very distinct spirit of vandalism which apparently can be controlled only through complete repression, and while perhaps

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there is less of this than formerly, we still feel that wilful destruction is the most formidable enemy to the attempt to protect our park and woodland beauty.

Let us glance at the various native wild plants with which most of us are familiar, and note those which will not be harmed by moderate picking and those whose scarcity or frailty makes it essential for them to be left undisturbed. First, we will consider the herbaceous plants, then the shrubs and last the trees.

One of the earliest flowers of spring which is in danger from ruthless picking, is our beautiful hepatica. These flowers may be taken without harm, if carefully picked, but the general tendency seems to be to pull up the whole clump. Another plant that has been seriously abused by careless picking is the marsh-marigold, also a spring flower inhabiting cool ponds and slow-flowing streams. Other plants which should be intelligently treated are the spring-beauty, which lives in low moist woodlands and hillsides, flowering very profusely; adder's tongue, which produces a great many flowers and has a deeply seated bulb; Dutchman's breeches, inhabiting rocky woodlands and shady places, and bloodroot, which takes its name from the red juice of the root stock running underground beneath the dead leaves. This latter plant is seriously injured by heedless picking and should not be molested at all. In fact, as a result of thoughtless treatment it is almost extinct.

INDISCRIMINATE picking is most devastating to the delicate windflowers. The wild pink, which inhabits rocky situations, is not so frail and is easily adapted to cultivation. The American red columbine, which blossoms in such gorgeous colors, inhabiting rocky and relatively dry soils, is readily destroyed, because it is one of the plants which has to distribute many seeds to insure propagation. Violets, of which we have several varieties, such as the bird's-foot violet, the long-spurred violet and the yellow violet, are all menaced by heedless picking.

Jack-in-the-pulpit is particularly interesting to us as a northern representative of a very large family of plants essentially tropical in character. This plant is made the subject of study in public schools, and at times the picking of it for school purposes has been disastrous. Last spring a large class of schoolchildren under the guidance of teachers uprooted four hundred and ten Jack-in-the-pulpits in the New York Botanical Gardens, in a relatively small area. The plants were, of course, confiscated at once, heeled into the ground and scattered back to the places whence they had been taken. But this incident, which is by no means an isolated example, shows how advisable

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it is that our public-school teachers should be warned against allowing and encouraging such unnecessary destruction.

Wake-robins are interesting and beautiful plants, related to the lily. The nodding wake-robins have a single flower which turns straight down from the stem. There are several varieties of this flower, all of which are in danger of destruction by wanton picking.

A little later in the season comes the wild geranium, which is also largely dependent on its seed for propagation, and any great amount of picking will prove disastrous to it.

Wild lilies come still later in the year. The Canada lily is an inhabitant of moist marshy places, growing in great profusion from bulbs. The red Philadelphia lily grows in very dry soil, from bulbs, but should be allowed to retain a certain amount of seed.

Orchids are among the rarities, and though they are found in a very wide area of our country, they seldom grow in great profusion. They are very much sought after, and thus endangered. They begin to flower in late May and early June. The rose pogonia, a marsh plant, is a summer orchid that grows, as a rule, with its relative the arethusa, and often the two are found intermixed. The moccasin flower is another orchid related to a great many tropical orchids; it has fleshy roots embedded in leaves in a sandy soil, and has been already harmed by indiscriminate picking. The lovely white lady-slipper is found in the Northern States, especially in New Jersey, northern New York and New England. The yellow lady-slipper grows also in marshy woodland. The green ragged orchid and the white fringed orchid grow in sandy marshy ground, particularly along the coast of Long Island and New Jersey, and are close relatives of the yellow fringed orchid.

Ferns are also in danger of diminution by indiscriminate picking. Maidenhair is the most fragile and is very easily uprooted from its favorite habitat in sloping ground and loose soil, so that often the whole plant is pulled out.

Our native pitcher plant is rendered inaccessible by its life in the swamps, and is thus protected. Butterfly-weed is in danger from the fact that it differs from most varieties of milkweed by not having a great allowance of milk in its stem, thus being pleasanter to pick than the more fluid kinds. Water-lily life can be very greatly endangered by careless picking. There is less danger for the purple gerardia, which grows in grassy and rather moist places. It is particularly plentiful along the Atlantic Coast, and the borders of salt marshes of Long Island and New Jersey are almost purple with it. The cardinal flower is highly prized for its beauty, but is in danger of extermination where it grows within the ordinary range of excursions from cities or towns.

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OUR autumn flowers, such as the golden-rod and the aster, of which we have a large variety in North America, add greatly to the beauty of our landscape. Some of these flowers grow so freely in certain sections that they are not greatly endangered from careless picking.

An autumn flowering plant which grows in marshes is the rose-mallow. It is not easily accessible, and if gathered, the petals which are very frail, wilt quickly. There is also a white rose-mallow with a crimson center, and various hybrids between the two are common. The closed gentian is a beautiful autumn flowering plant of which there is not a great deal left in the neighborhood of our cities.

Passing to the consideration of flowering shrubs, the first that occurs to us is our lovely trailing arbutus. There is not very much of this left, however, in the vicinity of cities; we have to go far out into the country to see it in great quantities. One reason for its destruction is that it is frequently pulled up by the root in order to get longer stems on the flowers. Of course, the proper way is to take a pair of scissors along and cut off the blossoms without injuring the rest of the plant. Some interesting experiments with trailing arbutus have been made recently in Washington by Mr. Coville, in which it was shown that the growth and quality of this plant depend chiefly upon cultivation in soil which is kept in an acid condition. Studies of the acidity of soil are going to have a very important bearing on the growth of plants of this nature, because it appears that certain varieties need soil which is sour instead of neutral. And we learn that the proper treatment is to place plenty of decayed leaves around the roots of such plants, because this leaf mold contains an acid. This fact has led to the mulching of arbutus, rhododendrons, mountain laurel and similar plants.

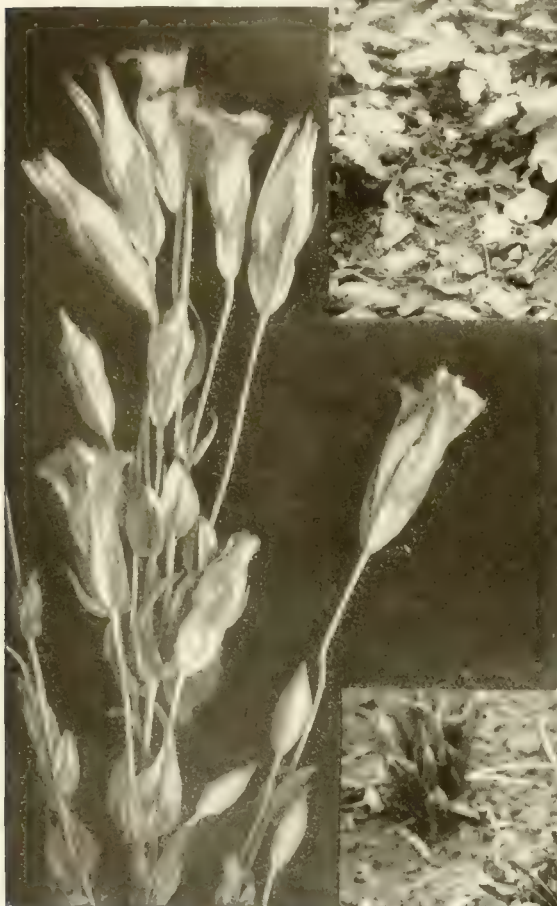
Pussy-willow, another gift of early spring, has its twigs broken off in great quantities and is even brought into the city for sale, but there is no great danger of its extinction, as it grows very rapidly. Spice-wood, an attractive feature of our woodlands, is not conspicuous enough to be seriously endangered by breaking. Shad-bloom is abundant and in no great peril, as its flowers wilt immediately after picking. The red-berry elder blooms early and inhabits rocky woodlands, its flowers being succeeded by bunches of red fruit. Its relative, the American elder, blooms later and has black fruit. Both of these are being widely destroyed by thoughtless people. The beautiful azalea is liable to complete destruction on account of its exceedingly attractive flowers, and there is much less of this flowering shrub in our woodland than there used to be. The same is true to a lesser extent of the white azalea, which blooms later in marshes.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

WE ARE GRADUALLY LOSING THE WATER-LILY FROM ALL THE POOLS WHICH ARE IN ANY WAY ACCESSIBLE TO COUNTRY ROADWAYS: IT IS THE UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF OUR CHILDREN TO PULL THESE LILIES UP BY THE ROOTS. THE BEAUTIFUL FRAGRANT MAGNOLIA WHICH FORMERLY BLOSSOMED THROUGH NEW ENGLAND, STATEN ISLAND AND NEW JERSEY, IS ALMOST EXTINCT FROM HEEDLESS PICKING.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN, WHICH ADDS SO MUCH BEAUTY TO OUR WILD AUTUMN LANDSCAPE, HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY DESTROYED: IT IS ONLY TO BE FOUND IN REMOTE WOODED SECTIONS



Courtesy of the N. Y. Botanical Gardens.

THE MOST DELICATE NATIVE FERN IS THE MAIDENHAIR: THIS IS VERY EASILY DESTROYED BY INDISCRIMINATE PICKING: ITS FAVORITE HABITAT IS SLOPING GROUND AND LOOSE SOIL, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THE WHOLE PLANT IS PULLED UP BY CARELESS PEOPLE WHO EITHER THINK THEY WILL REPLANT IT AND MUST HAVE THE ROOTS OR WHO GO HUNTING FOR WILD FLOWERS WITHOUT SCISSORS: AS THE ROOTS OF MOST WILD FLOWERS ARE ESPECIALLY TOUGH THE USE OF SCISSORS IS MORE NECESSARY THAN IN A GARDEN.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF SPRING WHICH IS IN DANGER FROM RUTHLESS PICKING IS THE WILD HEPATICA: ITS FLOWERS MAY BE TAKEN WITHOUT HARM, BUT THE GENERAL TENDENCY SEEMS TO BE TO PULL UP THE WHOLE CLUMP.



Courtesy of the New York Botanical Gardens



MOUNTAIN LAUREL AS A WILD PLANT WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF THE CITIES IS NOW ALMOST EXTINCT: IT HAS BEEN TORN AWAY FROM SEASON TO SEASON UNTIL IT ONLY GROWS LUXURIANTLY IN THE REMOTE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS.

ONE OF THE MOST GORGEOUS OF OUR NATIVE FLOWERING SHRUBS IS THE RHODODENDRON.



THE LOVELY WILD AZALEA WHICH ADDS SO MUCH TO THE CHARM OF THE SPRING IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IS LIABLE TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION ON ACCOUNT OF ITS EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE FLOWERS.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.



THE VIBURNUM BUSH, ALSO KNOWN AS THE BLACK HAW, IS BEING SERIOUSLY INJURED BY TEARING OFF THE BRANCHES.



THERE ARE FEW DOGWOOD TREES LEFT ANYWHERE ALONG THE LINE OF THE POPULAR MOTOR-CAR ROUTES.



Photo. by the New York Botanical Gardens

THIS PICTURE SHOWS FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN JACK-IN-THE PULPITS WHICH WERE UPROOTED LAST SPRING IN THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS BY SCHOOLCHILDREN: THEY WERE CONFISCATED AND REPLANTED, WITH A WARNING TO TEACHERS AS TO THE NECESSITY OF INSTRUCTION IN BOTANY WITHOUT DESTRUCTION OF THE PARKS.

PRESERVATION OF OUR NATIVE PLANTS

Mountain laurel, as a wild plant within close reach of the cities, is now almost extinct, although there is much of it remaining in the mountains. What a pity it is that it could not have been preserved in its original luxury, that the world might enjoy more fully its rare beauty of flower and leaf.

Rhododendron, a native of rocky cool ravines, which grows up into the northeast as far as Nova Scotia and is found even more abundantly in the Alleghanies, is one of the most gorgeous of our flowering shrubs, and is worthy of careful protection. The viburnum bush and its cousin the arrow-wood, which blooms in the woods a little later, should be protected. The wild rose is safe-guarded to a certain extent by its prickles, and its relative the marsh-rose, equally common, is comparatively safe in its marshy surroundings.

AMONG our native trees, we find that branches of the sweet birch are often broken off by small boys who are attracted by the fragrant spicy twigs, and its relative, the American white birch is, all over the country, disfigured by vandalism which tears away its beautiful white bark. The American beech is often scarred by thoughtless people who engrave their initials on its trunk. Slippery elm is another tree whose surface is badly mutilated to secure the sweet inner bark. And the bark of the sassafras tree, which is spicy to the taste, meets a similar sad fate.

The beautiful fragrant magnolia, which blooms in early summer, grows in marshes, reaching its northern limit in New England. Formerly it was abundant in certain swamps on Staten Island and in northern New Jersey, but a traffic in magnolias was established by boys who brought the blossoms into the cities and into railroad trains to sell, so that they have nearly vanished from their old haunts.

There are few perfect dogwood trees left anywhere along the line of the popular motor-car routes, and the gathering of great branches of the wild cherry has also resulted in partial destruction of this lovely flowering tree.

The American chestnut tree was formerly in full bloom in July, but we shall not see its beauty in the East for many years, for it has practically been killed by a fungous disease which has proved so far impossible to conquer. That such a disease should spread over so large an area of country unrestrained is a great blow to modern horticultural science. The trouble is due to a microscopic organism which does its work under the bark of the tree where nothing can reach it. The spores are distributed through the air by the wind, squirrels, birds or insects,—bringing about so widespread a scourge that the chestnut is almost a thing of the past in the States of New Jersey, New York and in New England.

A COUNTRY ROAD

To show how closely flower and plant preservation is allied to the conservation of our national forests, we may mention the inroads made on spruce forests in this country. The use for Christmas trees of spruce and fir in increasing numbers is making for a wholesale destruction in the North. A remedy which has been suggested is fir nurseries producing trees especially for the Christmas trade. American holly has become a rarity in its wild state on account of its popularity during the holidays. The winterberry, a relative of the holly, which holds its red fruit late into the winter, is widely destroyed for decorative purposes, and danger also threatens the climbing bitter-sweet. The fruit of this, as of all plants, is essential for the reproduction of the species, and the breaking off of branches bearing the seed has seriously reduced the possibilities of propagation.

A COUNTRY ROAD

IT was a winding thread of white
That moved amidst the green
Like some vague joy or dim delight
Or dream of peace serene.

There was a beckoning thro' the trees
Of distant shimmering blue
That lured with subtile witcheries
And pleasing prospects new.

The spacious fields beside the way
Were fragrant with the balm
That comes from grass where lambkins play
Thro' quiet hours of calm.

For scarce a wain with rumble bold
Passed creaking o'er its sod;
But over it in silence rolled
The chariots of God!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE: A STORY: BY EMMA BELL MILES



T a merrymaking in Caney's Cove two brothers were dancing. They were both in the early twenties, blond, well formed and agile. They had been known as "them good-lookin' Reedy boys" before they were grown, and although demure Fedelma had married the elder a year ago, the maidens pressing their best plumage softly together in the doorway whispered to each other, "Ain't he straight!" as Ransom took the floor, even while all their arts were directed toward attracting the still eligible Atlas. Ransom was a smaller and finer edition of his younger brother; he had clearer features, bluer eyes, and fair hair curling close to the scalp where Atlas' mop was sandy.

Ransom's partner of the moment was, as it happened, the very girl whom Atlas had brought to the gathering—Callie Drane, a girl large for her age, whose vivid coloring and thick waving hair bespoke abundant vitality. With a grace like that of a wild creature she bounded to meet the young fellow in the middle of the ring; her eyes and her teeth gleamed as she gave him her hand, unconscious of the strength of its clasp. Catching the air from the banjos, she began to sing as she danced.

"The ficety thing," murmured some of the women. But others took up the melody, a native composition, and carried it all together:

"Some days seem dark and dreary,
As though it was likely to rain;
Some clouds may float to center,
My love has gone off on the train.

"Oh it's hard to be bound in prison,
It's hard to be bound in jail!
To see iron bars around you,
And no one to go your bail!"

Callie moved to and fro lightly, her head high, her mouth well open, her face full of light, the song rippling from her throat as limpid and fresh as a streamlet from a mountain spring.

Her very antithesis was Fedelma, sitting mute and motionless by the wall. The bride of a year was not dancing this set, preferring, out of sheer pride in his appearance, to keep her soft dark gaze on her young husband. They were late in arriving because she had stopped to sew a patch inside the collar of his best shirt. Despite the meek grace of her neck and smooth brown head, she heard and rather resented the whispers; and at Callista's too eager advance she half-

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rose with a smothered exclamation. A little later she stood up, turning her head from side to side uneasily.

To a would-be partner she replied confusedly, "No—I—jist 'lowed to get me a drink; it's hot in here," and slipped out under the tranquil stars.

She had kept a beautiful secret to tell Ransom tonight; but something, some careless word of his, had postponed the telling until they should find themselves alone on the homeward road, and now—"I won't tell him a-tall!" she whispered fiercely, threading her aimless way through the undergrowth. "I jist won't! That big tomboy Callie—she came right into his eyes with that look o' hers, and he let her in—he let her in! . . . They act as if they knowed something I don't." Her throat ached with rising sobs. "They used to go together, didn't they? No telling but they think of each other still!"

Her feet found themselves in the spring path. Wishing only to be alone until this unwonted flood of feeling could spend itself, she went slowly down the hill and seated herself on the puncheon bench, placed there for the support of washtubs. Before her, in the white moonlight, stood Bivins' springhouse, its walls of heavy logs and stones crossed by a delicate vine whose leaves and clustered berries showed translucent. Having once noticed, she could not take her eyes from the exquisite thing. The moon was mounting into the sky; she heard the whispered counsel of the leaves like a warning, and the night's heavy moisture spilling from leaf to leaf. A faint pattering footfall rustled in the thicket. She felt so afraid of the lonely woods that she ceased crying, and leaned forward as if to rise; but she sat on, looking at the pretty slender vine, wishing she had not come here or to Bivins' dance, yet perversely assuring herself that, if Ransom were really bent on reviving an old affair, nothing else could matter to him or to her.

A heavy, tramping step and a splash roused her from the mood into which she had fallen. She rose now and stood, a white slim shape in the cavern of shadow beneath the big tupelo that overarched Mam Bivins' washplace.

The newcomer was Atlas. "Hello! what you doin' here, Delma?" he asked, surprised. As she made no answer, he entered the springhouse, dipped his bucket and began fumbling along the walls. "Do they keep ary gourd here, that you known of?" he inquired, reappearing in the moon-drenched doorway.

"I don't know," she answered mournfully, speaking with an effort over the lump in her throat.

Replying to the tone instead of the words, he came toward her

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In the moonlight she saw his honest face touched with concern, its big brows wrinkling together. "Is the' anything the matter? Does Ransom know you're here all by yourself?"

In the darkness she found his soft Southern bass inexpressibly comforting.

"I—jist wanted a drink." And out of pure pique she added, "He don't hafto know every step I take, does he?"

He answered with a little laugh that meant nothing except the blessed readiness of youth for laughter. "Let's git us a drink, if we can find a gourd."

She caught the quick spurt of a lighted match, an ejaculation as its snapped-off head hissed in the water. To the mountain girl there was a fascinating masculine recklessness in this dashing waste of matches.

He struck another, and looking up over its glow in the cup of his hollowed palms, found her face crowned with its wreath of jade and coral unexpectedly close to his own in the doorway, and smiled.

Fedelma drew back. "Well, there ain't a thing here to drink out of except that big wooden bucket," she exclaimed petulantly.

"Would ye take my hat?" he proffered, scooping a drink in its felt brim.

She drank and thanked him, but did not at once set off toward the house. Something in the deferential gesture with which he waited on her, some vibration in his voice, filled her with a sudden overwhelming curiosity as to how he would make love. She wondered, with a thrill of terror at her own daring, what were the deepest and tenderest notes of his voice, what the falling, hovering motions of his broad hands. One man's wooing she knew by heart; could there be another as sweet?—But was that, perhaps, Ransom's feeling about Callie? The racking anger came welling up again; and before she was aware it rose to words.

"Atlas, what makes you go with Callie Drane?"

He laughed again, a rich, pleasant chuckle. "Don't you like her?"

"Oh—she thinks too much of herself, I b'lieve! Whatever makes you—?" She checked herself, realizing that her speech was open to misinterpretation.

"Why—because I couldn't git you, I reckon." It was an absurd compliment, awkwardly turned; but finding Ransom's wife so unlike her usual shy and gentle self had gone to his head a little.

"Oh, shuh! You and me—" She really hardly knew what to say. "You and me ain't never went together enough to—to—to make you talk like that."

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"Why—" He made a gesture of protest. "You remember the Three Springs picnic, don't ye?"

Of course she did, but she had never been sure till now that it was worth remembering. Had he meant it, then—all the play of that merry time? Her pulses quickened; she stood silent, lovely and alluring in the dusk of the perfumed woods. The red berries in her hair seemed to burn like a desire.

They moved forward together, and Atlas, knocking accidentally against a sapling, brought down a shower of starry drops from the branches all over her.

She gave a little shriek, and then laughed, dancing ahead under the moving shadows of the foliage, bent upon reprisal. Tiny drops like diamond dust glittered on the stray curls over her forehead, and on the leaves and berries of her wreath, twinkling with the tremor of her laughter.

Atlas stopped, his hands closing into fists. They stood facing each other, eyes answering eyes with something roused and dangerous. He recovered himself by an effort and drew back a step.

"You goin' back to the house?" he suggested, taking up the bucket of water.

She trembled, balanced, hesitated—then compromised, "Not yit a while." How far she had drifted from this morning's austere joy in her secret, after the nights of terror and doubt!

Atlas set down the pail. "Then shall I stay too?" He came and bent over her. "Do ye want me—to—stay with you—Delma?"

She did not look up, as she made room for him beside her on Mam Bivins' bench:—"only don't ye forget, Atlas Reedy, that I'm a married woman!"

"I won't if you don't," he laughed, fanning her with the hat she had drank from. Something in her fragility and helplessness moved him in a different way from Callie's robust buoyance. He could not deny that he liked doing little things for Delma.

From the house up the hill the music of banjos came pulsing out upon the ancient night, powerful with associations to those two—a music indigenous to the soil as the scarlet-berried vine.

"I have a great ship on the ocean,
All lined with silver and gold;
And before my true lover shall suffer,
My ship shall be anchored and sold.

"If I had the wings of an eagle,
Or either the wings of a dove,
I'd fly over mountain and rivers,
And rest in the arms of my love."

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Of a sudden her face crinkled miserably. "I reckon Ransom's done forgot it already."

"How's that, Fedelma?"

"Didn't you see, Atlas?" Insensibly a note of sincerer feeling crept into her voice. She looked straight at him without self-consciousness. "Ransom and Callie?"

The hat quivered, and stopped, clutched hard. "See . . . what? You tell me!"

"Nothing only—she looked at him, I thought. When they danced."

"Oh, she did, did she!" Atlas got to his feet. "I been afeared of it," he groaned. "Rans' was the first that ever went with Callie. . . . They say a gal never forgets." He strode forward and caught up the bucket without looking round. "Let's us go back!" His voice went strangely harsh on the words. "By jacks, I've whupped Rans' afore, and I can again if he gits to lookin' too hard at my gal. Condamn that curly head of his!"

She had no choice but to follow, flung into a gulf of doubt and anger by his ready acceptance of her suspicions as valid. She would hurry to see what Ransom was doing now—oh, she must! What had she been thinking of, to leave him to his own devices for so long?

But it was Ransom who showed himself at the turn of the path, and demanding: "Been down to the spring, Atlas? Have you seed Fedelma anywhere? Oh, there she comes—"

Her heart at first expanded with relief; but she distinctly saw his start as he realized that she had accompanied Atlas. He stood before her, blocking the path, and did not speak for a moment. Atlas disappeared with the bucket of water; the dropping dew, the crickets and the katydids, possessed the stillness. They heard the banjos at the house, and the thudding feet of the dancers.

"Had you forgot you belong to me?" he asked at last. He stopped with his mouth open, and she smelt the product of Bivins' still.

"Rans'! Why, Ransom! had you forgot you wasn't goin' to touch whiskey tonight?" she countered. "Let's us go home right now, Rans'. Let's do!"

"Not till I've licked that—" Ransom's synonym for "cur" was polysyllabic but forceful—"for stealin' you out. And I'll see you afterward." He turned on his heel and moved away, a feeling of sullen resentment against her in his heart, suddenly estranged and isolated. He felt powerless to fight against the hideous doubts that took his mind by storm.

But his wife, following, clung to him, her arm round his shoulders.

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"Rans', he didn't. He didn't. You wouldn't think so if you wasn't drinkin'. Wait, honey—wait a minute—let me tell you! Atlas come down to git some water for the folks; I'd done been there for some little time. . . . Don't you go to the house, Rans'. Take me home." She began to cry, stumbling along beside him. "I want to go home, Ransom! Hit's the best. I got something to tell you. You—you'll take another drink or two up there, and then first thing you know you'ns 'll all git in a jower and a jangle, and you or him, one'll be hurt."

"Sure will," he retorted grimly, moving doggedly forward. They came out into the open road, flooded with light.

"But I want to tell you something! Listen—"

He flung off her hands. "If hit's what I think," he said, in a tense undertone, "you better never tell it." His light-weight figure was drawn erect; his eyes glinted like steel.

"You and them for it, then!" cried Fedelma, stopping short with a gesture of despair. Her secret! Had he guessed it, then—and was this the way he meant to take it? She made no attempt to follow him farther; she forgot Atlas and Callie entirely; her deepest feelings were wounded now. "His baby, his own little—Oh, dear Lord, what shall I do! I'm a good notion to go back to Marion County and stay with mammy!"

She wandered, sobbing and wiping her eyes on her sleeves, along the road home.

Ransom, hurrying to Bivins' house, looked through the window at the lighted room. The rhythmic swing of the music urged the pounding of the blood in his temples. He saw Atlas join the dance again, saw a little flurry among the girls, and heard without noticing Callie's laugh. The little children, who had been allowed to sit up late, now began to nod over in the corners; the usual contingent of bad little boys arrived and, growing obstreperous, had to be hustled out of the way. The fun waxed furious; the figures wheeled and swung and eddied; coats were flung off, hand-clapping and stamping increased, laughter was continuous. At every shout he glowered more darkly through the narrow pane.

"I'll take one more drink, and then I'll call him out," he muttered to one who stood near him in the yard.

"Who?" asked Homer Bivins.

"Huh? Why, Atlas,—dam' his impident looks."

"What's he done, Rans'? I wouldn't, Ransom. Better not call him out, Ransom," said several bystanders quickly. For Ransom and Atlas had fought ever since they were boys on the slightest provocation or none at all; their only peace lay in keeping apart, although

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there seemed no ill feeling between them other than the ancestral rivalry between males of the same blood.

Old Bivins came from the jug hidden in the althea bushes, all solicitude for the success of his daughters' merry-making.

"Looky here, Ransom," he began in a conciliatory tone, plucking the young man's sleeve. "Some day when we'ns ain't got no frolic afoot we'll make a ring, somers out, and see fair play whilst you and him settles it for good, and finds out which is the best man."

"No, by Jacks, I'll have him afore I go home tonight," cried the little man, exasperated at the quivering of Bivins' long beard. What business was it of anyone's? "I feel like I could whup him right now; I b'lieve I can."

"You go fetch his woman," suggested Homer aside to another. "Maybe she can do something with him. Lord, what a temper Rans' Reedy's got! I'll go warn his brother."

But Fedelma could not be found; she was already whimpering to herself, far in the moonlight; and Atlas presently came to Callie with a very serious countenance.

"Callista, girl, I've got obleeged to quit and go, I reckon. Do you want me to take you home now, or—but I declar' I hate to leave ye to ary other boy! Go now, will ye—with me?"

"What time is it?" she parleyed, reluctant. "I'm havin' such a good old time! Has something happened?"

"No—not yit."

"Then what you leavin' for?"

"Well—Rans' has took one or two drinks too many, and he's lookin' for me. You know, Callie, how he always was."

Her eyes opened. "You ain't afeared of him, air ye?"

"What would I be afeared of him for? I don't want to fight him; ther ain't no sense in hit when we ain't got nothing to fight about, and him and me has both swore we never would again."

The girl considered, her face still flushed, her eyes gleaming; and then, even while her foot still beat time to "Citico," she gave in. "Wait, then, till I say good-bye to Sally Bivins, and I'll git my shawl."

The music swelled to their ears in an appealing crescendo and diminuendo as they made an unobtrusive exit. "I don't much believe Delma was right about him and her," he was thinking. "If I 'lowed he was, though, Rans' wouldn't hafto look far afore he found me."

They gained the road with a reassuring backward glance to where Homer, with diplomacy slightly mistaken, was plying Ransom with more liquor.

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"I like to walk with you this way," he murmured as they swung into step. He drew her hand within his arm and kept it there, pressing and pressing it, the unlighted lantern swinging at his side.

"Why," said the girl, perceiving a glimmering shape moving before them down the road, "somebody's went on ahead of us."

"Hit's a gal," he supplemented her observation. "All by herself. Why, I'll swar!"

"Don't do it," she laughed.

"I won't. I just said 'I will swar.' But I b'lieve on my soul that's Fedelma. What's the matter, Dell?" he called.

The forlorn figure waited for them to come up, and they saw that she was crying.

"Did Rans' make ye go home? Did he scold ye? Air you waitin' for him?" asked Callie, all in a breath.

"We left," explained the boy, "because he seemed to want to jump onto me. I 'lowed it would be best to keep out of his way?"

Delma nodded, but could find no words.

They were now all four at cross-purposes; and their hearts were all beating a little too fast.

"Well, walk on with us," said Atlas at last. "We'll sight you home; won't we, Callie?"

But as Fedelma joined the pair, Callie swung apart. "Why! you ain't aimin' to leave Ransom come home all by hisself, the way he is?"

"O' course; he'll be all right," answered Atlas. "Or, if he ain't, some o' them boys 'll see to him."

"How d'you know they will? He may go wanderin' about and break his fool neck."

"He wouldn't let me," protested Atlas; but he glanced back along the road uneasily.

"Dell!" The appeal was from one woman to another on behalf of an erring boy. "Ain't you goin' to wait for your man?"

"No, I ain't," declared Delma, speaking for the first time. "After the way he talked to me back yon, he can go on and break his neck for all o' me—b-hoo-hoo!"

"Then I will!" cried the girl, stopping.

"You won't neither!" snapped Fedelma.

"Why, Callie!" Atlas stopped, facing her. A jealous wrath surged up in him and burst bounds. "By Jacks, if there *is* anything between you and your old sweetheart, hit's time I knowed it, Callie! I want the straight of hit; I can't stand this—"

"Don't you name such to me!" She sprang back and squared away valiantly, like a man, with heaving breast. "Why—why then, the straight of hit is, I wouldn't leave a dawg to blunder around in

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these here woods, and him full o' Bivins' pizen! You'ns go on, I'll wait." She knew perfectly that this was ridiculous. "Or else we all wait, right here."

"Won't hafto wait long," muttered Atlas, hearing swift unsteady footsteps. A second later Ransom, whom Homer's wit and hospitality had not availed to detain long, burst upon them, wildly swinging a lantern covered with blazing oil, and cursing.

"Look out, you'll set fire—Put that light down, you firebug!" shouted Atlas, leaping; and then it happened. Whack, whack, whack; crash went the two lanterns; a yellow oily flame shot up from the sand; the two girls, in momentary terror of an explosion that distracted even their terror of the conflict, saw in the bright light the brothers at each other's throats, struggling, kicking, reeling to and fro. Into the shine and out of it they drove, now trampling the sand, now crashing through the bushes, till Atlas tripped on a root and was down.

"He's got a knife!" screamed Delma, catching the glint of a blade.

"Oh, my God, he'll kill him!" cried Callie at the same moment.

Together by a great effort the women dragged Ransom back by the arms. Never had Callie's splendid strength and courage served her so well as while she held the furious little man and shrieked, "Run, Atlas! for the Lord's sake, run!"

A second later she caught up Atlas' hat from the ground and set off after him.

Ransom, the knife still in his hand, stood blinking foolishly at the last flicker of the spilt oil. He drew a long breath, like a gasp.

"Let me have the knife, Rans," pleaded Delma. "Give it here. There, there, honey! it's all over; you won't need ary weepoon." She approached timidly, feeling for his hand.

"Naw!" he said, and with a jerk sent the open blade whirling into the thicket. "Shucks! I never tried to knife anybody afore. . . . What's it all about, anyhow?" He seemed to have sobered all at once. "Shucks!" he repeated, looking down at the trampled road and broken lanterns. "Oh, shucks! Atlas. Oh, At!" There was no answer. "Done gone on, has he?"

"Let's us go, too," urged his wife.

He laid his hands on her shoulders and turned her to face him; then, putting both arms closely round her, he looked intently into her eyes.

"Tell me, Fedelma—was there anything to fight about? What was you down to the spring for?"

She responded gladly to his touch, as always. "Not anything. There wasn't no harm in that, was there?"

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"What was he sayin' to you?"

"Not much of anything. . . . I—jist wondered how he *would* talk if—"

"Fedelma!"

She tore the wreath from her hair and sent it flying after his knife. It caught on a twig and hung, swaying a little, all transparent against the luminous background, each delicate leaf-rib clear as if formed of coral and crystal and jade. It seemed not to be of earth, but the last visible fragment of a dream-world, called up by a magician and on the point of vanishing.

"I don't know what made me so silly—especially seein' that I'll haf to face death my ownself in a while,—for you and yourn," she added, so low that he did not quite hear. "Ransom, it wasn't—real. Nothing is real but you for me. You've made my life for me, every day for a year now,—and, look!" She fumbled at his collar and turned it down to show the patch she had sewed there. Her neat strong stitches caught the light as clearly as the delicate interlaced veins of the wreath. "That's mine—you're mine! Don't you see we've growed together—we belong to one another. Nothing can change that. Nothing else is real. Only I wisht—I wisht I never had gone with any boy but you."

He pressed his lips to her face, feeling it cool and fresh as a fruit just freshly plucked. "Let's be good people, and not quarrel. I reckon we better go home and stay there."

"Air you hurt?" She passed her fingers over the curls she had so resolutely clipped the day before.

"Just a bump. Atlas give me one good lick if he never gits in another."

"And listen, Ransom," she continued breathlessly, nestling to him, "I'll tell ye now. . . ."

Callie fled along the road, her breath coming and going audibly, her dress flitting mothlike under the gliding shadows. "Atlas!" she called softly. "Oh, Atlas!"

In a moment he answered from a darker core of shadows under an oak, his deep voice vibrating like a soft gong.

"Here's your hat," she panted, coming close to him. "Oh, Atlas, air you hurt?"

"Not me. 'Magine he is. I fetched him one with the lantern, just afore I went down, that ought to a-stunded him if it hadn't a-glanced."

"Serve him right. Oh, Atlas, I always heared you was a beautiful fighter, but I never thought so well of you as when you jist wouldn't fight till you had obliged to."

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"Then you do?" He put out his arm, still quivering with the strain of conflict, and she came within it. All the warm, splendid womanhood of her seventeen rough-and-tumble years thrilled to his kiss. "So you think much o' me, Callie?"

"More'n the world and all. Oh, I do!" Their untried hearts beat and plunged against each other.

"Sure there's nobody—none o' your old sweethearts, f'r instance—that you might come to think more of, sometime?"

"I never had—oh! If you mean Ransom,—why, I was a little bit o' gal then, and he's—he's married!"

"You—I thought you looked at him tonight—"

"How?"

"As if he wasn't, maybe."

"Why, you old jealous-hearted—You old fool!" Her voice broke with tenderness on the final word.

As Callie and Atlas went by Ransom's house a few days later, they stopped at the gate and called to Fedelma.

The young wife was rocking on her front porch, stringing beans. She rose, and came down to the fence, putting back a wispy lock and smiling. A new gravity and sweetness had come into her eyes since the night of the dance in the cove, and she, and Ransom singing in the field below, alone in all the world knew why.

"Come on in," she bade the pair.

"Can't," stated Callie. "We jist wanted to tell you that me and Atlas—that we was—" She flushed, looked down, and seemed unable to go on.

But the young man put his hand firmly over hers where it lay on the top rail. "We're a-goin' to be married a-Sunday, Delma, and we want you and Ransom to be there. Then we'll have a housewarmin' soon as I can git a shack ready, and you can tell him that's one dance where there won't be any liquor circulated."

Fedelma regarded them with a grave smile.

"We'll be glad to come and see ye married," she answered. "But if hit's all the same to you-uns, I reckon we won't be at the infare. If a body can't keep their heads at a frolic no better than we do—" the prettiest imaginable color crept up into her cheeks, and she did not look at Atlas—"I think they better not go. I never have jined ary church, but I ain't shore I b'lieve in dancin'."

TO MY NEIGHBOR.

COME into my house fearlessly, and into my garden without suspicion. Let us be content because we live near to each other. Let us think well of each other when we meet, and let us be gracious.

I have done many foolish things in my life and a few wrong things. So have you.

I was never glad of my sins. I suppose that you also have repented of yours. Therefore we must resolve not to build them into a coffin for the burial of friendliness.

Let us forget our faults when we sit down together to chat as neighbors.

For truly, if you remember my folly and my wrong doing you will expect the same of me again, and I shall be unable to yield you my best.

If I allow my thoughts to linger with your weakness, your very strength will be crippled by my presence.

Therefore, I pray you, remember not the day when I was unkind to a servitor, rude to a child, false to a friend—if there have been such days. Remember the days when I have tried to be kind, and courteous and true.

I promise that I will strive to thrust from my mind the days when you gossiped or sneered or were niggardly, if such days have been. I will call to mind sunnier days when you labored quietly, praised generously, and brought rich gifts.

Come into my house, my garden, and rest a while. Be free to enjoy what pleases you. Meet my eyes sincerely when you shake hands with me.

For your tragedy I promise to have only sympathy, for your comedy a guileless laugh. Do you be gentle with my failings.

For are we not set close to each other that we may learn loving kindness?

Is not God Himself with us when we seek the best in each other as neighbors?

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

A STUDY OF HOME GARDEN-MAKING ON A LARGE SCALE: ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES OF AN ESTATE PLANNED BY ROLLIN SALTUS



WHAT do you mix your colors with?" Whistler was asked once by a curious admirer, and his reply was: "Brains." This characteristic recipe for success is not limited to the painter's art; it applies equally to the sculptor with his passive clay, the architect with his brick, stone and mortar, and the gardener with his waiting earth and promise-holding seeds. For in every instance it is the consciousness of the worker's guiding hand and tool which gives to the finished product its final value and evolves from the raw materials that form of human expression of beauty which we call art.

So, in every phase of art activity, and notably in the building and furnishing of houses and laying out of grounds, if the right results are to be attained we need "money mixed with brains"—with the emphasis on the last word. The human elements of personal skill, ingenuity and sympathetic understanding of the beautiful—these are the determining factors in success. And usually, when there is a good supply of these elements, the question of expense is of minor importance.

Applying this principle to the art of landscape gardening and garden architecture, we find that it is possible to achieve a high degree of outdoor loveliness without extravagant outlay, simply by a judicious and practical use of available materials and funds. And this is true whether the work is on a large or a small scale.

One of the most interesting and beautiful examples which has come to our notice recently of the application of this theory on a large scale is a garden near Mt. Kisco in the northern part of Westchester county, New York, illustrations and plan of which we are presenting in this issue. The house was already standing before the garden shown here was laid out, the present grounds with their various architectural features having been developed during a period of several years by Mr. Rollin Saltus, landscape architect.

In the first place, the general location was a most favorable one, as the house was on a sloping hillside with an extensive view of the neighboring hills and river, and the Highlands of the Hudson in the distance. The actual site, however, was not especially interesting, and required a good deal of ingenuity and labor to bring it to its present picturesque state. This fact is one of the things which makes the place worth studying.

In determining the best layout for the grounds, both from a prac-

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tical and æsthetic point of view, a more or less symmetrical arrangement was preferred, and while a certain amount of formality was retained to give dignity and definiteness to the plan, care was taken also to provide many friendly and intimate garden nooks and infinite charm of detail.

A GLANCE at the plan will show the harmonious relation between residence and grounds, and will reveal how carefully and effectively has been considered the provision of views and vistas both from house to garden and garden to house. The covered porch which projects on each side of the building overlooks a level lawn which extends also as a terrace across the entire front of the house and is surrounded by a clipped barberry hedge. The main dwelling is rectangular; the service wing extending at the rear affords a sheltered angle which has been given the effect of a court by the planting of a hemlock hedge at the outer edge. Into this court the driveway runs, forming a pleasant and friendly approach to the house.

Beyond the court is a semicircular strip of lawn surrounded by a brick wall with marble coping, and broken by a flight of steps. These steps, which were built before Mr. Saltus began the development of the present garden, were comparatively narrow, and as it was not feasible to tear down the wall and widen them, a sense of breadth was attained by making them branch out at the top into two gravel paths which lead to the woods beyond. Trailing roses edge the paths, a wide strip of grass runs between them, and on each side extends broad sloping pasture-land. Altogether the outlook is very charming. The house is linked by inviting paths and sheltering hedges to the rest of the hillside; the paths themselves merge so pleasantly into the woods that one can hardly tell where the formal garden ends and the natural country begins.

On the left of the servants' quarters is a large service yard, and beyond that a laundry yard, sheltered by an irregular strip of pine trees. A little farther is the grass tennis court, lying directly north of the house in view of the windows and porch. The court has a hemlock hedge on two sides and is screened from the service yard by the pine trees.

While pleasant outlooks are provided for every side of this country home, perhaps the most picturesque portion of the grounds lies to the southward. Here the landscape gardener has given imagination freer play, coaxing nature within the confines of art so tactfully that the result is full of winsomeness and grace.

One passes through the barberry hedge, down one of the gravel



A GARDEN NEAR MT. KISCO, NEW YORK. ROLLIN SALTUS, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT: THIS SHOWS THE ARRANGEMENT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, INCLUDING THE TWIN PERGOLAS, POOL AND FOUNTAIN.



THE BEAMS AND VINE-COVERED COLUMNS OF THE PERGOLA ARE PAINTED WHITE TO REPEAT THE TRIMMING OF THE HOUSE AND ADD TO THE GENERAL HARMONY WHICH THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT SOUGHT TO BRING ABOUT.



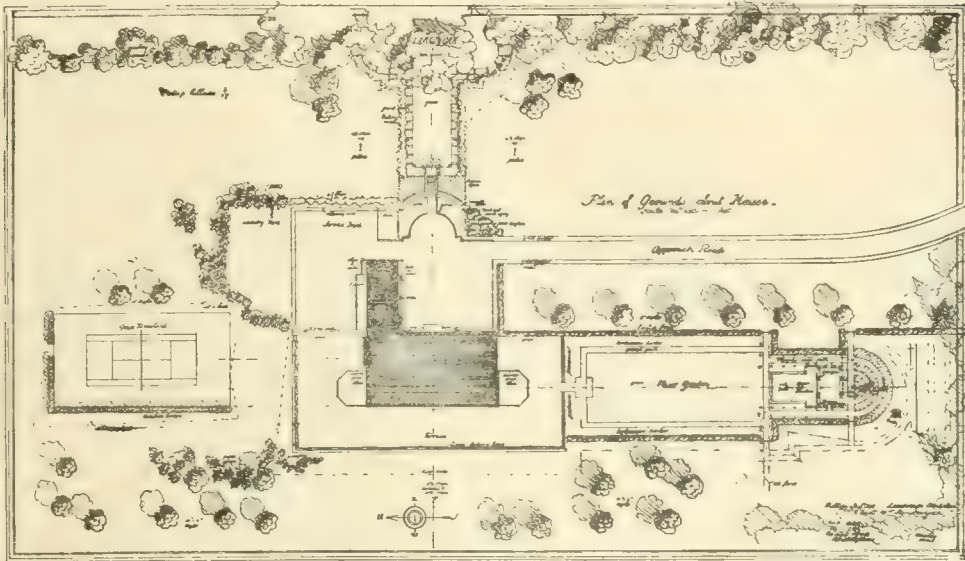
A NEAR GLIMPSE OF THE POOL IN THE MIL KISCO GARDEN: THIS REVEALS AN UNUSUALLY EFFECTIVE COMBINATION OF GARDEN ARCHITECTURE: SO HARMONIOUSLY ARE THE DIFFERENT FEATURES BROUGHT TOGETHER, SO SKILFUL HAS BEEN THE ADJUSTMENT OF VINES AND THE PLANTING OF FLOWERS THAT THE RESULTING BEAUTY CARRIES WITH IT A SENSE OF GRACIOUS ART AS WELL AS EXQUISITE ART.



A PICTURESQUE HOME CORNER IN THE GARDEN SHOWING THE USE OF VINES AND THE MASSING OF FLOWERS ABOUT THE PERGOLA GATEWAY.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE PORCH AND ENTRANCE TO THE PERGOLA, SHOWING HOW FRIENDLY THE FORMAL COLUMNS ARE MADE BY THE DROOPING VINES AND THE INTIMATE SHELTER OF SHRUBS.

HOME GARDEN-MAKING ON A LARGE SCALE



MR. SALTUS' ORIGINAL PLAN FOR GARDEN AT MT. KISCO.

paths that border the long grass plot, entering at the farther end the shelter of a vine-clad pergola. The white-painted beams of the roof rest upon fluted pillars around which twine the graceful stems and clusters of wistaria, large flowering clematis, cobæa and other rapid-growing annuals. The bases of the columns are hidden by flowers, and at intervals the happy garden-lover finds between two pillars an inviting seat—an ideal retreat for a summer afternoon.

Between the two pergola-paths is the concrete lily pool with its coping of natural stones, and in this water mirror one finds reflected all the surrounding beauties of the garden. The pool is at its best, of course, when the plants come into bloom, but even without them, as the illustrations show, it affords many glimpses of unusual loveliness. The bronze statue in the center, by E. McCartan, a New York sculptor, focuses the interest of the spot and is charmingly in keeping with the spirit of its surroundings.

Fronting the pool and likewise in line with the porch of the main dwelling is the garden house. This, like the rest of the garden architecture, is of wood, painted white, and tiled inside with Nile green Grueby tiles laid in black mortar with very decorative effect. Borders of tea-roses are planted about the garden house and on every side the wide openings frame restful pictures of pool, pergola or garden.

Beyond the garden house, planned on the same axis and terminating the long vista, is the rose garden—a series of semicircular paths and beds struck from the central sun-dial. Around this a steep bank slopes down and marks the southern boundary of the garden.

HOME GARDEN-MAKING ON A LARGE SCALE

Although both dignity and classic feeling pervade these grounds, especially the pergola, pool basin and garden house, the impressiveness is the result of the symmetrical layout and careful use of economical materials rather than of extravagant outlay. For instance, the garden in front of the pool was made from earth that had been excavated from the driveway, the top soil was taken from an old pasture nearby, and the maples were transplanted from a neighboring road which was about to be submerged for a waterway. Wood was chosen for the garden architecture because it was comparatively inexpensive, and when painted white it repeated the white trimmings of the house and so brought the whole into closer relation.

One feature which added considerably to the impressiveness of the general effect was the length of the grounds, the long line formed by the hedges of tennis court, terrace and flower garden adding to the sense of dignity and denoting the control of the steep hillside by the will of the owner.

Altogether both the space and materials seem to have been utilized with wisdom. The garden is essentially a place to live in, to work, read, rest and play, while the shady garden house offers tempting opportunity for outdoor meals. In summer of course the foliage and blossoms clothe the place with nature's fresh loveliness, and even in winter the lines of the pergola beams and columns, the garden house, the pool and its statue, the paths and hedges retain considerable interest and remind one of the gentler pleasures of coming spring.



SUMMER HOUSE AT THE END OF THE PERGOLA IN THE MT. KISCO GARDEN.

BUILDING AMERICAN HOMES OF FIELD STONE: INTERESTING EFFECTS IN TEXTURE AND COLOR ATTAINED BY THE LOGICAL USE OF THIS PRIMITIVE MATERIAL: BY C. MATLACK PRICE



THE use of field stone in simple, logical, beautiful houses is as indigenous to America as are the log cabins of the East and the adobe huts of the West. In the early days of American civilization the scarcity of formal building materials forced the settlers to make use of the materials at hand in constructing their houses. The fields were cleared and cultivated, and the stones collected from the pastures were used in building houses and erecting boundary walls. The first American builders probably did not plan for beauty when they erected their simple, dignified homes, but the result was essentially beautiful because they used their material logically and planned the structure so that it was suited to their needs and to the times. They laid log upon log, or stone upon stone, sturdily and staunchly, to furnish shelter for family and friends, and to resist successfully attacks of foes and elements.

Many of these old houses are still standing in our Eastern States, mute witnesses as to the permanency of the material and to the excellent craftsmanship of the builders. Probably some of the best examples of this type of architecture can be seen in Pennsylvania today, where the William Penn homestead and other contemporary and later buildings have apparently furnished inspiration to modern architects. A number of Philadelphia architects have been most successful with this type of building, and interesting houses and garden walls, gateways and pergolas are being designed by such men as Mellor and Meigs, D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Duhring, Okie and Ziegler, Wilson Eyre, Charles Barton Keen and Brockie and Hastings. These men have followed not only the inspiration of the Revolutionary farmhouse, but have also felt the influence of the English type of Colonial small house and the semi-informal large houses in an adaptation of Tudor or Jacobean styles.

Field-stone houses can never be out of place in rural or suburban districts. They are closely knit to the ground from whence the stones were taken, and if the materials are used consistently and logically, the house becomes as much a part of its environment as the trees that grow about it and the walks and roads that lead to it.

Before taking up the different ways of laying up field stone, it might be well to compare its cost with that of brick, hollow tile and reinforced concrete. In the vicinity of Philadelphia brick and field

FIELD STONE IN THE HANDS OF CRAFTSMEN

stone are both readily obtainable, and the question of expense involves only the cost of material and laying. But in Rhode Island, for instance, where all brick must be transported by barge from New Jersey, the total cost of a brick house would far exceed the cost of a field-stone house, even if the field stone cost more to lay up. The following quotations, based on prices obtaining in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, show the comparative cost of various kinds of masonry, and put field stone on a more definite basis. A brick wall, laid, costs twenty dollars per thousand brick, twenty brick to a cubic foot. A stone wall, laid, costs from five dollars to six dollars a perch, which is twenty-two cubic feet. In country houses of moderate size, brick walls are usually thirteen inches thick, and stone walls eighteen inches thick. At the above rate one hundred square feet of surface work in brick costs forty-three dollars and thirty-four cents, and in field stone, at five dollars a perch, thirty-four dollars. Hollow tile and concrete walls cost approximately the same as brick, but necessitate the additional expense of stucco finish.

Other points to be considered in using field stone are the type of building for which it is intended, the kind of stone selected, whether it is to be used in its natural state, or split or shaped, and what sort of mortar joint is to be used.

THE kinds of stone suited for different styles of building are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. All stone walls are evolved from the "dry wall," which is laid up without mortar, as in the old boundary fences on farms. In such a wall the stone must be chosen for evenness of its contact surfaces, upon which depends the stability of the construction. This is clearly shown in Figure One. Each stone looks as though it belongs in the position in which it is laid. Cobblestones should never be used in field-stone construction. Without mortar, a wall built of these spherical stones would have no more stability than a house of cards. Consequently, the use of this kind of stone opposes the whole logic of building.



FIGURE ONE: FIELD STONE AS IT APPEARS WHEN LAID UP WITHOUT MORTAR: THE STONES ARE SPLIT AND THE ENDS ROUGHLY SQUARED.

Stone used exactly as it is picked up in the field, as shown in Figure Two, a small cottage designed by Charles Barton Keen, is primarily suited to informal architecture, as the cottage illustrated, or a bungalow,



FIGURE TWO. METHOD OF LAYING UP FIELD STONE IN A SMALL INFORMAL COTTAGE, THE STONE BEING USED EXACTLY AS IT IS FOUND IN THE FIELDS: CHARLES BARTON KEEN, ARCHITECT. FIGURE THREE: A HOUSE AT CYNWYD, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS. SHOWING FIELD STONE USED IN A SEMI-INFORMAL WAY



FIGURE FOUR:
DETAIL OF A
FIELD-STONE
HOUSE DE-
SIGN BY
MELLOR AND
MEIGS: THE
USE OF
LARGE STONES
AS "QUOINS"
AT THE COR-
NERS OF
WALLS AND
CHIMNEYS IS
ESSENTIALLY
STRUCTURAL
AND MOST
CRAFTSMAN-
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THE LOOK OF
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CIALLY SUITABLE
TO LARGE
COUNTRY HOUSES
OR TO RURAL
CHURCHES: THIS
TREATMENT COULD
BE DUPLICATED
IN A GARDEN
WALL WITH A
MOST INTEREST-
ING RESULT.



FIGURE FIVE: SEMI-INFORMAL USE OF FIELD STONE
WITH WHITE MORTAR JOINT IN HOUSE AND ADJOIN-
ING GARDEN WALL: MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS.

FIGURE SIX:
DETAIL OF A
PICTURESQUE
GARDEN WALL
DESIGNED BY
D. KNICKER-
BACKER BOYD:
IN THIS TYPE
OF FIELD-
STONE ARCHI-
TECTURE THE
STONE SHOULD
BE CAREFULLY
SELECTED AND
SHAPED
ROUGHLY,
THOUGH IT
MAY BE OF
VARYING AND
OFTEN IRREG-
ULAR SIZES:
WALLS BUILT OF
FIELD STONE
USED IN THIS
PARTICULAR
FASHION ARE
VERY INTEREST-
ING BUILT UP
ABOUT AN OR-
CHARD OR SEP-
ARATING ONE
COUNTRY ESTATE
FROM ANOTHER
THEY CAN BE
MADE PICTURESQUE
WITH FRUIT TREES
TRAINED OVER
THEM AS IS THE
ENGLISH CUSTOM.



FIGURE SEVEN: A HOUSE AT GERMANTOWN, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS, REMODELED FROM A STABLE: THIS TYPE OF HOUSE IS ADMIRABLY SUITED TO THE USE OF FIELD STONE



FIGURE EIGHT
DETAIL OF
MR. BROWN'S
HOUSE: THE
STONEWORK IN
THIS HOUSE
IS RATHER
FORMAL, AL-
MOST PRIM:
THE STONE
IS SPLIT
AND THE ENDS
ROUGHLY
SQUARED SO
THAT IT CAN
BE LAID IN
COMPARATIVELY
EVEN COURSES
AND THE
STONES ARE
OF NEARLY
EQUAL SIZES
THROUGHOUT.
THIS METHOD OF
LAYING UP STONES
IS SEEN VERY
OFTEN IN THE OLD
DUTCH HOUSES IN
REMOTE PARTS OF
NEW JERSEY.

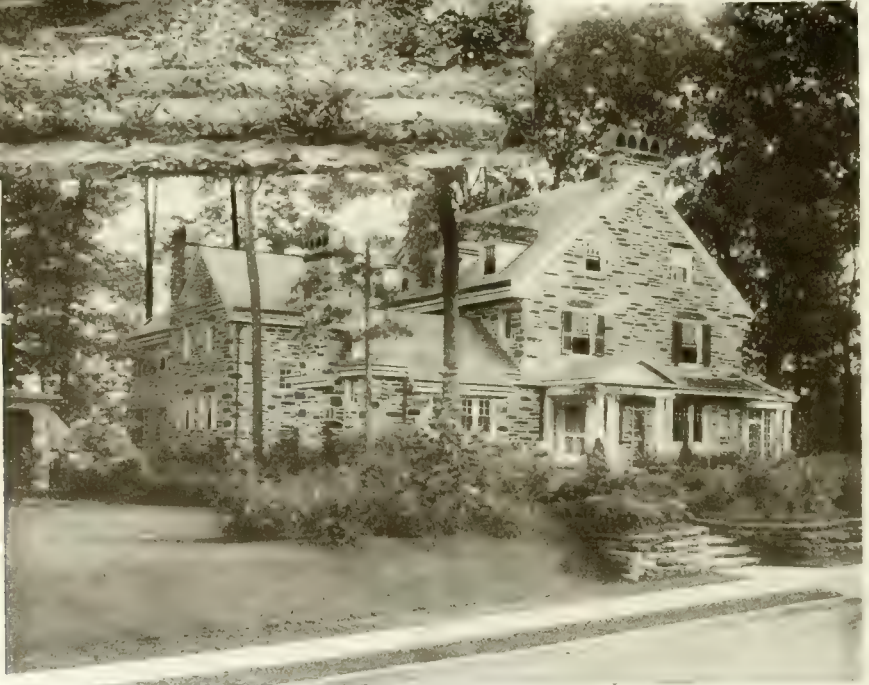


FIGURE NINE: HOUSE OF MR. CLARENCE M. BROWN, GER-
MANTOWN, PA., DUHRING, OKIE AND ZIEGLER, ARCHITECTS



FIGURE TEN: HOUSE AT WINNEWOOD, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS, BUILT OF CAREFULLY SELECTED FIELD STONE LAID WITH FLUSH JOINTS IN BRILLIANT WHITE MORTAR.

FIGURE ELEVEN: AN ALTERATION BY CHARLES BARTON KEEN, SHOWING THE PROTOTYPE OF ALL THIS PENNSYLVANIA WORK EMBODIED IN THE ORIGINAL KIND OF FIELD-STONE MASONRY FOUND IN THE OLD PENN HOUSE.



FIGURES TWELVE AND THIRTEEN: FIELD STONE IN CONJUNCTION WITH CUT STONE SHOWN IN ITS LAST STAGE AS A ROUGH MATERIAL: IT IS BOTH SHAPED AND SURFACED TO CONFORM WITH THE MORE FORMAL PARTS OF THE WORK, THOUGH IT STILL RETAINS MUCH PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF TEXTURE AND COLOR AND AFFORDS INTEREST AND VARIETY IN JOINTING: CHARLES BARTON KEEN, ARCHITECT.

FIELD STONE IN THE HANDS OF CRAFTSMEN

boathouse, country studio, mountain shack, school or farm building.

Picturesque, semi-informal structures, such as Figures Three, Four, Five and Seven, designed by Mellor and Meigs, and Figure Six, the gateway in a garden wall, designed by D. Knickerbacker Boyd, require stone more carefully selected and shaped roughly, though of varying and often irregular sizes. In the houses by Mellor and Meigs the use of large stones as "quoins" at the corners of the walls and chimneys is most interesting. This is excellent masonry from the craftsmanship point of view; it is essentially structural and introduces emphasis and incident at a point which otherwise would lack strength both in fact and in effect.

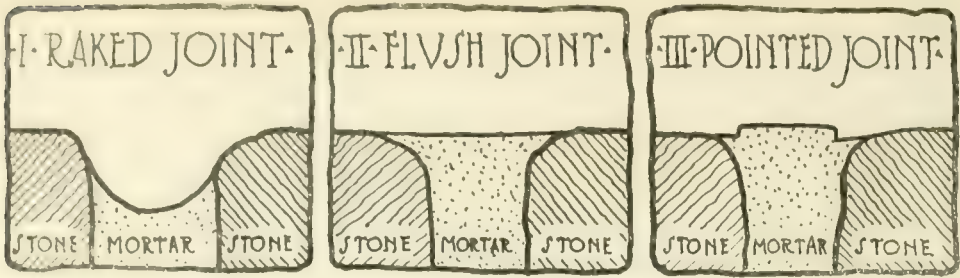
A different type of stone is necessary in such work as Figures Eight and Nine, by Duhring, Okie and Ziegler, and in Figure Ten, by Mellor and Meigs. These houses are more formal, almost prim; the stone is split and the ends roughly squared so that it can be laid in comparatively even courses, and the stones are of nearly equal sizes throughout. Figure Eleven, an alteration by Charles Barton Keen, shows the prototype of all this Pennsylvania work embodied in the original kind of field-stone masonry found in the old Penn house.

Field stone used in conjunction with cut stone is shown in its last stage as a rough material, in Figures Twelve and Thirteen, also designed by Charles Barton Keen. Here it is both shaped and surfaced to conform with the more formal parts of the work, and though it still retains much picturesque quality of texture and color, and affords interest and variety in jointing, it is far removed from its primitive origin as shown in Figure Two. In this case it almost comes into the class of cut stone.

The illustrations in this article indicate the varied character in field-stone work, from the most informal to the most formal, and also show the results obtained from the use of field stone in all forms, from the natural to the most artificial state.

ANOTHER consideration in this type of architecture is the kind of mortar joints to be used,—their effects and their uses. The accompanying diagram shows the three most common types of mortar joint. The first, the raked joint, is most suited to masonry in which it is desirable to come as close to nature as possible, as in Figure Two, or in a wall which is intended to resemble a dry wall. In work where the depth to which the mortar is raked out is optional, it is best to color the mortar to match the stone, as the entire idea of this type of joint is to make it as inconspicuous as possible. The outline of the stones is shown by their shadow, and not by the contrasting color of the mortar.

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• A SECTIONAL DETAIL OF THREE TYPES OF MORTAR-JOINT •

In the flush joint, which may be even with either the highest or the lowest exposed surfaces of the stone, white mortar is most effective, giving as it does the semblance of a pattern. In Figures Six, Seven, Nine and Ten the flush joints are all intended to show brilliant white, forming varied and interesting outlines. Occasionally, where a homogeneous texture is required, the mortar in a flush joint may be colored to match the stone. The joints shown in Figure Four are very full, and in work of this sort the texture of the mortar is quite as important as the texture of the stone.

The pointed joint is the most finished type and should only be used in the most formal field-stone work, as illustrated in Figures Twelve and Thirteen. Here the joint is very definitely outlined and carefully troweled into an outstanding rib which gives the whole wall a distinctly formal and finished appearance. This type of joint may be colored or not, depending upon whether it is intended to be conspicuous or unobtrusive.

There should be no difficulty in securing the particular kind of field-stone work desired on a house, if the kinds of stone and joint suited to the work are definitely settled upon. Workmen of reasonable intelligence, if shown a photograph of the type of stonework wanted, or given a practical demonstration on the wall itself, will be enabled to grasp the idea and carry it out. Masons are skilled laborers, and are usually familiar with the varied methods of laying up field stone suited to different types of architecture. Effective building in field stone is not a matter of chance. It is as old and as definite as the art of building itself, and if planned with knowledge and interest is full of picturesque possibilities. Field-stone houses never lose their friendly charm, their sense of intimate kinship with their surroundings, and nothing can be more permanent than the stone that is taken from the fields and from the hillsides in order to provide friendly shelter from nature's forces.

THE WHITE EGRETS AND THE MILLINERY TRADE: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES



Exactly twelve-thirty-two o'clock, the elaborate paneled doors of a Manhattan church swung open as if by the sudden burst of the postlude from the great organ within. A man in an upper window across the street laid down his paper and casually directed his gaze toward the decorous stream of human life that flowed outward under the gray November skies. It was Thanksgiving Day, but for some reason which he doubtless considered sufficient, he had not sought a house of devotion as did many of his worthy neighbors. Yet he was not a thoughtless person, or devoid of appreciation of those things which count for most in life; otherwise his glance would probably have rested only a moment on the figure of a stout, directoire-gowned lady, whose tightly clasped prayerbook spoke aloud her undeniable piety. It was her hat which caught his attention. A large cluster of long white airy plumes slanted backward from it, at the most approved and fashionable angle, and grandly did they wave as she shook hands with the minister who was now stationed at the doorway.

These feathers were aigrettes, purchased at a price sufficient to have given a two months' outing to many a hard-working woman and her family. The lady was complacently proud of her plumes as she was of her sealskin coat and her Pomeranian wasp waiting at the curb in her limousine. Probably there were those present who greatly admired this magnificent feather decoration, but not so the man in the window—at least I gathered as much the next morning when he told me about it and vowed that some women of fashion cared nothing for the suffering which the gathering of their adornments entailed, if only they might appear attractive in the eyes of others as criminally thoughtless as themselves. This was perhaps too severe an indictment, for the lady probably had no knowledge of the conditions under which the feathers were originally taken. Yet it is a fact that by wearing them, she was encouraging one of the most cruel enterprises existing in the world today.

Years ago, as a boy in Florida, the writer had abundant opportunity to observe the methods employed by the agents of the New York millinery houses in collecting aigrettes, which are the nuptial plumes of the white egrets of the Southern swamp lands. As a rare treat, I was permitted to accept the invitation extended by a squirrel hunter to accompany him to the nesting haunts of a colony of these

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birds. Away we went in the gray dawn of a summer morning through the pine barrens of Southern Florida until the heavy swamps of Horse Hammock were reached. I remember following with intense interest the descriptions given by my companion of how these birds with magnificent snowy plumage would come flying in over the dark forest high in air and then volplane to the little pond where, in the heavily massed bushes, their nests were thickly clustered. With vivid distinctness he imitated the cackling notes of the old birds as they settled on their nests and the shrill cries of the little ones, as on unsteady legs, they reached upward for their food.

Keen indeed was the disappointment that awaited me. With great care we approached the spot and with caution worked our way to the very edge of the pond. For many minutes we waited but no life was visible about the buttonwood bushes which held the nests, no old birds like fragments of fleecy clouds came floating in over the dark canopy of cypress trees. My companion, wise in the ways of hunters, as well as the habits of birds, suspected something was wrong and presently we found nearby the body of an egret lying on the ground, its back, from which the skin bearing the fatal aigrettes had been torn, raw and bleeding. A little farther along we came to the remains of a second and then a third and still farther on, a fourth. As we approached, we were warned of the proximity of each ghastly spectacle by the hideous buzzing of green flies swarming over the lifeless forms of the poor mother birds.

At one place, beneath a small palmetto bush, we found the body of an egret which the hunters had overlooked. Falling to the ground sorely wounded, it escaped its enemies by crawling to this hiding place. Its attitude spoke plainly of the suffering which it had endured. The ground was bare, where in its death agonies it had beaten the earth with its wings. The feathers on the head and neck were raised and the bill was buried among the blood-clotted feathers of its breast. On the higher ground, we discovered some straw and the embers of a camp-fire, giving evidence of the recent presence of the plume hunters. Examination of the nests over the pond revealed numerous young, many of which were now past suffering, others, however, were still alive and were faintly calling for food which the dead parents could never bring. Later inquiry developed the fact that the plumes taken from the backs of these parent birds were shipped to one of the large millinery houses in New York, where in due time they were placed on the market as "aigrettes," and of course subsequently purchased and worn by fashionable women, as well as by young and old women of moderate incomes, who sacrifice much for this millinery luxury.

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THERE were at that time to be found in Florida many hundreds of colonies of these beautiful birds, but their feathers commanded a large price and offered a most tempting inducement for local hunters to shoot them. Many of the men of the region were exceedingly poor and the rich harvest which awaited them was exceedingly inviting. At that time gunners received from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter for the scalp of each bird, which ordinarily contained forty or more plume feathers. These birds were not confined to Florida but in the breeding season were to be found in swampy regions of the Atlantic Coast as far north as New Jersey, some were even discovered carrying sticks for their nests on Long Island.

Civilized nations today decry any method of warfare which results in the killing of women and children, but the story of the egret trade deals with the slaughter of innocence by the slow process of starvation, a method which history shows has never been followed by even the most savage race of men dealing with their most hated enemies. This war of extermination which was carried forward unchecked for years could mean but one thing, namely, the rapid disappearance of the egrets in the United States. As nesting birds, they have disappeared from New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia and also those States of the Mississippi Valley, where they were at one time to be found in great numbers.

One of the most potent influences which originally led to the formation of the Audubon societies was this unspeakable, barbarous war of extirpation, which is being waged against the magnificent egrets.

Within the past two decades, the Audubon Law, extending protection to these and other non-game birds, has been enacted in every State in the Union where the egret existed. This was necessarily the first step toward saving the birds. Such laws, however, were soon found to be inadequate, for in many of the Southern States no provision had been made for the establishment and maintenance of a game warden force and the ordinary local officers of the law did not feel called upon to prosecute their friends and neighbors for breaking the bird or game laws. If, therefore, the remnant of the egrets of this country were to be spared, it became evident that special agents must be employed to guard their breeding grounds, as this seemed to offer the best opportunity for accomplishing definite results.

The birds are killed only in the nesting season, for the reason that it is only in the spring and early summer that they are adorned with plumes. They are exceedingly wary at all times and difficult to approach, so in order to secure the desired product, it is the custom

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of the plume hunters to visit the nesting colonies where the birds, loath to leave their young, are easily shot.

THE Audubon Society early employed wardens to guard some of these places. One of the largest rookeries existing a few years ago was Cuthbert Rookery, near the south end of the main land of Florida. A swift launch was purchased and a trustworthy agent, who was a man of integrity and undeniable courage, placed in it to protect these birds. The people of the country round about were notified that it was illegal to kill egrets and that a warden was stationed near the colony to see that the law was enforced. The killing of birds was immediately stopped and it was thought for a time that this colony might be saved. Then one day a telegram came which stated that the Warden, Guy Bradley, had been shot by plume hunters and the boat bearing his body set adrift. The financial inducements for feathers held out by Northern millinery dealers had been too strong. The warden out of the way, the colony left without a guard was utterly wiped out of existence. The Audubon workers at once raised a fund to prosecute the slayer of their agent. The only witnesses to the killing were the son of the man who had fired the fatal shot and his partner, and the trial resulted in an acquittal.

The man in the window that Thanksgiving morning knew of this and when he looked at the plumes of the lady coming out of the church, in his imagination he saw back of them the starving young birds in their nest somewhere in the Southern swamps which perished in order that she might decorate herself with their mother's plumes. He could see, too, the bloated body of Guy Bradley floating in the Audubon patrol boat two days beneath the tropic sun, and the widow, on the lonely coral key, with her two babies left to face the world alone.

Yes, my fine lady, this is the price that has been paid for the aigrette plumes you wear, and there are today many thousands of the best people of the country who do not admire the feathers on your hat but entertain a sickening feeling of disgust that there should exist in the world people who are so shallow and foolish as unblushingly to flaunt aloft this unmistakable white badge of cruelty.

The killing of one of their agents did not stop the Audubon workers in their efforts to preserve the egrets. The sacrifice of this life, however, emphasized one point strongly and that was that there were many women in the country who would buy aigrettes as long as they were to be found on the market, and that there were men who would display these feathers in their shop windows as long as they were permitted to sell them.

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Clearly the way to meet this difficulty was to secure laws which would prohibit the sale. At a large expense and an immense amount of labor, the Society secured the passage of a law in Louisiana prohibiting the sale of feathers of native birds, which of course, included the white egrets. It was not long before a similar statute was secured in Missouri. Massachusetts quickly fell into line and similar bills were enacted in Oregon and California.

THE greatest battle, however, against the marketing of these feathers has been waged in New York State. For four years in succession the Audubon Bill was introduced in the Legislature and referred to a committee for consideration and for four years these committees did not even permit the bill to come to a vote in either House of the Legislature. But the efforts of the workers who were interested in the preservation of the wild life of America at length bore fruit, for the constant agitation and the campaign of publicity at length aroused such a feeling of resentment in the State that the members of the Legislature at Albany became impressed that the Audubon Plumage Bill must be given consideration. The battles which followed in the Legislative Halls of the State Capitol will long be remembered by those whose hearts are set on preserving the birds of this country.

It was stated that fifteen millions of dollars were invested in the millinery interests of New York City alone. These interests were represented at Albany by paid attorneys and lobbyists. On one occasion a solid carload of milliners went from New York to Albany to fight this measure, but public sentiment was too strong for them. The Audubon workers had called to their aid the various Bird and Game Protective Organizations of the State, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Granges and hundreds of individual workers. The milliners sought to mislead the public by publishing statements to the effect that the aigrettes used in the trade were picked up on the ground about the large breeding places in South America and that the birds were not really killed for their feathers. This statement was indignantly denied by every American naturalist to whose attention the subject was drawn. Paid agents of the feather dealers even told these fairy tales to the members of the Legislative Committee having the bill in charge, but there appeared at one of these hearings a man who had for nine years been engaged in collecting aigrettes in Venezuela for the New York millinery houses, and his sworn confession presented to all the members of the Legislature was of such a character that the statements it contained could not be refuted. This man, Mr. A. H. Meyer, who lives on Staten Island, New York, stated in his affidavit:

WHITE EGRETS AND THE MILLINERY TRADE

"My attention has been called to the fact that certain commercial interests in this city are circulating stories in the newspapers and elsewhere to the effect that the aigrettes used in the millinery trade come chiefly from Venezuela, where they are gathered from the ground in the large *garceros*, or breeding colonies, of white herons.

"I wish to state that I have personally engaged in the work of collecting the plumes of these birds in Venezuela. This was my business for the years eighteen hundred and ninety-six to nineteen hundred and five, inclusive. I am thoroughly conversant with the methods employed in gathering egret and snowy heron plumes in Venezuela, and I wish to give the following statement regarding the practices employed in procuring these feathers:

"The birds gather in large colonies to rear their young. They have the plumes only during the mating and nesting season. After the period when they are employed in caring for their young, it is found that the plumes are virtually of no commercial value, because of the worn and frayed condition to which they have been reduced. It is the custom in Venezuela to shoot the birds while the young are in the nests. A few feathers of the large white heron (American egret), known as the *Garza blanca*, can be picked up of a morning about their breeding places, but these are of small value and are known as 'dead feathers.' They are worth locally not over three dollars an ounce, while the feathers taken from the bird, known as 'live feathers,' are worth fifteen dollars an ounce.

"My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia where these birds are to be found, and I have never yet found or heard of any *garceros* that were guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the feathers from the ground. No such condition exists in Venezuela. The story is absolutely without foundation, in my opinion, and has simply been put forward for commercial purposes. The natives of the country, who do virtually all of the hunting for feathers, are not provident, and their practices are of a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the plume hunters.

"To illustrate the comparatively small number of dead feathers which are collected, I will mention that in one year I and my asso-

WHITE EGRETS AND THE MILLINERY TRADE

ciates shipped to New York eighty pounds of the plumes of the large heron and twelve pounds of the little curved plumes of the snowy heron. In this whole lot there were not over five pounds of plumes that had been gathered from the ground—and these were of little value. The plume birds have been nearly exterminated in the United States and Mexico and the same condition of affairs will soon exist in tropical America. This extermination will result from leaving the young to starve in the nest when the old birds are killed, any other statement made by interested parties to the contrary notwithstanding.”

ON May seventh, nineteen hundred and ten, Governor Hughes signed the New York Plumage Bill after it had passed the Legislature by an overwhelming vote. This statute prohibited the sale of the feathers of any species of protected bird native to New York State, or any bird belonging to the same family of birds found in the State.

The milliners were given until July first, nineteen hundred and eleven, to dispose of the stock they had on hand. These feather merchants, however, were slow to admit their defeat. They sought, without avail, at the next session of the Legislature to have the law repealed. They appealed to the Courts for an injunction to prohibit the State officially from enforcing the law, but at every turn they have been met by an earnest force of men and women who are determined that the enactment shall be upheld and that this nefarious traffic shall never again rest as a stain on the people of New York.

Realizing that when the law should go into effect and the egret business ended in the great metropolis the milliners would probably remove their stock across the river and go merrily ahead plying their trade in New Jersey, a similar bill was introduced in that State and despite the utmost efforts of the milliners, New Jersey lined itself up with New York. But certain of the feather dealers who have grown rich at the expense of slaughtered birds are not even yet willing to give up their lucrative business, for today these plumes are actually worth twice their weight in gold. Within the past few months some of the firms whose business was destroyed by the New York law have opened stores in Philadelphia. Attractive catalogues have been issued which are being circulated widely in New York City in an endeavor to build up a mail order business from a State which still permits the sale of egret feathers.

The efforts for the preservation of these birds are now being pushed with greater vigor than ever before. During the spring of nineteen hundred and eleven, the agents of the National Association

WHITE EGRETS AND THE MILLINERY TRADE

of Audubon Societies had extended protection to twelve colonies of white egrets. These are located in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana. At these places there assembled last year about twenty-five hundred specimens of the large American egrets and perhaps six hundred of the small snowy egrets. The present season six additional colonies have been found and are now being protected. And this is not all—the year nineteen hundred and thirteen will see heroic efforts being made to prohibit by legislative enactment, the barbaric display of aigrettes in the shop windows of the few large cities of the United States wherein the sale is still legalized.

THE HOMESTEADER.

MOTHER England, I am coming, cease your calling for a season,
For the plains of wheat need reaping and the thrasher's at
the door.

All these long years I have loved you, but you cannot call it treason
If I loved my shack of shingles and my little baby more.

Now my family have departed (for the good Lord took them early)
And I turn to thee, O England, as a son that seeks his home.
Now younger folk may plough and plant the plains I love so dearly,
Whose acres stretch too wide for feet that can no longer roam.

If the western skies are bluer and the western snows are whiter,
And the flowers of the prairie-lands are bright and honey-sweet;
'Tis the scent of English primrose makes my weary heart beat lighter,
As I count the days that part me from your little cobble street.

For the last time come the reapers (you can hear the knives ring cheery
As they pitch the bearded barley in a thousand tents of gold);
For I see the cliffs of Devon bulking dark beyond the prairie,
And hear the sky-larks calling to a heart that's growing old.

When the chaff-piles cease their burning and the frost is closing over
All the barren leagues of stubble that my lonely feet have passed,
I shall spike the door and journey towards the channel lights of Dover,
That England may receive my bones and bury them at last!

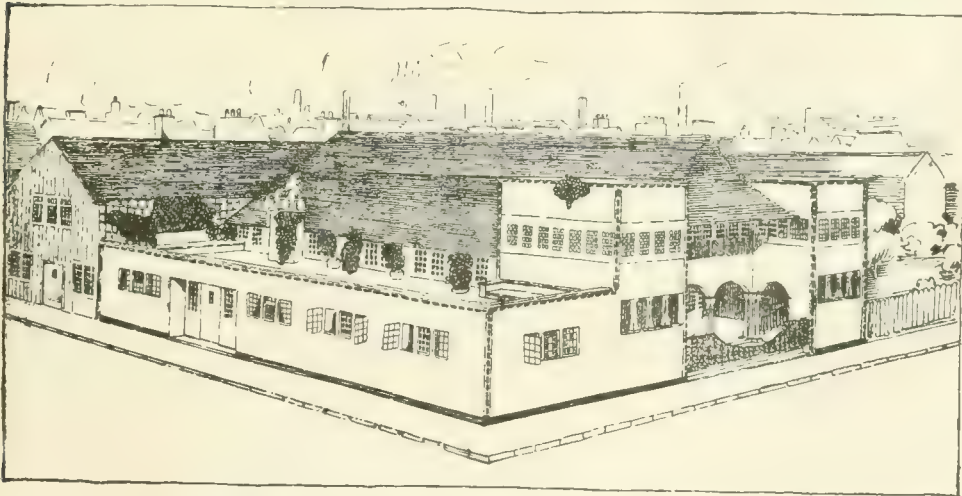
LLOYD ROBERTS.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-SIX



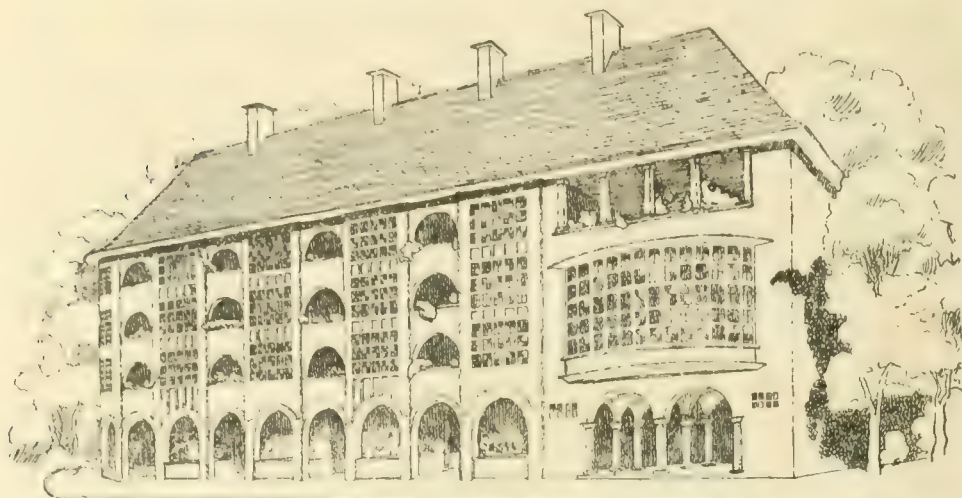
I HAVE several times used the expression "a living art" and it is possible that the exact meaning I want to convey by this phrase is not quite plain. This meaning is clearly defined in Mr. Russell Sturgis' delightful book "How to Judge Architecture," where he carefully differentiates between architecture when it was a living art and that developed out of present conditions. He points out that the art of shipbuilding is alive, even though it might be contended that a dreadnought is inferior as a work of art to an Elizabethan battleship, and might therefore be called decadent. But so long as each new man-of-war is mechanically more perfect than the last, and more effective for its purpose, it is hardly possible to suppose it a product of a dead art. If the designer had first to consider whether he should build his ship after a Chinese or Greek or Elizabethan model, it would clearly indicate that shipbuilding is no longer a living art.

Mr. Sturgis further deplors the confusing similarity of "decadent" and "decaying" and the misconceptions resulting from their mere likeness in sound, and shows that decadent art is not necessarily or even generally decaying art. In the most admirable way he demonstrates that the decadent period in each successive style of architecture began when the essential principles of its construction were lost sight of. For instance, Greek architecture became decadent when the lintel began to be made of small stones; Gothic became decadent when ribs were cut decoratively in the under surface of the vault



WORKING GIRLS' CLUB, DESIGNED FOR A SITE IN A "POOR" PART OF MANCHESTER.

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

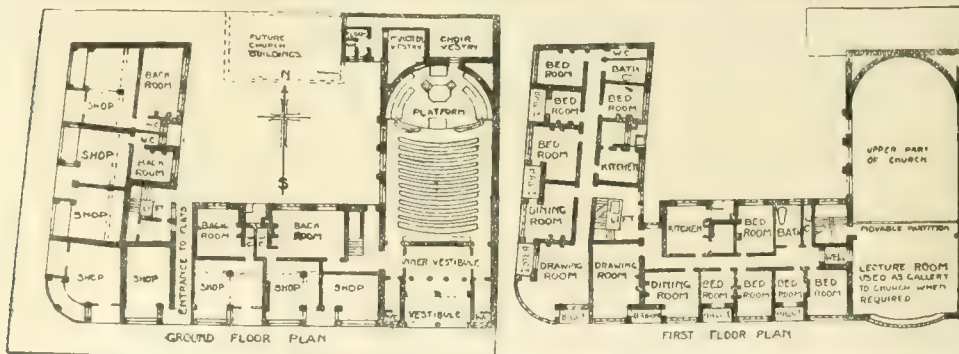


NON-CONFORMIST CHURCH, LECTURE HALL, SHOPS AND FLATS, DESIGNED FOR A SITE AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.

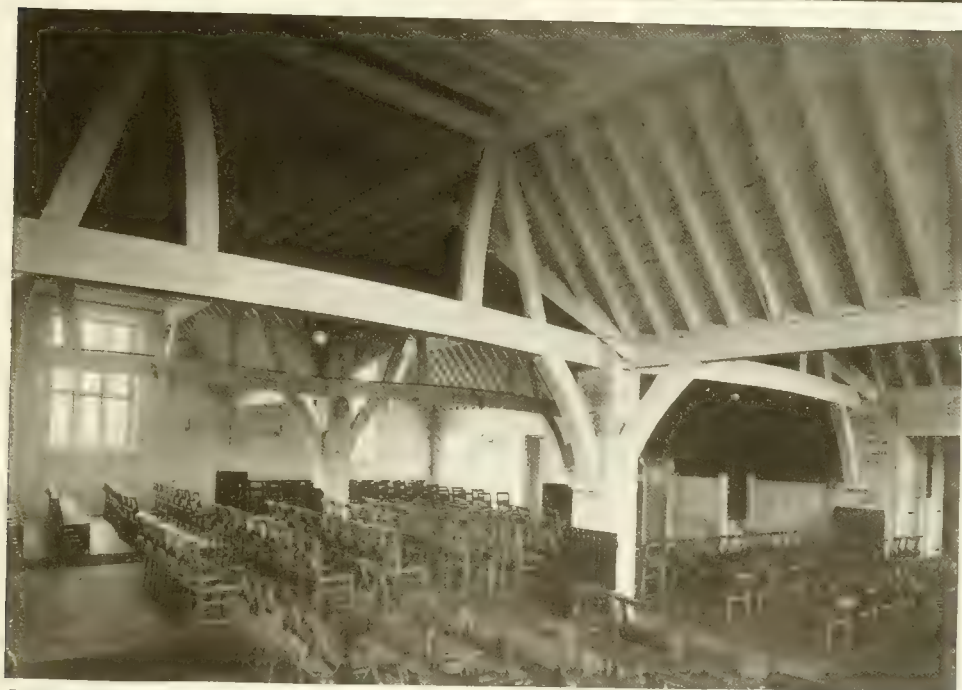
instead of remaining its vital supports; Renaissance became decadent when columns began to be mere decorations laid on the surface of the walls, instead of being the staunch supports from which the arches sprang to carry the weight of the superstructure and transmit it to the columns.

We may copy Greek architecture or reproduce perfect Georgian houses or the Gothic form and detail of the village church, but none of these will live again because we cannot revive the spirit of the ages to which they belong—the mythology of the ancients, the religious fervor of the Middle Ages—without which we cannot regain the vital expression of these creations.

If we are to have a living art of architecture again it must be founded on as vital principles as animated these old forms, and spring



PLANS OF CHURCH, LECTURE HALL, SHOPS AND FLATS DESIGNED FOR A SITE AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE FREE CHURCH HALL AT LITCHWORTH, SHOWING THE
EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS, BOTH OF WHICH HAVE BEEN
INFLUENCED BY A DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY IN PLANNING



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE SKITTLES INN, AN ENGLISH PUBLIC HOUSE WHERE NO ALCOHOL IS SERVED: A PRACTICAL AND PICTURESQUE MODERN BUILDING.

THE COZY LOUNGING ROOM AT THE INN, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND BAR.



Barr, Parker and Raymond Ungwin, Architects.

BILLIARD ROOM IN VILLAGE HALL AT CROFT, NEAR LEICESTER, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE NEW ATTRACTIVE ENGLISH PUBLIC HALLS. PICTURESQUELY FITTED UP LECTURE ROOM IN THE CROFT VILLAGE HALL.



1899. For George Ryland & Unwin, Architects

TWO INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE MRS. HOWARD MEMORIAL HALL AT LETCHWORTH, DERBYSHIRE, SHOWING CHARMING ARRANGEMENTS FOR GOOD ORDER AND COMFORT.



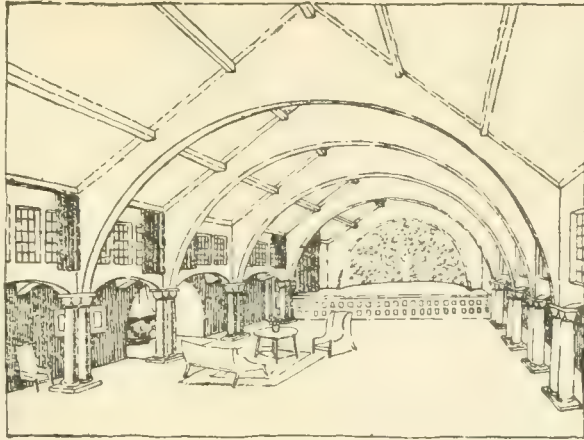
TWO VIEWS OF VILLAGE HALL AT STEEPLE CLAYDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, THE LOWER ONE SHOWING THE RAISED ROOF AND PLATFORM AND THE UPPER ONE THE CHARMING FIREPLACE WITH COZY SIDE SEATS.



TWO PICTURES OF WORKING GIRLS' CLUB AT LETCHWORTH, SHOW-
ING DETAILS OF FIREPLACE AND WINDOW SEATS AT ONE END OF
THE CLUBROOM AND FIREPLACE AND COZY CORNERS AT THE OTHER.

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

as inevitably from sincerity, for this is the only basis of what we call originality. It must express the *spirit of the times as its fundamental reason for existence*, though it must do much more than this to become art. The expression of something vital is not enough in itself, any more than the happy arrangement of vistas and terminal features, symmetry and propor-



HALL IN WORKING GIRLS' CLUB IN MANCHESTER.

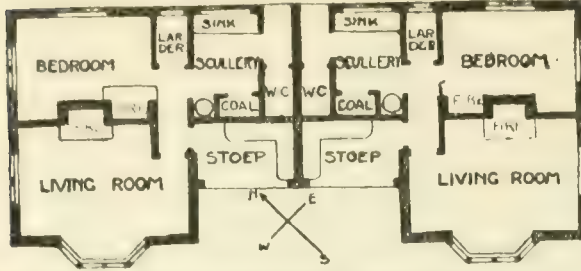
tion, all the architect's stock in trade, constitute art in architecture. Nineteenth-century art expressed unmistakably the materialism and the mechanical and commercial progress that characterized it, and it was at as low an ebb as art has ever fallen.

The most vital force in our time seems to be the awakening spirit of democracy, and out of this larger social evolution there are smaller movements, parts or phases of its growth, which are influencing the reconstruction of old forces everywhere to meet its new needs, and it may be that the living art we hope for will embody this spirit.

As an instance, the promptings of this democracy have influenced legislation in England to bring about the Old Age Pensions Act, which enables the aged poor to keep their little homes together instead of being forced, as heretofore, to enter the workhouse or shelter with relatives. This humanitarian law reacting on architecture has created a demand for very small cottages suited to the means and requirements of such people. So far this need has been most inadequately met, and it offers an opportunity for the investment of capital in the erection of very small dwellings somewhat on the lines illustrated here in the cottage homes, which would give just the accommodation needed, but in much more comfortable and attractive form than has been afforded in the past. Planned in small quadrangles, these cottages would give pleasant surroundings and the opportunity for private and quiet enjoyment in declining days.

Democracy's demand for a fuller and more balanced life is further evidenced in the newer architecture in many village communities, where halls for recreation and lectures, and various institutes and clubhouses, are being built to meet the new conditions of social development. These buildings are no longer the bare dismal

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

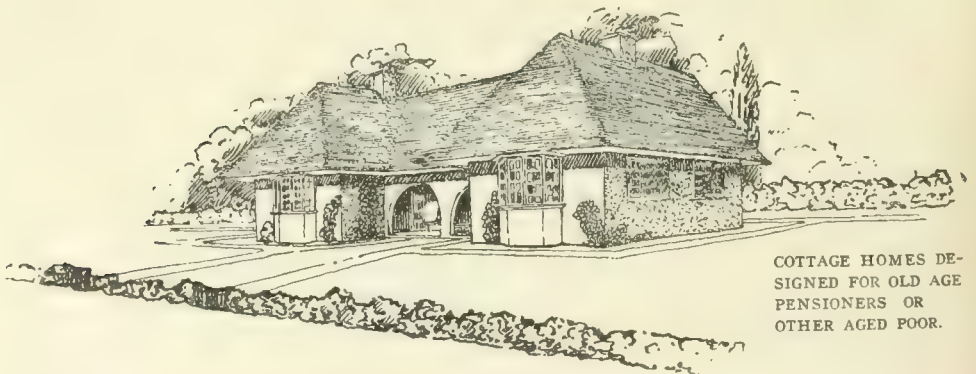


FLOOR PLAN OF SMALL COTTAGE FOR "OLD AGE PENSIONERS."

places that a century ago expressed the democracy's tentative strivings toward ideals, but have grown with its development until now they formulate the higher standards of thought and comfortable living that are significant of advancing conditions.

The accompanying illustrations give a few examples of the efforts made to fill these demands—one or two village halls, a Free Church hall, two clubs for working girls, an inn, and a building containing a Nonconformist church, a lecture room, a shop and flats. The inn is designed to give to the workman and his family all that the village inn of the past has given, the comfortable environment that affords opportunity for a social meeting place, robbed however of the alcoholic drinks that have deteriorated its influence. These examples but show the trend toward reasonable fulfilment of everyday needs, that may point the way to a living art in architecture again.

It rests partly with the architect but even more with the people to infuse this spirit of democracy into their buildings. The former can help to establish sane and beautiful standards in the planning and construction of houses and public buildings by using his skill for the fulfilment of genuine individual and social needs; but democratic architecture will only be fully realized when the mass of the people take an intelligent interest in these problems and insist upon their dwellings being the sincere expression of their own ideals.



COTTAGE HOMES DESIGNED FOR OLD AGE PENSIONERS OR OTHER AGED POOR.

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY: BY THE EDITOR



SINCE the institution of postal savings banks a little more than a year ago, the Government has received for safe-keeping something like fifty million dollars, this considerable total being made up chiefly of the small savings of working people with whom the margin between income and living expense is of the narrowest.

This money, on which the postal banks pay two per cent. interest, is redeposited in national and State banks at two and a quarter per cent. When the expense of operation is deducted from this quarter of one per cent. it becomes abundantly clear that the Government has not approached the proposition in any get-rich-quick spirit. In fact, when we consider that the banks which are the final depositories of these funds lend money at not less than six per cent., we cannot help wondering whether Uncle Sam is doing as well by himself in this matter as he might. For instance, why should not the postal funds be utilized toward solving that insistent and far-reaching problem presented by the growing congestion of our cities on the one hand and the decay of country life on the other?

We all know that our population is increasing faster than our crops, that consumption is outrunning production and that the price of food and clothing is climbing mercilessly upward year after year. Figures compiled by *Bradstreet's* show that the cost of living has advanced ten per cent. in the last year. And on every side we are beginning to ask, with something like consternation, "What are we going to do about it?" Part of the solution, of course, lies in the direction of more and better farming. But even after our present farmers have wakened to the necessity of intensive agriculture and their ranks have been liberally recruited from other callings, there will remain the problem of the millions who are neither adapted by temperament or training to a purely agricultural life, nor contented that their children should grow up under the cramping conditions imposed by the city. For these the most promising outlook seems to open up in the direction of the garden city idea and its variants, among which I would especially emphasize the small coöperative community whose members combine handicrafts with agriculture.

In the first place the idea has already been sufficiently tested, both here and in Europe, to prove its practicability on the economic side. In the second, it offers, as it were, reform without revolution, a turning to the good things that the country holds for us without repudiating those benefits that are peculiarly the contribution of the city. In England the Garden City of Letchworth has shown the feasibility of an independent and self-contained industrial city, built in the open

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY

country, and having room among its industries for agriculture, while the Hempstead Garden Suburb has proved that conditions no less ideal can be achieved on the edge of a great city like London.

I WOULD not suggest, of course, any such extreme of paternalism as that the Government should itself organize, or even subsidize, such communities, although I am convinced that the movement is destined to prove an asset of almost inestimable value to the nation as a whole. It seems to me, however, that to stimulate and foster this movement by lending money on easy terms to responsible companies organized for the furtherance of it would lie well within the legitimate field of Federal activity. If the postal-bank funds were thus used, they could be helping directly the very class whose savings they represent, and at the same time the Government would be getting something more than the quarter of one per cent. that it gets under the present arrangement. Without stopping to go into details as to security, methods of organization, etc., I would merely emphasize here the fact that Uncle Sam could ask for no safer investment than one which increases production while reducing the cost of living, and tends to make of men healthier and therefore better citizens. It has been said that when every man makes use of his own backyard the cost of living will be reduced. But many of us, under present conditions, cannot lay claim even to a backyard.

France and Germany make provision for loans to farmers at moderate rates of interest, realizing that to stimulate agricultural activity means increased prosperity to all industries. These societies of farmers issue bonds on as favorable terms as public-service corporations. German land-mortgage bonds issued by the coöperative land-mortgage banks, vie with Government bonds in stability and marketability. Here we have no such loan provisions for the small farmer, who finds it more difficult than almost any other class of borrower to get "cheap money" when he most needs it. Fortunately, however, a bill is now before Congress to provide for a national commission on farm finance, and it seems probable that this defect will soon be remedied. Perhaps it would not be amiss if at the same time the proposed commission included in its investigations the question of financing the garden-city and garden-village movement.

The place and importance of this movement in the gradual process of social and industrial reorganization have been repeatedly dwelt upon in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. We have pointed out that while the city gives high wages, social opportunity and a wide range of interests and amusements, at best we have to balance against these advantages high rents, high prices and that cutting away from direct contact with

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY

nature, the cost of which is ultimately levied against the race. At worst, we find on the debit side conditions of increasing economic pressure which for a large proportion of city dwellers are rapidly becoming unbearable. It is this, rather than any sentimental consideration, which gives vitality to the "back-to-the-land" movement. The country, under present conditions, offers low rents, the bounties and beauties of nature, low wages, long hours, and a dearth of social life and public spirit. The garden city, on the other hand, affords the benefits of both town and country, and the drawbacks of neither. These benefits have been catalogued as follows by an enthusiastic French writer on the garden-city movement: Beauty of nature, social opportunity, easy access to fields and parks, low rents, high wages, low prices, plenty to do, field for enterprise, flow of capital, pure air and water, bright homes and gardens, no slums, freedom, coöperation. Not least important in the count is this item, coöperation, since no reform can go far unless the people themselves have a hand in it.

This garden-city phase of the back-to-the-land movement is one which promises to bear fruit increasingly in the future. "The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman," said Lord Beaconsfield, and Herbert Spencer has made the same point in his statement that "to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity."

To recapitulate briefly, then, my reasons for feeling that the Federal Government should take cognizance of this coöperative garden community movement, and for suggesting that such funds as those created by the postal savings banks might profitably be used to promote and stimulate it.—To begin with, the movement is in line with the best progressive tendencies of an age when politics, science and religion are joining hands for social justice, social hygiene and an awakened social imagination. It takes into consideration the right of our children to grow up under conditions which will teach them the use of their hands as well as their brains, and which will develop in them sane aspirations and a true sense of values. It nourishes the communal spirit without which a democracy cannot live. It tends to increase production, thereby reducing the cost of living. As to the propriety of utilizing Government funds in such a way, it can be shown that the investment could be made absolutely secure, that the immediate profit to the Government would be greater than under the present arrangement, that the indirect return to the nation might be almost incalculable, and that the very classes which originally supplied the funds would be among the direct beneficiaries of the movement.



A CRAFTSMAN STONE HOUSE AND A SHINGLE BUNGALOW DESIGNED FOR REAL HOME COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

THE essentials of a Craftsman house are always the same. In every design that we have ever made it has been our purpose to make possible real home comfort, a certain amount of outdoor life, economy of structure with convenience for housewife or maid. We believe that these things are absolutely necessary for right living, and that when they are fully attained we will have accomplished the building of the house of the democrat.

In these two houses which we are showing this month we feel that we come more nearly to our ideal than in any dwellings we have published in some time. For that reason we are showing two views of each house, the front and rear view. We want those of our readers who are really interested in Craftsman architecture to realize how thoughtfully the whole structure is planned and developed. We feel that if there is any preference to be given that perhaps the rear views of our houses are often more friendly and homelike than the front elevations. And this is what we are really seeking to accomplish, because in most moderate-sized homes the real family life goes on to a great extent in the back part of the house. Where a woman does her own work it is the dining room and the kitchen and the back porch that furnish the environment for most of the hours of nearly all the days of her life. We want not only for this reason that the rear of the house should be attractive, but we have felt from the very beginning of our building that a house should be a complete structure, that

the construction of every part of it should be harmonious and well related; that there should be no splendid front elevation tapering off to sordidness and lack of taste at the back. The house of the democrat should be a well-built house throughout, equally beautiful at every angle, and always with the comfort and the happiness and the taste of the family the first consideration.

In addition to the construction of the houses, we feel that the growing demand for outdoor life should be the prime consideration in all Craftsman architecture. We want outdoor sleeping porches and living porches wherever it is possible to incorporate them in the floor plans. We seem to have come to regard our porches as connecting links between the garden and the house. They are the places that bring us near to the garden when we must still work or rest, and if we train vines over their pillars and bring flowers and plants within the railing, we have added infinite joy to the working hours or the resting hours of our busy lives. We also want our porches, when possible, so arranged that in the winter they become sun rooms. We feel that the time is rapidly passing away when in America we will longer use our houses to shield us from the real life, which must be the out-of-door life. And we know that there is no reason in the world why this life should not be lived in town and village and city as well as far out in the open rural districts. In fact, the city man needs the architect's help for outdoor life far more than the country man, whose very occupation must bring him the chance of life in the sun and wind that every man should covet.

As we have already said, we have especially tried in the designs for these two houses to bear in mind the needs of the present generation of American people. One of our houses this month is a moder-

HOUSES FOR INDOOR COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

ate-sized eight-room dwelling, suited for town, suburbs or country. The other is a less pretentious but no less homelike seven-room bungalow, a type that is adapted to all-year use in the suburbs, or to the mountains or the seashore.

The first house, No. 139, is intended to be built in a locality where field stone is plentiful. The chimneys are rough red brick and the roof may be shingle, slate or flat tile. The balcony as well as the large round columns and pergola roof of the front entrance porch are of wood, and the porch floors are cement. The field stone extends as a parapet around the broad corner porch at the rear, and stone piers capped with flower boxes support the balcony.

This roomy porch is one of the most attractive features of the house, for it can be used in summer as an outdoor living room, being sheltered by its balcony roof from the heat and open on two sides for refreshing breezes, as shown in the upper view of the rear of the house on page 441. In winter it may be closed in by a glass door and windows to make a sun room, as shown in the second illustration. And as an open fireplace has been provided there, one can readily imagine what a delightful and friendly spot it would be.

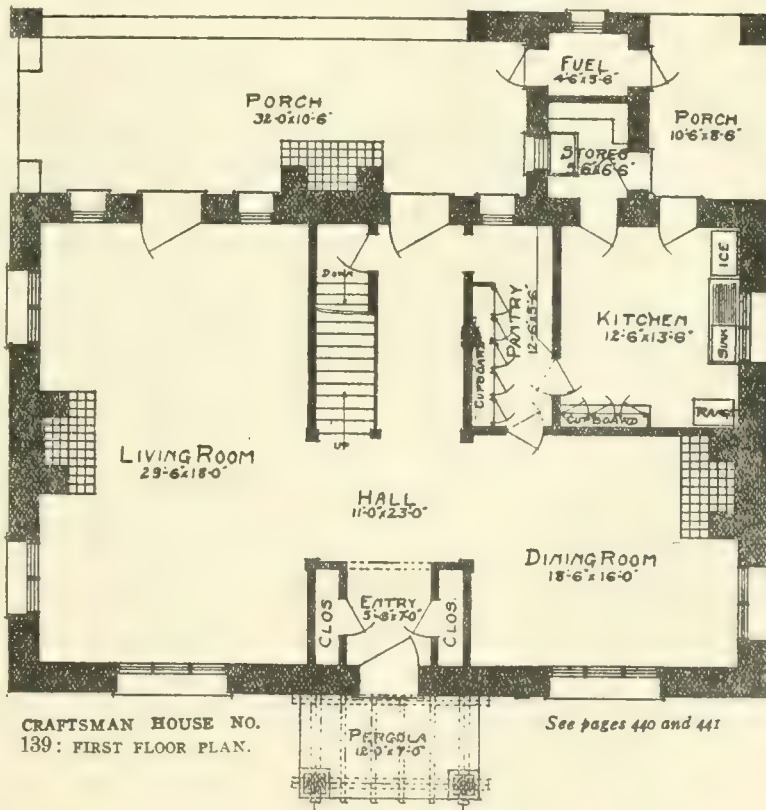
As to the balcony, we have not roofed it over because that would darken the bedroom that overlooks it; but if it is used for sleeping purposes in the warm months and some overhead shelter is desired, a temporary awning may be erected.

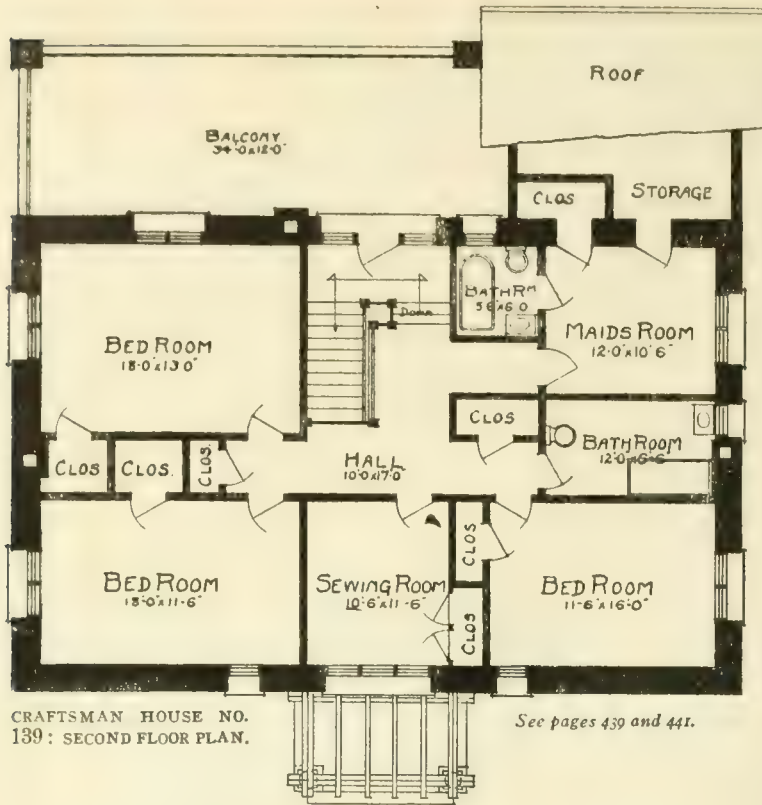
It may be noted also that if greater shelter is desired for the entrance porch than that afforded by the pergola beams, a hidden roof of boards could be placed directly beneath the beams, forming a practical protection from the weather and

detracting nothing from the appearance of the exterior. Such a roof would be especially desirable if the house faced north or west, as it would protect the entrance from the rain and snow that would otherwise fall through the pergola. Our reason for this open construction is of course the fact that with this style of house, which has already sufficient roof area, an additional porch roof would have marred the proportions of the building.

Turning now to the floor plans, let us note how the spirit of hospitality and comfort pervades the whole interior. Stepping beneath the vine-draped entrance into the little entry, with its coat closets placed conveniently at each side, we find ourselves in the open hall through which is a pleasant vista to the rear.

On the left of the hall is the generous living room, lighted by many groups of windows, provided with an open fireplace and opening onto the ample porch. On the opposite side of the house is the dining room, which also has an inviting fireplace in one corner and windows overlooking the garden at the front and side. While these





with the picturesque-ness of the stonework, the interest of the larger recessed porch and balcony, and the long, sloping lines of the roof, makes the back of the house unusually charming.

The stairway to the second story is interrupted pleasantly by a wide landing, with windows and a central glass door opening onto the balcony. From this landing three steps lead to the main upper hall. Here we find three bedrooms and a sewing room, all provided with closets, and there are also two closets in the hall. In addition to the large bathroom there is a smaller one communicating with the maid's room in the

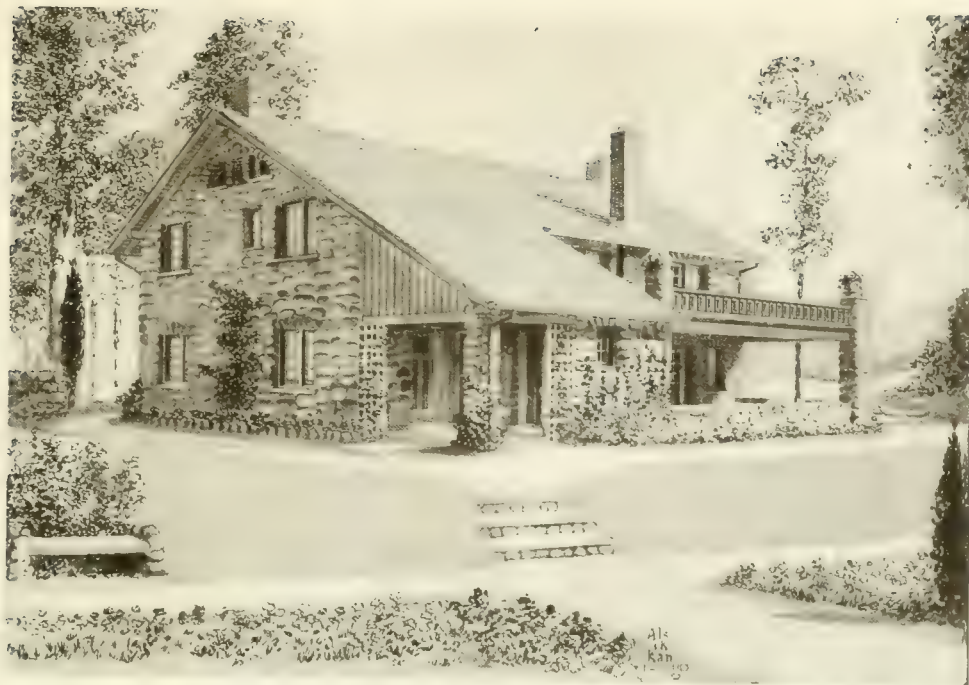
two rooms are sufficiently separated to allow a certain amount of privacy, there is nevertheless a sense of openness in the planning that is very satisfying.

Dining room and kitchen communicate by swinging doors through the pantry, which is fitted with a long cupboard and shelves and is lighted by a window overlooking the rear porch. The kitchen itself is comparatively small, like most Craftsman kitchens, to minimize the steps of maid or housewife. A cupboard is placed in one corner, the range in another where its flue can use the dining-room chimney; the sink and drainboard are beneath the window, and the ice box is close beside. The space along the opposite wall leaves plenty of room for a table. In the rear extension beneath the low-sloping roof additional storage room is provided, including a place for fuel. The small sheltered porch at the corner completes the service portion of the house, providing a pleasant place where many little household tasks may be done, and serving as a friendly outdoor sitting room for the maid. This arrangement adds, moreover, to the structural beauty of the exterior, and

rear. Extra storage space is provided beneath the roof above the first floor extension.

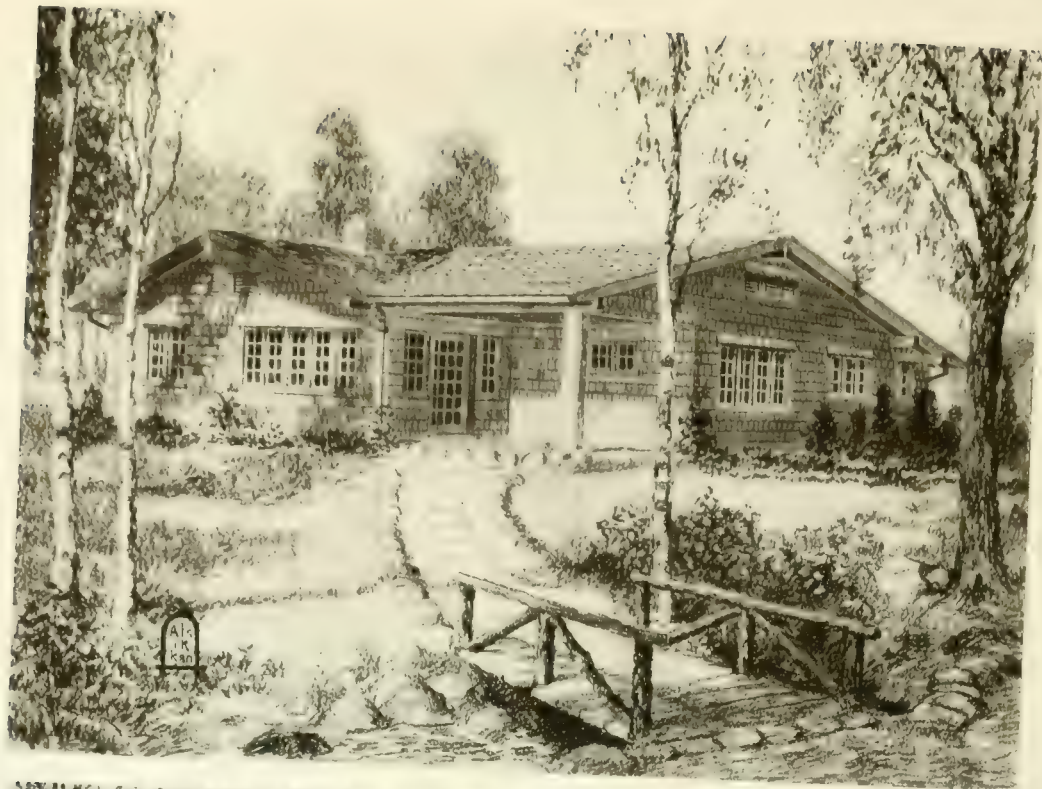
As will be seen from the floor plans and exterior views, the rooms on the second floor, with the exception of the sewing room and main bathroom, which occupy the center of the front and side gables, are not entirely full height, the slope of the roof lowering the ceilings somewhat in certain places. In a house of this character, the raising of the roof lines to accommodate a full second story would make the building too high for its breadth, destroying the pleasing proportions that are gained by the low roof and sloping lines shown here. Nor is the slight variation in the height of the ceilings a drawback; on the contrary, it adds to the interest of the rooms. It will be noticed that the arrangement of the stairs and landing 23 inches below the second floor level was needed to give head room to the landing and allow access to the balcony.

As shown by the floor plans, this house can be easily heated and ventilated by warm air from two Craftsman fireplaces, the ex-



Gustav Stickley Architect.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 139: THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS OF FIELD STONE: BACK VIEW SHOWING PORCHES. FRONT VIEW OF FIELD STONE HOUSE: THE ROOF IS SHINGLED AND THE CHIMNEYS ARE BRICK.



Gustav Stickley Architect.

TWO VIEWS OF CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE BUNGALOW NO. 140. THERE ARE SEVEN ROOMS IN THIS BUNGALOW AND TWO PORCHES. THE ROOMS ARE SINGULARLY WELL ARRANGED FOR THE LIGHTING OF EVERY FOOT OF SPACE.

HOUSES FOR INDOOR COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

tra fireplace on the porch being used only on chilly spring or autumn evenings or in winter when the porch is transformed into a sun room. The living room fireplace will furnish heat and ventilation for the bedrooms directly above, and the dining room fireplace will serve for the other bedroom, maid's room and two bathrooms. The sewing room can be warmed from either heater. Very little piping will be necessary.

We have shown square-paned casement windows throughout, as they are less expensive than the double-hung and are more picturesque—a very satisfactory combination.

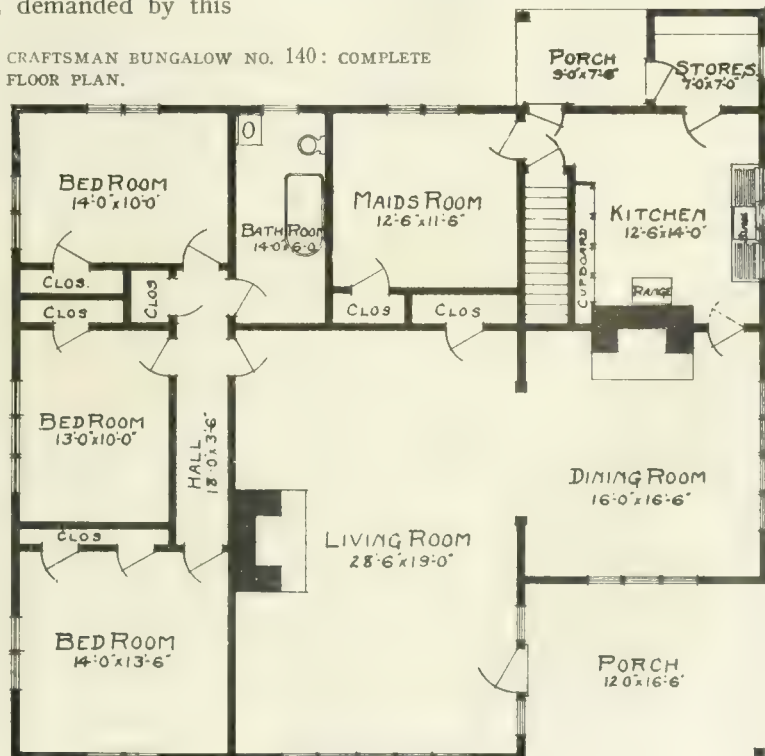
The bungalow, No. 140, while an entirely different type of building, has been planned with the same care for indoor and outdoor comfort. We have chosen shingles for the walls, but the design would lend itself equally well to other materials—clapboards, brick, concrete or stucco. The chimney is brick, and the pillars of the porches are rough-hewn from ordinary logs—a little touch that adds to the rustic effect of the building. The porch floors may be either cement or tile.* As to the roof, while we have shown it as shingled, it could be covered even more satisfactorily with Ruberoid. The slight slope, demanded by this type of structure, is not steep enough to permit the use of slate or tiles, as these need a greater angle to obviate all danger of leakage. As in the preceding house we have shown casement windows, and except where they are sheltered by the porch roof, a row of shingles has been sprung out to form a hood above each window group to protect it from the weather. The shingles can be either stained to some soft shade of green or brown that will harmonize with the surrounding landscape, or left to weather to the silvery gray that time and exposure bring. The latter is

especially beautiful if the bungalow is to be built near the shore, as the pale mellow tones of the wood will repeat the varying colors of sea, mist and sky or the gray and silver of the sands.

From the shady recessed entrance porch, which will serve so delightfully for outdoor meals, one enters directly into the big living room, the front wall of which is filled by a group of five windows. The first thing that greets one is the hospitable Craftsman fireplace, which occupies a central position in the floor plan and will furnish heat and ventilation for the sleeping rooms and bathroom. A wide opening into the dining room reveals the second fireplace, from which the maid's room can be heated, and the flue from the kitchen range just behind uses the same chimney.

To the rear of the kitchen, with its long cupboard and its sink and double drain-board beneath the windows, one finds a convenient storage place, and a little square porch is tucked away beneath the sheltering slope of the roof. Plenty of closet room is provided throughout the plan—a convenience that will be especially appreciated in a dwelling of this character where house-keeping is simplified and space condensed.

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 140: COMPLETE FLOOR PLAN.



THE HEART OF THE HOME: THE VALUE OF THE OPEN FIREPLACE IN MODERN HOUSE-BUILDING

"Come, sitte beside my hearthie,
Tis wide for gentle companie."

WAS there ever a more perfect invitation than these simple old words, or a more appropriate motto for a chimneypiece? It is the sort of thing that carries one back in imagination to the old Colonial days of wide-doored and open-hearted hospitality, or across the ocean to the mother country with her sheltering cottage firesides and the ruddy welcome of logs in her farmhouse kitchens and great manor halls. But when we try to fit such a delightful picture to our modern American life, we realize how far we have wandered from the old traditions, both in our architecture and in our ways of living, and how few of us, as yet, can either give or receive an invitation of such gentle, friendly form. In the tenseness of

our search for happiness—or rather its reputed equivalent, wealth—many of us have almost forgotten what it means to enjoy the restfulness of the open hearth and the comradeship of fireside friends. A hastily constructed civilization and the pressure and congestion of city life have taken from us this primitive heritage, and in putting the problems of heating and cooking on a more scientific basis, we have deprived ourselves not only of a feature of great architectural beauty, but also of the nucleus for ideal family and social life.

But in spite of the fact that so much of our population is still living in enforced exile from the open fireplace and all the



FIELD STONE CHIMNEYPICE FOR COUNTRY HOME.



CHIMNEYPICE OF ROUGH STONE, BRICK AND LOGS,
SUITED TO A MOUNTAIN CAMP.

joys and comforts for which it stands, it is nevertheless equally true that the fire is being once more gradually restored to its rightful place in our homes and in our lives. Builders, architects and home-planners all over the country are beginning to regard this old-time factor as a desirable and even a necessary element in the modern house. The people who are building homes for themselves and their children are

THE HEART OF THE HOME

trying to make those homes essentially cheerful and livable, to reduce their furnishings to the simplest terms, to get closer to the natural fundamental things in home environment which will bring them direct comfort and happiness. And in discovering their own real needs, they are realizing that they want some definite focal point for family life, some genuine center of hospitality, and that the most practical and beautiful way to bring this about is to build an open fireplace in the family living room.

When once this need is recognized and its fulfillment given due importance in the architectural scheme, the chief problem is to decide just what kind of a fireplace to build. For we are at once confronted with an embarrassment of riches; there are so many possibilities in materials, arrangement, color and design that it becomes hard to limit ourselves to a choice of beauty. The



EXTREMELY WELL-PROPORTIONED AND WELL-BUILT CHIMNEY FOR LIVING ROOM.

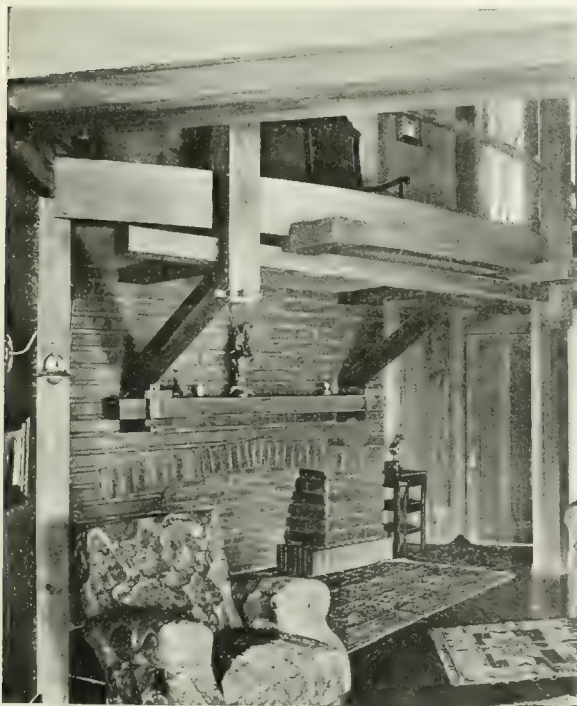
first thing to be considered, of course, is where the fireplace shall be. If there can be only one, then it is probably best in the living room, dining room or in a wide entrance hall—but preferably in the first of these, since that is where it will be enjoyed most. Then comes the exact placing of it—a matter determined by the layout of the rooms. The best location, of course, is in

the center of some generous wall space, so that there may be ample room for all who gather about the hearth, and if an inner wall is used the chimney may be made to serve a double purpose by receiving also the kitchen flue.

Naturally the coziest sort of fireplace is the one arranged within an inglenook, recessed or separated somewhat from the rest of the room by long, inviting fireside seats. These will serve to shield those about the fire from any possible draughts, and add to the comfort and privacy without depriving the rest of the room of the glimpse of blazing coal or logs and the radiating warmth and cheer. Then there will be bookshelves near at hand to hold those companionable volumes whose treasures seem to have a double lure within the friendly glow on a winter's evening or a chilly night in fall or spring. For who does not know

"The love of reading, the sequestered nooks,

"And all the sweet serenity of books."



CHIMNEYPiece OF BRICK AND WOOD FOR LARGE STUDIO.



THE ENGLISH TYPE OF RECESSED FIREPLACE.

Besides the practical comfort of such seats and bookshelves, there is their value from an architectural point of view. They are full of interesting possibilities of structural decoration, for the woodwork, if wisely used, will carry out the general scheme of the room and add much to its beauty.

If the arrangement of the floor space will not permit the building of an inglenook, there may be perhaps a single fireside seat built into a corner, and comfortable chairs or a cushioned settle may be placed beside the hearth. But whatever arrangement is selected, the fireplace should always be considered as the center of interest of the room.

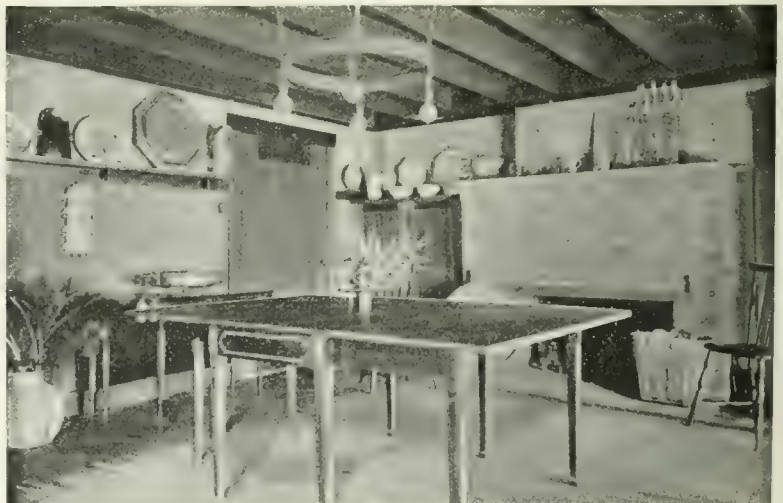
As to the question of materials, that will depend on many things—the taste and purse of the owner, the style and materials of the house itself. It is always well, in the chimney-piece as well as in the exterior of the building, to choose local materials whenever possible, for they will not only be less expensive but will do much toward bringing the building into harmony with its surroundings. If there is much field stone about the site, for instance, its use in the construction will add greatly to

the picturesque quality of the dwelling, and will prove most effective in the chimney-piece. Or cobblestones can be used, which will be even more rustic and irregular in appearance.

Brick, of course, offers endless opportunity for interest and beauty in both color and design, for the modern kinds come in such varied

and wonderful tones—reds, purples, buffs and myriad shades between—that very unique and lovely color combinations can be evolved. The richness of texture and the great variety possible in the coloring and treatment of the mortar joints, added to the many decorative ways in which the brick themselves can be placed—in geometric designs, corbled to support a shelf, or built so as to form little alcoves or niches—all these things make the building of a brick chimney-piece a task of absorbing interest, and the result, if well done, a thing of permanent charm.

Concrete is another material which has proved most effective in fireplace building, especially when the surface is left rather rough and is tinted to some friendly color which will either harmonize with the prevailing tone of the room or will itself set



A DINING ROOM FIREPLACE SUITED TO SIMPLE INTERIOR.

THE HEART OF THE HOME

the keynote of the general color scheme. The latter suggestion is perhaps the better, for since the fireplace is the chief point of attraction, its color and design may well be made the dominant note or theme, repeated and echoed by other furnishings with variations, and enlivened by contrasting notes.

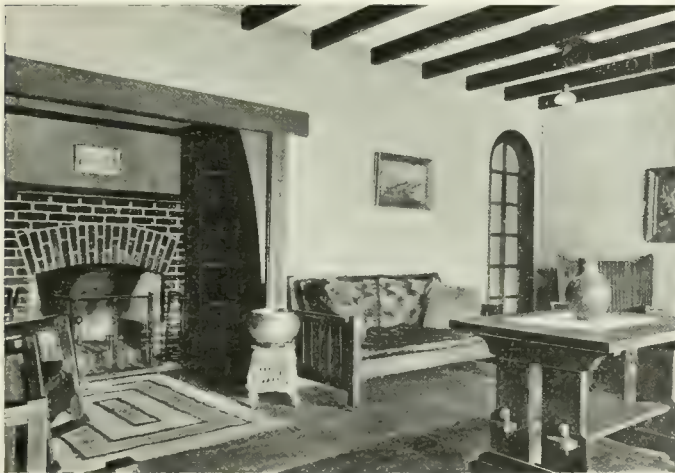
The use of tiles will also be found both practical and artistic, for they can be had in many beautiful and mellow colors, and can be used either for the hearth or chimney-breast or both. In fact, there are so many ways in which these different materials can be handled, and so many happy combinations of two or more of them which will prove effective, that the home-maker finds



WELL PLANNED CHIMNEYPiece OF BRICK TOPPED WITH OAK BEAM.

vase of flowers, or a pot of ferns, and the warm glow of the firelight over bookshelf, seat and wall—then one realizes what a place of beauty and contentment such a simple spot can be, and how much we are missing, those of us who have no such gathering point for home life and hospitality.

Some of the illustrations we are giving here suggest practical and picturesque methods of fireplace treatment, and show a little of what is being accomplished in the western part of this country in bringing back the open hearth to our national heart and home. Perhaps the most significant feature, and one which is common to all these examples, is the simplicity not only of the fireplace itself, but of the surrounding furnishings. In



RECESSED FIREPLACE WITH BRICK CHIMNEY-BREAST.

each instance there is a notable absence of elaboration; each piece has evidently been selected for comfort and a certain dignified beauty, and many of the interiors show a distinctly Craftsman style. Most of them are simple almost to the point of severity—a natural reaction from the overcrowded and overornamented rooms of recent years. But in each case one feels the predominating quality of sincerity, both of architecture and furnishing, which brings with it inevitably the true home

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atmosphere. Each friendly corner seems to hold its own subtle invitation, a message of comradeship and good cheer. And each is an incentive to the would-be home-maker to build for himself his own ideal open hearth.

ON BAKING BREAD: BY JULIETTE M. T. FRANCIS

I WANT to make a plea to the young mothers—as well as the older ones of this broad land, that they make their own bread. I am convinced that a great many children are being seriously injured by having to eat baker's bread. To satisfy myself that this was true I consulted two leading physicians. Here is what they say: "Bakers frequently add substances such as alum to improve their bread, but it injures it as a food. Good home-made bread as a rule is much more palatable than that purchased at the bakery."

I have found out through my own experience, for we sometimes have to send out after bread, that my children are never as well satisfied and always become hungry much sooner than when we have our own home loaf.

I know many women think they cannot make good bread, but when little Lois Edmonds of Iowa, aged eleven, can become such an expert in this line, that she goes to the White House and demonstrates to President Taft and his cooks how good bread is made—surely *any woman* who is willing to try can learn how.

I recently visited a family of six and noticing baker's bread asked the mother why she didn't make her own bread. "Oh, I cannot make bread fit to eat," she answered. The children were much given to "piecing" between meals and seemed to crave candy and cake, of which they ate a great deal. One child had quit school on account of ill health, and was pale and anæmic.

Continuing to investigate this matter I have inquired among my neighbors and find that a great many of them are buying bread.

The cost of baker's bread is double that of home-made bread, and it is such a simple matter when one forms the habit of doing one's own baking.

In my family there are five children and I bake bread twice a week, often making both graham and white. I boil potatoes for dinner the day before. When they are

done I pour off into a little pail the water they were cooked in. Three or four of the potatoes I mash thoroughly and add to the water. Then one cake of dry yeast is placed in a little lukewarm water, leaving until thoroughly dissolved. This with one-half cup of sugar, I add to the potato water, setting it in a warm place—not hot—until evening. Then just before bedtime I stir in a small quantity of flour, about two cupfuls, and setting the pail inside a small pan, I leave till morning.

This should be all light and bubbling in the morning. Then I take flour enough to make a hard loaf, add a little warm water if necessary and knead thoroughly. If one especially dislikes handling the dough, the patent bread-mixers will give satisfaction, the only drawback being that they are rather hard to clean.

When the dough is light I make it into loaves, let rise and bake. Sometimes I knead down again before making into loaves. I usually allow one hour in baking. But you cannot follow this rule implicitly. A good rule is to place one's ear near the loaf and if a sound is heard within continue to bake. Anything but doughy bread!

When it is done I rub each loaf over with nice sweet butter, which gives it a fine flavor and adds greatly to the appearance.

If more mothers would take up this little task instead of haunting the bargain counters so persistently there would be a marked improvement in the health of children as well as many husbands. I do most sincerely pity people who have to, day after day, partake of the baker's tasteless loaf.

Mothers try making your own bread for a while. I am sure that you will soon become so proud of your loaves that the baker's boy will have to seek elsewhere for custom.

Following are some of the methods used in countries all over the world in the making of bread:

In the West Indies bread is made from the cassava root. It is first ground into meal, made into round cakes and hung on poles to dry. It forms the principal food of the natives.

In Central America bread is made from Indian corn and is called *tortilla*. The corn is first parboiled in lye to loosen the outer covering. When soft, it is crushed into a paste with a stone rolling-pin on a

FOREST PROTECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS

small stone table. It is then baked on a plate of iron or earthenware; but not enough to brown the *tortilla*, which is served hot.

In India the bread is called a *chupatty*, and in appearance resembles our griddle cakes. It is made of wheaten flour, shaped between the hands and is unleavened. This is used by the better classes. The poorer people use cakes made from cornmeal, millet and a grain called *ragee*.

Japan had no bread or biscuits until 1890, when a great fad for foreign bread started in Tokyo. Piles of bread were seen at every little cook stall, but the fashion soon subsided, and now one sees small biscuits made of rice or of wheat flour that are baked over a charcoal fire.

In Egypt and Turkey bread is made from wheaten flour. It is rolled out or pounded like pie dough; then two layers are united at the edges. These are then placed in a hot oven, where they puff up and bake in a remarkably short time.

In Norway and Sweden the bread of the peasants is made from barley meal and water. It is rolled thin, placed on a round flat stone and baked over a fire of fagots. A large quantity is made and stored in a dry place for the winter, when it forms one of the chief foods of the people.

After reading what some of the others in our world call bread—how it is made and baked—does it not encourage you, dear wives and mothers, to make, or at least try to bake the beautiful, brown, spongy loaves of bread that you should be proud to furnish your families.

A MORNING AND EVENING GLORY

A QUICKLY grown and exceedingly artistic yard ornament may be had by putting into the ground a dead tree some six or seven feet high and planting about its roots moon vine and morning glory seeds. These spring up and grow rapidly, one blooming early in the day and the other in the late afternoon. If the supporting tree be bushy the vines will festoon themselves over it most gracefully. The whole may be placed before a too sunny window to act as a screen, or it may be placed where it will screen some unsightly object from sight. Besides, it may be moved from year to year just to suit the fancy or different arrangement in the gardening, and taken away when the vines cease to bloom.

FORESTRY IN MASSACHUSETTS PROMOTED BY LOCAL ACTIVITY

FOR fourteen years the Massachusetts Forestry Association has been working for the interests of local forestry, and is now extending its activities by the establishment of branch organizations in most of the large cities and many towns and villages of the State. The purpose of these branches is to bring members of the association together for local work,—a plan which will no doubt result in practical benefit to the various sections, as well as stimulate public interest in a cause which has now come to be regarded as one of national importance.

The *Springfield Republican* summarizes the history and work of the association as follows:

"Ever since the organization was formed it has been very active in securing better laws for maintaining forests. It brought about the enactment of the tree warden law in 1899, which has been revised and supplemented from time to time to meet new conditions. It was almost directly through the efforts of the association that the State department of forestry was established in 1904. The association had also worked hard for years for the forest fire warden act, which was passed in 1910.

"The legislative committee of the association has several bills of importance this year, among them a bill increasing the appropriations for the State forester, allowing him \$10,000 more than last year, to be used for protection against forest fires; an appropriation of \$250,000 for the suppression of the gypsy and brown-tailed moths, both of which bills passed; also a bill providing for better inspection of nursery stock imported into the State.

"The present membership of the State organization is over 1,100 and it is expected that this number will be greatly increased this year. The clubs and other societies that are being organized throughout the State are becoming affiliated with the State association by the payment of a nominal annual fee. In this way they keep in touch with forestry conditions in the State. . . . The work of planting and caring for shade trees, the promotion of municipal forests and parks and other matters pertaining to forestry, are all encouraged by the local branches."



A VERY GOOD WINDBREAK OF HONEY LOCUST WITH SOME SYCAMORES TWENTY-SEVEN TO THIRTY YEARS OLD IN SANDY LOAM SOIL.

WINDBREAKS FOR BEAUTY AND UTILITY: BY MALCOLM CAMPBELL

IN laying out the grounds for the rural or suburban home, or when considering the improvement and beautifying of a place already established, windbreaks should receive far more consideration than is generally given them, both on account of their artistic and comfort-giving possibilities and their practical value as an interest-returning investment.

In all sections of the United States there are prevalent at certain seasons winds which range all the way from merely uncomfortable to highly destructive, and which possess the one virtue of being consistent, a characteristic which enables the homemaker and the farmer to guard against them. That orchards and homes are not generally better protected is due very largely to erroneous impressions concerning windbreaks of forest trees, one being that the area occupied by the trees is put into the non-earning status, another that the damage to crops and orchards by shade offsets any protection afforded, and still another that the trees in the windbreaks sap the fertility from the soil for a considerable distance on each side of the grove or belt. As to the first objection, the fault lies with the landowner, not with the trees. With a judicious selection of species for planting, windbreak belts will, if conserved and availed of in a reasonably intelligent manner, give a return quite equal to that which might have been derived from field crops on the same land, the revenue being derived from the sale of

timber, posts and cord-wood. Careful investigation has determined that the protective value of an adequate windbreak is several times greater than all damage done through shading, and forest trees return to the soil, with the falling of the leaves, practically all of the elements of fertility which they take from it. Aside from the mere breaking of the force of the wind—which,



DOUBLE HEDGE OF RUSSIAN MULBERRY EIGHT YEARS OLD, ON TWO SIDES OF SECTION LINE IN RENO COUNTY, KANSAS: VERY THRIFTY, EFFICIENT AND PRODUCTIVE.

TREES FOR WINDBREAKS

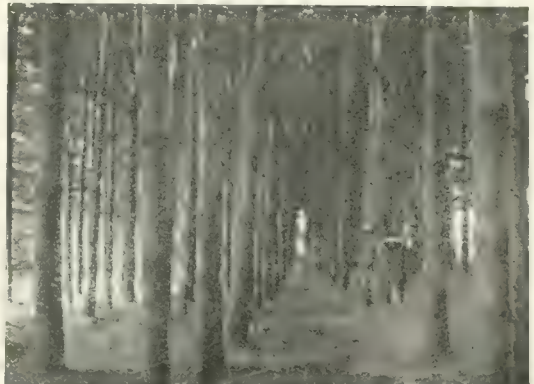


GREEN ASH GROVE AS WINDBREAK, FREMONT, DODGE CO., NEBRASKA.

however, is the most important feature so far as comfort is concerned—windbreaks exert a very powerful effect upon the evaporation, doing much to conserve the moisture of the soil during the growing season. They also prevent the drifting of light soil and sand, and serve as snow-traps.

Windbreaks may consist of single rows of trees, of belts varying in width from three rows of trees up to 250 feet, or of groves. If a cash return from the land occupied by the windbreak is not an important consideration, a comparatively narrow belt of hardwood trees, underplanted with some "tolerant" species, is probably the most satisfactory form for home and small orchard protection. In a narrow belt, the trees do not grow with the same regularity or have the straight boles to be found in a wider belt or grove, and consequently the timber is of less value. In order to make profitable the use of windbreaks which have the quality of groves, there must be selected for the main body of the shelter a species which will make rapid height growth at the outset. If necessary, it may be underplanted with a slow-growing, dense-foliaged tree, or the latter may be used along the sides of the grove, and may be planted either at the outset or when the main trees of the grove begin to prune themselves rapidly. Under any circumstances, the total width of the grove should not exceed one and one-half

times to twice the expected height of the trees at maturity. The single-row hedge or windbreak is of value—in addition to the protection given—only for the production of posts and small timbers in which freedom from knots is not an essential feature. An osage orange hedge will, in many widely scattered areas, be found an excellent windbreak. Calculating the value of an osage hedge on the basis of an annual net benefit equal to the yield of a strip of land twice as wide as the height of the trees, there is at the end of twenty years a surplus in favor of the windbreak (on slightly



BOLES OF WHITE PINE IN CAREFULLY TENDED WINDBREAK, CLERMONT, IOWA.

TREES FOR WINDBREAKS



MONTEREY CYPRESS WINDBREAK SHELTERING ORANGE ORCHARD, RIALTO, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CALIFORNIA.

moist land) of \$1,980. This is sufficient to pay for the total loss of crop in the area occupied by the old roots, 68 feet wide, for twelve years after cutting. As a matter of fact, the height growth of an osage coppice is so rapid that in a very few years the hedge will again be paying for itself. The returns from osage hedges is derived from the excellent posts produced.

It is not always desirable that the windbreak be very dense, as there are situations when a complete stagnation of the air in the lee of the windbreak would be injurious. Orchards may sometimes be rendered colder, in the case of frost on a clear and relatively calm night, and the danger of fungous diseases arises in an orchard where the air is maintained in a too humid state, without adequate circulation.

Wherever the mulberry will thrive, this tree can generally be used to excellent advantage in dense hedges for the protection of orchards, and the fruit will serve to entice the birds away from the valuable orchard products.

While local conditions should, of course, control the selection of species for wind-

breaks, it may be stated that, in general, white pine is the very best windbreak tree for the Lake States and in the northern portion of the Eastern States, in both regions the belts running north and south. White pine grows rapidly enough to be planted in belts from 80 to 90 feet wide if they are to be held for 40 years, with close spacing, about 4 by 6 feet at the outset, which gives good form with rapid height growth. When mature, these belts will be immensely valuable. A few rows of white cedar on either side will augment the value of the white pine windbreak and yield a crop of valuable posts. The white cedar may be planted very closely—about 2 by 4 feet.

In the southern part of the Eastern States, where, because of the greater summer heat the conservation of moisture becomes important, chestnut and tulip poplar will show best results.

Both grow thriftily, and may be managed as a coppice. As auxiliary, short leaf pine may be used on soil too poor for white cedar or white spruce. The common red cedar, so frequently found in natural hedgerows, should not be allowed to exist in the neighborhood of apple or pear orchards.

In the Middle West cottonwood is best suited for windbreaks, when these are planted on good moist situations. The trees should be in belts from 125 to 150 feet in width, running east and west, and the trees should not be cut until 45 years old, when their height will average 90 feet. Osage orange, green ash, honey locust and Scotch and Austrian pines may be used in situations where the cottonwood would not thrive. On the northern prairies, windbreaks must run both north-south and east-west. On good situations many conifers will succeed, about the most desirable being Scotch pine, red or Norway pine, Colorado blue spruce and Black Hills spruce. Scotch pine develops well only when planted closely.

In the poorly watered regions on the Southwest protection from wind and conservation of moisture are most important considerations, but little has been done in

ORNAMENTAL STUMPS



COTTONWOOD GROVE AT DUNCAN, NEBRASKA, RATHER CLOSELY PLANTED AND NOT VERY EFFICIENT, BUT VERY GOOD FROM TIMBER STANDPOINT.

ORNAMENTAL STUMPS

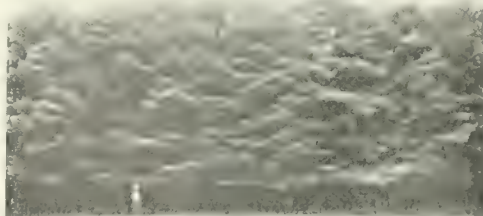
the way of windbreak planting. *Artemisia* or sage-brush has been used to some extent in New Mexico, but, on account of the low growth of this species—about 4 feet—hedges, to be of any real service, must be placed at intervals of not over 100 feet. Osage orange will thrive in the river bottoms, and would, perhaps, with careful cultivation, grow in much of the country where “dry farming” is practiced. Alligator juniper and piñon will furnish winter protection in the dry climate of the lower elevations.

In California windbreaks are more or less extensively used, especially by fruit growers; eucalyptus, Monterey cypress and Monterey pine giving excellent results in this part of the country.

The right kind of a windbreak correctly placed and properly handled is a source of both comfort and profit, and will add much to the attractiveness of any farm or rural home. The prejudice found in some localities is based, invariably, on one of two things: experience with poorly planned and poorly administered windbreaks, or a failure to comprehend the current as well as the eventual profit derived. The United States Forest Service is doing much to educate the country to a realization of the value and beauty of windbreaks, and promptly extends assistance in the way of advice to anyone contemplating their planting. This fact should be appreciated by all farmers who wish to improve their land in this way, and who need practical and helpful suggestions from an authoritative source.

UPON a lawn not far from me are two stumps that have been turned into things of beauty. They were cut off smooth on top, and on each was placed a potted sword fern, which, having considerable shade from nearby trees and plenty of water, had grown to enormous size. About the roots of the stump a fine-leaved ivy or woodbine had been planted and this quickly wrapped itself over the unsightly, decaying wood.

If a stump is old and soft in the center the top may be hollowed out and filled with



CONIFEROUS WINDBREAK WITH WHITE PINE

earth, and in this many woodloving ferns or plants may be grown, the *spengeri* being especially adapted to such culture.

Many landscape gardeners prefer to leave tall branchless tree trunks upon a lawn, using them as trellises for ivies or vines.



WATER FOWL FOR THE COUNTRY ESTATE: BY PERCY A. COOK

DOMESTIC water fowl comprise practically all water fowl, for the wild varieties are quickly tamed, usually in a few days. And all water birds add the charm of incident to the beauty and placid quiet of a small lake or pond, and their brilliant or odd plumage gives it pleasing color notes. Of course, the kind of birds to choose depends somewhat on the size and location of the water area at one's disposal. Or if there is no natural pool on the place, one of cement two feet deep can be made, and a very picturesque effect may be secured by building the edge of rough field stone rather than of cement. A small pool twelve by fifteen feet wide is enough for six or eight pairs of duck, but swan should have more space; they look well on any water more than fifty feet in diameter.

But if the lake is an acre or so in extent, an interesting colony of all sorts of water fowl may be formed without chance of mishap. Only the Egyptian geese are temperamentally unfitted for gregarious life. They are a beautiful and hardy tribe, but either not yet evolved from the barbarous state or else ineradicably monarchical, for they rule their dynasty alone and with native despotism, killing all the other birds. My knowledge of their tendencies cost me a pair of Australian ducks, about a dozen Mandarin

ducks and some other birds. Since then my autocratic Egyptians adorn my natural history museum.

Most water fowl are pinioned when they are bought; that is, the outside joint of one wing is taken off to prevent their flying far.



A STORK WHICH HAS HIS LIBERTY BUT CONTINUES TO RETURN TO THE NESTING PLACE.

WATER FOWL FOR COUNTRY PLACES

But those not pinioned should have the flight feather pulled from one wing. This keeps them from flying for a little while, and by the time the feathers have grown again the birds are used to their new home and will not leave it, for, oddly enough, their migratory instincts never seem to get the better of them again.

Swans are always liked, and the general favorite is the Mute or Royal swan, of the traditionally graceful neck. They were introduced into England by Richard I, who brought them from Cyprus, and for years one could not keep them without a royal license—hence their name. All other kinds of swan, including the trumpeter and the whooper, are straight-necked.

Strictly speaking, the only water fowl are swan, geese and ducks, but cranes may well be added. They are easily tamed, and though they do not swim, they live near



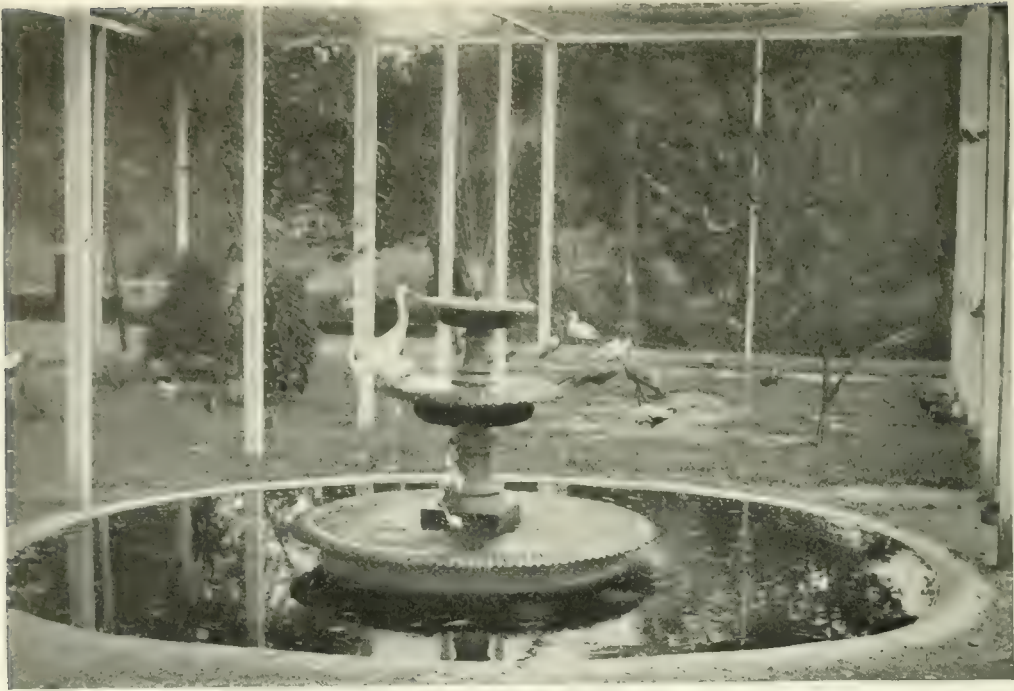
AN ARTIFICIAL POND WITH FLOWERS PLANTED AS A BORDER: DOUBLE WIRE IS NECESSARY AT THE BOTTOM TO PREVENT THE BIRDS EATING THE FLOWERS.

water all the time and wade in as far as their long legs will let them, and they have engaging habits of play that make them very interesting. The best cranes to keep are the Demoiselle, common or European, White Himalayan, Manchurian and Sarus, all of which will winter out of doors, even in the rigors of the North. Other good varieties are the Stanley Wattle and the Crowned crane; these need a warm house for the winter. A pelican is a good pet, but must also be housed in winter. The stork and the flamingo are also very ornamental.

Water birds that have lived in salt water will thrive equally in fresh ponds or lakes. All water fowl are very hardy and not subject to diseases that attack game birds. Their great need is plenty of shade. Where the water and its banks are too exposed to the sun, the birds will die from sunstroke. Clustered shrubberies on the banks with larger trees overhanging the water afford this needed protection, besides enhancing the beauty of the place. The close-set bushes are favorite retreats for bringing out new broods, and afford all the shelter that is necessary for the birds. A building is not needed for the young birds, except for the little ducks, for which a few bushes or, better still, some small cedars, bent wigwam fashion, make an ideal shelter. But I have never seen either geese or swan get under



ROYAL OR MUTE SWANS IN AN ARTIFICIAL POND.



A BASIN LARGE ENOUGH FOR EIGHT SMALL DUCKS.

cover. They sleep on the water in the summer and on the ice in the winter. No water fowl should be shut in a heated building, except the Japanese tree ducks, Australian black swan and some varieties of crane. It is safer to keep only birds that will stand our Northern winters, and the number of these hardier kinds is greater than was thought a few years ago. Then it was considered impossible to keep such semi-tropical birds as the Chinese Mandarin and the Formosa teal without a warm house, but I have kept them so for three years without losing one, while friends who have tried to raise in heated buildings have lost them all.

Feeding time brings one of the prettiest sights on the pond, when the birds flock to the cracked or whole corn or wheat thrown in a trough of water, or in the shallows of the pond and dive and struggle for the stale bread tidbits that are their especial delight. Stale bread is one of the cheapest and best foods they can have. They soon become tame enough to eat from the hand of the person who daily feeds them, but they discriminate against strangers, maintaining their reserve even in the face of the lure of stale bread. They should have plenty of green grass, and if there is not enough on the banks of the water, they should be given freshly cut grass from the lawns. If

they have enough grass they will not pull the shrubbery shoots. And they eat up all the mosquitoes. But perhaps one has to live in New Jersey to appreciate all that means. Some of the less expensive ducks are the white and gray Call, Mallard, Green Head, and Black. Pin-tail Cayuga, East Indian and Blue- and Green-Winged teal are all good, and sea-gulls may be very advantageously added. More costly are the Chinese Mandarin, Formosa teal, weed duck, Paradise duck, Sheldrake, buff and blue orpingtons and cormorants.

Whatever water birds one chooses, they will add infinite interest and picturesqueness, and are growing in favor constantly as a natural part of the ornamental plan of the well-kept country estate.

HANDY DRAINAGE FOR FLOWER POTS.

WHEN flower pots come from the dealers they are usually protected with handfuls of excelsior, and a little of this in the bottom of each pot makes excellent drainage, as good if not better than pebbles. As it is nothing but wood fibre it rots eventually, but this is good for the soil, and when re-potting time comes the plant slips out very easily.

THE LEGISLATIVE EFFORTS OF ENGLAND AND GREECE FOR THE REGULATION OF CHILD LABOR

A SIGNIFICANT commentary upon the industrial situation in our so-called civilization is afforded by recent reports of European efforts "to abolish the evils of child labor." Greece is at last enacting legislation toward this end, and England is also taking up the matter with renewed vigor. But while the measures quoted below are improvements upon the existing state of affairs, from a humanitarian point of view they are little short of appalling; for if such slight alleviation of human wretchedness constitutes "reform" to our progressive minds, what must be the actual working and living conditions of the people to have rendered such legislation necessary? And do not such laws indicate that our sense of social justice is still only partially developed?

A comprehensive review of the situation in Greece has been made by the American Minister at Athens, George H. Moses. The Greek National Assembly, he states, has recently enacted a law forbidding the employment of children under twelve years of age in mills, factories, mines, on buildings or other outdoor work, in messenger or transportation service, in shops, restaurants, coffee houses, wine shops, bakeries or hotels. This law provides, however, that children of more than ten years may be employed in domestic industries which are not dangerous or where machinery is not used, but in no cases shall such employment prevent the child from attending school for more than three hours daily.

"After five years," Mr. Moses explains, "these occupational restrictions will be applied also to children between twelve and fourteen years, and to those who have not completed their attendance at the primary schools. For such children the day's work will be limited to six hours, with ten hours for children under eighteen years, who will not be permitted, however, to work more than eight hours on Saturdays or legal holidays.

"The hours of employment are to be reckoned from the time of entering the establishment until the moment of exit. There must be at least one recess during the day of not less than thirty minutes for

children whose labor is limited to three hours daily, and of not less than two hours for young persons and women, except on Saturdays, when one hour will be given. These recesses must be granted to all employees at the same time, except in mines or where furnace fires must be maintained, and no continuous employment for more than six hours without a recess is permitted.

"Children under sixteen years and women are not to be employed on Sundays or holidays in factories, mines, shops, restaurants, bakeries, etc., nor shall children under eighteen years or women be employed in factories, in construction or like work, or in shops before 5 o'clock in the morning or after 9 o'clock at night. In case of rush of work, by permission of the prefect of the district, young persons and women may be permitted to work twelve hours daily on all working days except Saturday for a period not exceeding four months in the year, and by royal decree issued at the instance of the appropriate ministry, women of more than eighteen years may work at night if necessary.

"Without special license children under fourteen years shall not sell articles in the streets, nor shall any person under sixteen years sell in the streets earlier than 5 o'clock in the morning or later than 9 o'clock in the evening. Newsboys of twelve years or more are excepted from these provisions. Without special police license no child under fourteen years shall be employed as an artist or otherwise in theaters. Women and children under fifteen years shall not be employed in mines. Pregnant women shall not be compelled to work for eight weeks before and four weeks after confinement, and their absence during such period shall be counted as leave without liability to loss of situation.

"Children under sixteen years shall not be employed in factories or in messenger or transportation service unless they present a medical certificate that they are in sufficient health for such employment, and by royal decree children and women may be prohibited from employment at places where their morals will be endangered or where the work is too heavy for them."

The report from England, made by United States Consul Augustus E. Ingram, stationed at Bradford, England, deals with the action of the Education Committee of the County Council of the West Riding of

Yorkshire, which has passed by-laws restricting child labor.

"Previous to this action," Mr. Ingram states, "a child between twelve and fourteen years of age could obtain partial exemption from school attendance—or become a 'half-timer,' in common parlance—provided he had made 300 school attendances for five years at not more than two schools; the new by-laws provided that a certain standard of efficiency (Standard VII) must be attained before a certificate of exemption would be granted. It is claimed by the Chambers of Commerce at Bradford and Halifax that this restriction would amount to abolition of half-time labor, as only in exceptional circumstances has a child reached the seventh standard before fourteen years of age.

"The importance of this subject is evident from the fact that the total number of half-timers in England is estimated at 37,403, there being 21,248 in Lancashire and 9,265 in Yorkshire. It is believed, however, that half-time labor in this country is doomed, and that eventually national legislation will be introduced abolishing it.

"The Bradford Education Committee has also recently adopted a scheme under the provisions of the Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1910, to assist boys and girls under seventeen years of age in the choice of suitable employment. A sub-committee consisting of members of the Education Committee and representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Trades, Trades and Labor Council, the local branch of the national Union of Teachers, and the Guild of Help, will be appointed, and a central office established in the city under the name of the Bradford Juvenile Employment Exchange Bureau. An officer will be regularly available at the bureau to interview applicants for employment and to confer with the office in charge of the juvenile branch of the Labor Exchange before the names of applicants are submitted to employers.

"Among other provisions it is proposed that the head teachers of the day schools shall assist by furnishing the sub-committee with information as regards the employment obtained by each pupil leaving school, and the character, conduct and capabilities of the pupil. If any pupil has not within three months before leaving obtained suitable employment the head teacher will forward an application to the sub-committee."

THE ROMANCE OF A WORD

IN the golden days of Rome's prosperity—so runs the legend—when her wealthy merchants dwelt in marble palaces on the banks of the Tiber, much pride was taken in the grandeur and artistic adornment of their dwellings. Successful wars had made many of the gems of Grecian art the possession of the Roman people. A taste for sculpture had been awakened, and the young men began to study in the schools of design, striving to emulate the great example of Greece and achieve for themselves the mastery of the arts. Sculpture grew in favor, and good work found ready purchasers among the rich. But in those days, as in the present, art was not wholly untainted by commercialism, and there were tricks in many trades. For instance, if a sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or if his chisel missed its aim, he filled the chink with a carefully prepared cement and fixed it so cleverly that the defect was imperceptible. In time, however, after the purchase had been long completed, heat or damp or accident would affect the cement and reveal its presence, marring thus the beauty of the work. And so it came to be the custom that when new contracts were signed for commissioned works of art, a clause was inserted that they were to be *sine cera*—without cement.

This, at least, is the derivation bequeathed us by one etymologist, of our word "sincere"—one of the most beautiful in the English language. Its exact pedigree seems to be a mooted point, for others give us different accounts of its origin, all qualified by much uncertainty. Several suggest that the phrase *sine cera* was used to describe the purest honey—honey "without wax." Others think it might have referred to wine jars perfectly cleansed from the wax that was used to seal their tops. But the most picturesque and possibly the most logical explanation is the one which has its root in the sculptor's art. And those of us who treasure the word "sincere" for the power and beauty of its present meaning, find in its syllables still greater emphasis when linked to such historic background; for they hold the vision of some wondrous form carved out of old Italian marble, as perfect as human skill and love could make it, and unmarred by any hidden flaw, backed by that guarantee of loyal workmanship—*sine cera*, without cement.

SELLING A CITY FOR MILLIONS

ALS IK KAN

SELLING A CITY FOR FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

THE first great pageant ever seen in New York was the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, and we have recently been told by the press that it netted to the city \$60,000,000 in trade, hotels, car-fares, etc. This was the first intimation that we have had that the Hudson-Fulton Celebration was not the most terrible failure possible to imagine, something disastrous for a city to remember. We saw it all, the day pageants and the evening pageants. We looked down from a balcony on Fifth Avenue upon some of it and we stood with the crowd on the sidewalk to witness various sections of it. From beginning to end, we do not recall one thing that was not the ugliest thing of its kind, the most tawdry, the most humiliating for a city to father that could be imagined.

Although this was a pageant of New York City, a pageant based upon real historical interest, no artists were asked to coöperate, no musicians gave a note of beautiful sound, no historical societies or people who really knew significant facts and conditions that would contribute to such a parade were even notified that there was to be one. It was in the hands of the city Government, and various sections of the parade were given up to long lines of city officials. We think the part of New York that witnessed that parade perhaps realized for the first time what kind of people were governing them, what an extraordinary thing our city Government was as represented in that pageant.

And afterward when it was talked over by the people of intelligence who had seen it, the artists and the writers and the illustrators and the musicians and the men of importance in the historical world, it was said quite without thought of the possibility of contradiction, "Well, this was the first pageant; naturally no one knew how to do it. It was not in the hands of the right people. If New York had really given thought to it there is no reason why it should not have been a beautiful thing, and surely in the future if we have other pageants, as we must, they will be beautiful because New York is in a position through her artists, through her musicians, and through her men of mechanical skill to make it so." This was the

general impression. No one thought otherwise.

And yet within the last few weeks a pageant has been announced for New York City,—“the greatest the world has ever known.” Three months will be given up to it. It is to be called the Great Summer Carnival. The cities of the whole country are asked to coöperate. It will extend from the Battery out over Staten Island and from the north of the city up through the Bronx and over to Brooklyn.

It would seem at a first glance as though it would be a summer of great rejoicing and, of course, we who think of the beautiful side of things instantly say, “What a busy summer it will be for the men who know how to do really good things, and what a wonderful thing for a city to give its painters, its sculptors, its musicians such a chance to contribute to the making of the city beautiful, and to the entertaining of the city’s guests!”

As a rule, here in America, our artists do not have a very easy time, except those who are more or less famous. We do not do many public-spirited things in which our artists can coöperate, and this seemed just the chance we had often thought of, the artists had longed for; it seemed right the city should furnish it.

But as we read carefully into the city’s plans for the great pageant we find this following statement: “The Summer Carnival is expected to add \$500,000,000 to the city’s mercantile interests. The personnel of the committees which will control the pageants gives some idea of the scope of the carnival. Every large *business* interest in Greater New York will be represented on the committees. The lists of the honorary presidents include bankers, capitalists, engineers of international repute and merchant princes. The actual direction of the carnival is in the hands of the Hotel and Business Men’s League of Greater New York, an incorporated organization including every branch of mercantile interest in the city.” A list of the vice-presidents includes practically all of the big department store men, the big hotel men, those of the city Government who lend themselves to financial operations, and, of course, all the railroad companies and the city trolley and subway companies.

Not one artist, not one sculptor, not one musician, illustrator, writer has been asked

SELLING A CITY FOR MILLIONS

to cooperate. No names of men who know anything of New York history are on the lists. No college people are included. It is as though New York were one commercial system without the faintest impulse toward beauty, without an army of artists at her hand willing to cooperate, and in many instances men who have given gladly without price wherever the city has needed their help.

The newspapers speak of this pageant as "representing the greatness, the beauty and the resources of the nation." As a matter of fact, neither the greatness, the beauty nor the resources of the nation will be shown in any way whatever. The *business activities* of the nation alone will be represented, and these by people who are already significant in the business world, not those who have anything to contribute along the creative possibilities which have not yet been developed in the business in this country. Our national resources, so far as we can understand, are in no way to be shown or touched upon. Least of all, shall we have a floating barge descriptive of the destruction of our national resources by our big money trusts.

Undoubtedly this sort of a parade, which should not be called a pageant, will bring money into the city. It will make a crowded city, a noisy and disgusting city through the three hot summer months. What sort of a good thing will it be? It will increase the sweatshop trade; it will crowd our trolleys. It will bring enormous revenue to our hotels, but, after all, is this the greatness of our city? Are we nothing in the world in America except seekers after money, regardless of what the exchange means? Must we commercialize every impulse toward romance and sentiment that the heart of the nation is capable of possessing? We have already in New England, in New Jersey and New York State sold out absolutely that beautiful idea that welled up in the hearts of some people a few years ago, Old Home Week. At the beginning this was one of the most delightful native festivals that this nation has known, if we except Thanksgiving. It brought together people from all over the world. It strengthened family ties; it enlarged the interest of small villages and incidentally was a benefit to the town. It was a benefit to the town because it was really a good thing for the town.

Today Old Home Week is a commercial project. Small towns and villages have established a system of trading and of bet-

ting on trading, which brings to their town the worst elements of the country, and for weeks in advance the opportunities for trade are sold out to people in no way belonging to the village or holding any good faith with the village. In other words, that beautiful sentiment of family feeling, the spirit that made Thanksgiving Day and evolved the Home Week has been commercialized in the most treacherous fashion.

It is only a few years since we first accomplished anything with the pageant in America, and our first pageants, many of them, were very beautiful, very friendly and very worth while spectacles. The people of the villages got together, using their home talent with what assistance might be necessary; not only *using* their home talent but *developing* it through the work. Many countrysides found that they really had painters and musicians and men of real scientific skill living in their own village, and much good feeling, much ability and much success was developed through these town pageants.

One very beautiful one was developed out in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, in Westchester County, and people contributed to this in the most spontaneous and satisfactory way, and a lovelier spectacle would be hard to imagine than the early historical events of that county as relived on the hills and meadows by the village people.

Another fine pageant was also held at Peterboro, on the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Edward MacDowell's home. This was practically entirely done by the village people, and was one of the most progressive and illuminating things that has ever taken place in that part of the country. In fact, the possibilities of the pageant are beyond reckoning. There are few things that touch the imagination and the heart of people more than a dramatic presentation of the historical scenes that have taken place in and about their own country. Children love it and old people love it, and young people are delighted to contribute their time and their ability.

But the great value of the pageant is what it does for the people, not the amount of money that can be produced from it. The ways in which it develops the creative quality of people, the ways in which it touches their imagination, in which it calls upon their artistic ability, the ways in which it quickens their ingenuity, the opportunity it offers for the young to help the old, and the

OUTDOOR SUMMER LIFE FOR GIRLS

old to give full value to the young are simply boundless. And to commercialize this spirit of the pageant, which has just commenced to develop in this country, seems little short of a national tragedy.

What can New York gain out of her \$500,000,000 as great as the quickening of her spirit of romance and of chivalry, the development of her arts, the awakening of her sentiment? From our point of view, nothing. She will have more money to spend for motor cars, more money to buy foreign art and erect foreign architecture. She will have more money with which to build skyscrapers which will be filled with sweatshops where fake materials will be produced to sell to people who can scarcely afford the bare necessities of life. She will have more young men who do not have to work for their living, more rich young women to sell to the foreign aristocracy. But what of the real things of life will she gain for her \$500,000,000? What of real greatness, real beauty, real resource will be shown or developed? Will any of this money, perhaps, go back to the actual beautifying of the city? Will we have a better water front, better metropolitan railway systems, more parks for the people, more open-air opportunities for the poor children? Will there be any real return of the money to the people who are made miserable all summer through the influx of the enormous crowds which will surely come where commerce calls? If we commercialize the soul of our city as we have promised ourselves to do, what is the return? What is the final benefit? We are really selling, of course, the greatest thing the city has. What does the real city get for her soul? How are we better off next fall than we were last fall? If this money is spent directly in New York for the sorts of things that men were willing to sell their city for, where do we stand in relation to real progress and achievement? We will have more comic operas on Broadway, more little girls in the chorus for sale; we will have more flashy apartment houses uptown; we will have our streets more crowded with the people rushing to the sweatshops that have been built. But what *achievement* do we get from the commercializing of our city for three months, and for the expenditure of the money which is gained through the transaction?

The whole matter seems to resolve itself into the fact that we are forgetting our re-

sponsibilities toward the future. A city no more than an individual can afford to do anything which, however pleasurable at the time, means emptiness for the future. And whatever is done on a large scale, such as the devoting of three months of our city life to so-called civic entertainment, should indeed be well considered. It cannot be a question of what the stranger *playing* within our gates may find amusing for a short time, but what the future generations who are *to dwell* within the gates will find significant, important and helpful. The present plan of a civic parade which may bring to the city \$500,000,000 arranged for without thought of the expenditure of the \$500,000,000 or the loss to the city of romance and sentiment, certainly is selling our civic birthright for a mess of pottage.

A NEW OUTDOOR LIFE FOR GIRLS

THE movement for establishing camps for girls in order to give them the opportunities for outdoor living which boys have, is spreading with a rapidity that is significant of the girl's inherent need for freer, more natural living. That the girl should lead a sheltered life, guarded from harm, has been a tenet of civilization that has immured her in walls of convention to which each phase of evolution has added until the girls of the more cultured classes in each cycle of civilization can by no means look out on untrammelled life, but must see it always as a pageant prearranged for them. Only to girls of the middle and lower classes has a modicum of freedom been given, and that only through lack of interest. Boys of every degree have been by tradition free from restraint. Even the petticoated youngster at his nurse's knee has had a range of behaviour from which his small sister was invariably debarred by "little girls mustn't do that." Enquiry as to these fine discriminations meeting only the blank wall of the final dictum that "a boy always does thus and so." In school the same creed has obtained. The small boy fights his way through the public school and the private school alike, or bullies his mother or teacher in the strangely unrestrained way that his mother permits with a passing acknowledgment of male dominance in the resigned reflection that boys will be boys. The result has been that the boy has had a liberty which, though it might well be checked in many respects, has

given him a greater chance to follow his impulse outdoors to the free wild life of woods and fields, where his primitive instinct has made him turn at once to make a camp, provide for it by forage, surround himself with his neighbors to defend it against alien tribes from the next school or street, and war with strange races who descend on it from the unknown places of the earth. Such play is the boy's real life, and it is the girl's real life too. But while the boy was living outdoors gaining natural lore of plant and animal life, piling stones to hold a fire for his roasting corn and potatoes, bending boughs for a tent, learning where the biggest wild strawberries grow, when the may-apple ripens, and the safest way to steal the cherries on old man So-and-so's place, his unfortunate sister was playing dollies on the front porch and wishing with a bursting soul that she could slap them all and run away. Only there was her new dress, and a glance at her small guest revealed another new dress. "Aren't you allowed to sit down either?" asked a three-year-old hostess with a sympathetic look at her guest's dazzling white refulgence of petticoat and frock. The guest shook her head. The hostess sighed. They both sat balanced on their immaculate heels and played patiently till the hour for afternoon Sunday-school.

High time for the splendid fresh impulse for the boy's camp that swept over the country a few years ago and is resulting in the establishment of a *guided* outdoor life with all its opportunities for good, and its fine honor system that makes old man So-and-so's cherries safe from pillage. High time for the newer impulse that has come with a rush to liberate our girls from the emptiness of their dreary little conventions. Think of the littleness that makes the sum of the young girl's life,—the useless school competitions, the squabbles, the young duplicities that grow later into the so-called diplomacies of womanhood, the vacuous parties that misrepresent some play-time hours, and always the awful clothes that in no other country in the world play the prominent part they do in America. Beginning in her babyhood days the average American girl's life is literally a mere study in changing fashions. The young girls of every other alleged civilization are kept sim-

ply dressed and socially free until they are at least sixteen years old. The English girl is a perfect outdoor girl, riding, playing tennis, hockey and golf, dressed simply always, her hair hanging loose or in braids until she is seventeen or eighteen. The French girl is equally free from clothes madness and is a studious little person, as is the Dutch girl. Denmark, Sweden and Finland all send into the world true outdoor girls, strong and rugged, with sane unspoiled ideals, well developed minds, and probably more democratic in the truest sense than are any others. And the German girl, no matter of what rank, is taught housewifery and is a good house manager and cook; and many of them have pride in their well-filled chests of house linen made by themselves while they are schoolgirls.

But our young girls are mostly oddities in the girl world; things of bewildering dresses, beaus and elaborate coiffures by the time they are sixteen, with a confused sense of the importance of all these possessions.

And now a few clear-headed women, seeing the pitifulness of this state of the girls' world, and deploring not only its present crudities but its disastrous influence on the future, have started a movement for girls' camps. Big ones and little ones, for girls of all ages, they are fast establishing themselves all over the country. Here the girls lead reasonable outdoor lives, do all the work of the camp themselves, cook, pack and often carry their supplies, make beds of boughs and blankets, bathe in cold brooks, tend cattle and milk when they have the chance, and do all the rough work as well as the light tasks. They are gaining a knowledge of hardships that is going to make vigorous women of them. They lay aside all the affectations and superficial aims of their usual lives, and go out into the woods, dressed in plain strong stuffs that give the utmost freedom to lungs and limbs. They play and work, learn true consideration for each other, and gain the coöperative spirit that will mean so much to them when they are older. And they learn the delight of campcraft and the fascinating life of woods and fields, and come back with saner plans and a broader, simpler view of life and of living that will reconstruct their whole future.



Courtesy of The Detroit Publishing Co.

WALK IN THE CEMETERY OF THE SANTA
BARBARA MISSION, CALIFORNIA.



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A NEW ARCHITECTURE IN A NEW LAND



THE great truths that have inspired, encouraged and steadily guided mankind upward, those that have shaped and controlled the momentous issues of life, have been given in the simplest form. And they have remained in their original purity because of their essential simplicity, compelling the attention of the most careless and enlightening the wise. Primitive man, striving to express his emotions, used a straight line as a symbol of greatness, grandeur or nobility, for he caught the significance of the horizon against the sky. The arch he copied from the dome of the heavens, and the triangle of mystery was revealed in the migratory flight of birds. The circle was his sign for motion or progression, seized by him when a flying stone touched passive waters.

When modern man finds that he has become so entangled in the whirl of life that his sense of beauty and proportion is becoming confused and complex, that his inspiration is uncertain and his expression halting, then if greatness is in him he returns to the remedial strength of the primitive. This is especially true in regard to modern American architecture, for our architects have become confused by the inordinate demands of their patrons for something original, striking, distinctive, and are madly rushing hither and thither over the face of the world, hunting for fresh inspiration, plagiarizing openly, seeking in pitiable ways to disguise poverty of idea by overornamentation. In their craze to build something original they have been known to construct an entire house of cobblestones (a perfect imitation of peanut brittle) in Colonial lines, with a Moorish red tile roof and an Italian garden in front entered through a Japanese gateway!

In the West, where man not only dares to be honest but is encouraged in every way to express himself, there has arisen a simpler and more distinctive architecture. One architect of the Coast, Irving J. Gill, after wandering for years among the inspired work of the past—Grecian, Roman, Italian, early English—groping hopefully through the maze that every architect is forced by custom and education to thread, dissatisfied with the best that he could produce and convinced of the absurdity and dishonesty of plagiarism, has had the courage to throw aside every accepted belief of the present day and start afresh with the simplest forms, the straight line, the arch, the cube and the

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circle. And he uses these without ornamentation, save for the natural grace of a clinging vine that is allowed to trail about a doorway or droop over the severe line of the roof. Instead of delving into the past works of great men, trying to adapt what *has* been to the conditions of the present, he bends his efforts to determine what *should* be, regardless of precedent. By this return to fundamental needs, he has hit upon an architecture so simple and beautiful that restless tourists, practical business men, workmen, architects and artists turn aside from their work or play on the highway, just for the pleasure of seeing so satisfying a thing as a house of his designing.

The homes are so free from all ornamentation that they become the center of interest wherever they are placed, just as a simple child free from coquetry and dissembling, delights the eye and touches the heart while it unconsciously shames the artificiality of diplomats and censures the worldlings dwarfed by hoarding other men's wisdom.

When Mr. Gill began his work he started with a mere cube as a basis, put a slight overhang to his roofs, let the beams appear in the ceiling and projected the fireplace into the room. But growing more courageous as he saw that the less he departed from the pure cube the more beautiful his work became, he finally eliminated even these simple structural ornaments and built his walls flush with the roof, with baseboards, casings and wainscots flush with the walls.

THE accompanying illustrations show the ground plan and several views of some model cottages recently built by Mr. Gill for Mr. F. B. Lewis at Sierra Madre, California, which furnish a lesson in practicability, originality and beauty. They are little more than cubes set, not above one another as must unfortunately be done in a city, but side by side along the line of a town square, so that their external walls form a continuous line on the north and west sides of the square, leaving the south and east open to the sun. The whole faces inward on little gardens that merge in one large garden in the middle of the square. Each cottage is entered through a loggia that serves as a lounging room by day and a sleeping porch by night. These cottages or flats as they are called were designed for the convenience and comfort of workingmen with small families, and are built with enviable substantial and sanitary features. They are made with solid concrete foundations, side walls and roofs of hollow tile, the roofs reinforced with steel and covered with asbestos. The finish inside and out is cement plaster to which a moisture-proof preparation has been applied to insure perfect dryness during the rainy season. From the entrance loggia a small hall fitted with a coat closet leads to the living and dining room and to the bedroom and bathroom.



TWO VIEWS OF THE PERGOLA WHICH SHELTERS THE LOGGIA, AROUND WHICH MR. GILL HAS BUILT THE LEWIS COTTAGES AND GARDENS AT SIERRA MADRE.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LEWIS COTTAGES, SHOWING RELATION OF ARCHITECTURE TO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE SIERRA MADRE.



WEST SIDE OF ONE LINE OF THESE WORKMEN'S COTTAGES, SHOWING THE STREET WALL.



APPROACH TO THE COTTAGES PAST GARDEN WALL, SILHOUETTED AGAINST MOUNTAIN SIDE.



APPROACH TO THE PRIVATE OFFICE THROUGH THE GARDEN.



VIEW OF PERGOLA THROUGH THE WEST GATE.



LOOKING OUT FROM THE LOGGIA OVER THE COUNTRY



ENTRANCE HALL LEADING TO LOGGIA WINDOWS.



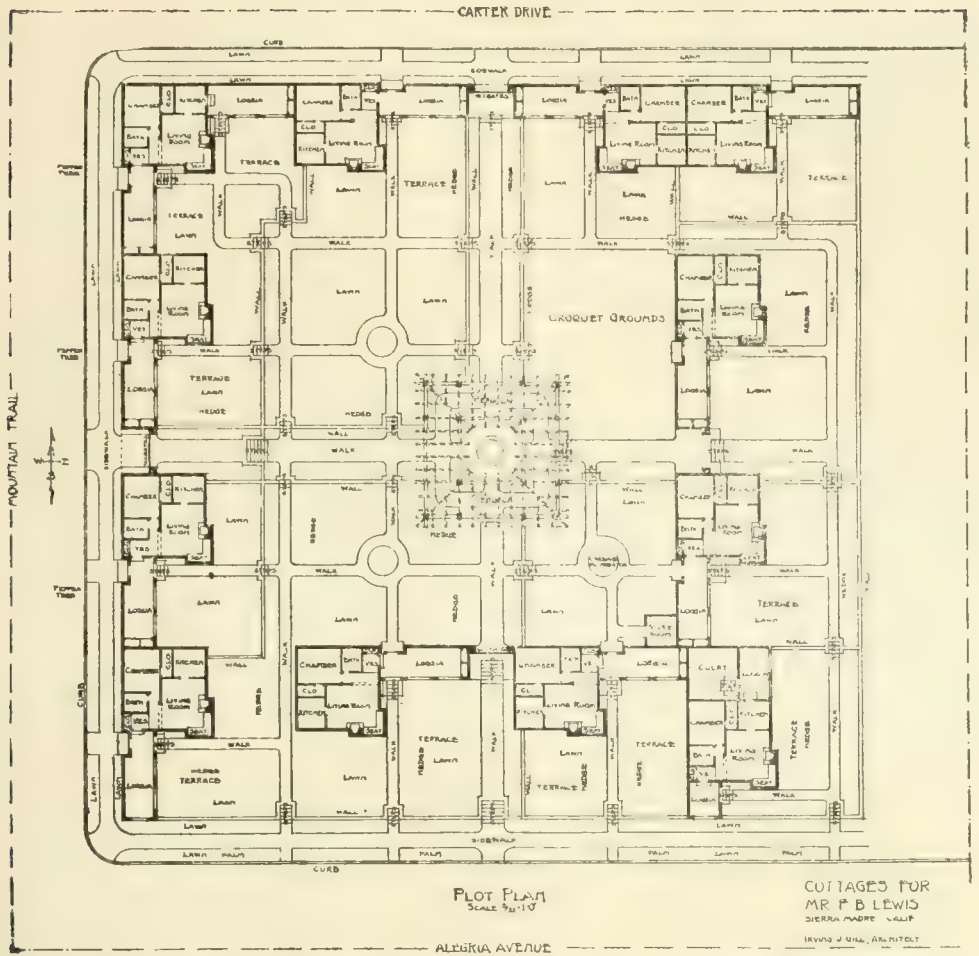
OUTER DOOR OF LOGGIA LEADING TO GARDEN.



VIEW OF THE INNER COURT OF THE LEWIS COTTAGES.
LOOKING WEST.

LOOKING ALONG THE INNER WALL TOWARD THE WEST.

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BLOCK PLAN FOR WORKMEN'S COTTAGES AND GARDENS BUILT AT SIERRA MADRE, BY MR. GILL.

One feature which distinguishes these cottages and all the houses of Mr. Gill's designing is that the walls are finished flush with the casings, and the line between wall and floor is slightly rounded so that it forms one continuous piece. There is no place in such a house for dirt or dust to lodge, or draught to enter, or mice or vermin of any kind to exist. The fireplaces with raised concrete hearth are indented, and the built-in window-seats are of cement covered with removable leather cushions.

These houses are the acme of sanitary building and are practically indestructible, resisting the ravages of time, fire and storm. Every modern convenience has been placed so cleverly that not an inch of space has been wasted. The woodwork of the kitchen is perfectly

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plain, no beveling or paneling to catch dust, and the drainboards are of magnesite, forming one continuous piece with the walls and sink, thus preventing the accumulation of grease and dirt that is so often the breeding place for bad odors and unsanitary conditions generally.

All the walls are white and smooth, devoid of ornament, and they fairly glow with reflected color from the gardens. The green of trees, blue of sky, red, yellow, pink and mauve of flowers, are all caught upon walls and ceilings which gleam and glisten with the opalescent beauty of a pearl shell. They change with the hour of the day and the mood of the seasons, so that there is always the fascination of a beauty that is alive and responsive, and these plain white walls become the background for a wonderful fairylike pageant of color. So each day weaves its record in fragile tapestries on the walls left bare to receive them. The marvelous power of white walls to absorb color is one of the chief charms of these houses. The owner of such a house, though agreeing with Mr. Gill that a pure white wall unadorned is a perfect thing, experimented nevertheless by decorating it with frescoes, only to discover that they detract from its beauty by depriving it of power to reflect various colors, and the walls were soon restored to their pristine simplicity with a coat of dull white paint.

Children cannot hurt a house built after this fashion, and the effect of so simple and lovely an environment upon a child cannot be overestimated, for it would be instrumental in shaping the whole course of life and permanently influencing taste.

EACH little house has a garden plot of its own leading to a central pergola where all the tenants may meet for general social intercourse. The pergola is constructed of concrete pillars and eucalyptus beams and is thirty-seven feet square. There is a central space for a lounging room, where rustic tables and chairs are invitingly placed, and the outer corners sheltered by vines are fitted with hammocks and swinging couches. Vines that will eventually form a green roof have been planted; but because it is all new yet and vines have not had time to roof it in, palm leaves have been woven in and out of the eucalyptus frame which, though only serving a temporary purpose, are as picturesque as useful.

These cottages prove that any deviation from simplicity results in a loss of dignity, that ornamentation tends to cheapen rather than to enrich, and that art lies in elimination, in balance, proportion, in honesty and fearlessness. Ornamentation as seen on most of the houses of today represents *fear*; the designer dare not leave it off, dare not depart from custom, dare not be simple. The Missions of California are beautiful because their builders could not but be honest.

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They had not the time, tools or skill to cover with ornament or cut up into angles, so their works stand with undisputed dignity and superiority among the ornate, bizarre structures that now companion them. They cannot be overlooked or forgotten because their extreme simplicity holds the eye, resting and gratifying it, making an indelible impression of power and repose.

The houses that Mr. Gill designs stand so preëminently for permanence in their simplicity that they can no more be disregarded than the Missions, and are as surely influencing the architecture of the West. They are so unmistakably suited to that sunny land that they have been selected as models for a whole town. Mr. Gill has been commissioned to build an entire industrial village, the first thing of its kind ever attempted in America. The factories that are to make the tile and pottery, those for cutlery, the administration buildings, workmen's cottages, schools, streets, parks, children's playgrounds, have all been designed by Mr. Gill and are now being constructed under his supervision, so that for practicality, permanence and beauty this village will be without an equal.



THE MESSAGE OF THE WESTERN PERGOLA TO AMERICAN HOME- AND GARDEN-MAK- ERS: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS



AMERICA is turning her face with unmistakable conviction and enthusiasm toward enlarged outdoor life. Both as individuals and as a nation, we are rediscovering our inherent physical and spiritual need of fresh air and sunlight, of outdoor exercise during the day and outdoor sleep during the night. We are realizing the important relation that exists between the fulfilment of these needs and the attainment of our greatest mental and bodily efficiency. And so we are trying to adjust our lives in such a way that they will include as much of these healthful privileges as the limitations of our work, circumstances and dwellings will allow.

For most of us, the pressing demands of daily work or household tasks render impossible any great amount of outdoor freedom. Our duties, our pleasures, our whole mode of living are so closely bound up with our homes and places of business and recreation, that if we are to include in our overcrowded days the joy of life in the open, the opportunity for such life must of necessity be brought within very easy reach. We have no leisure or energy to seek it; it must be literally at our door, incorporated, if possible, into our actual everyday existence.

We have found, naturally, that the chief medium through which we can accomplish this is our architecture. It is possible to plan and build our homes or remodel old ones so as to provide a porch, balcony, pergola or other architectural feature which will serve as a close connection between house and garden, linking the indoor to the outdoor life, giving us at the same time shelter, privacy and the wholesome pleasure and stimulation which, for every normal being, are the inevitable results of intimate contact with the invigorating, refreshing forces of nature. And this is true not only for owners of country homes, but for all who dwell in villages, suburbs, towns and even cities. In fact, the more congested the buildings and the population, the greater is the need for some architectural provision for open-air life.

In grappling with the difficulties of this problem and endeavoring to arrive at some practical solution, the home-builders of the Eastern States have drawn from the example of their neighbors of the West much help and inspiration. For, favored by the natural clemency of our Western climate, which offers such strong inducements for life in the open air, we have arranged our houses to permit just as much of this as possible, during night and day, at all seasons of the year. We have made outdoor living and sleeping places such comfortable and



TWO VIEWS OF WESTERN PERGOLA CIRCLING A BRICK WALL. GIVING THE EFFECT OF THE USE OF THREE KINDS OF MATERIALS, CONCRETE, BRICK AND RUSTIC: A CHARMING METHOD OF COVERING A GARDEN PATH.



A CONCRETE AND RUSTIC PERGOLA LEADING TO THE
ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE: THE MASSES OF FLOW-
ERS EDGING THE PATH GIVE AN ADDED BEAUTY.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WESTERN PERGOLA

delightful parts of our buildings, and accorded them such an important and unquestioned place in the building scheme, that they have come to be inherent characteristics of Western architecture.

There is one especial garden feature which is very widely used here in the West, and holds immense value, from both a utilitarian and a picturesque standpoint; and that is, the pergola. While more generally used in the Western and Southern States, it has no geographical limitations, and should be equally welcome among the homes and gardens of every part of our land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian boundary line. As the pergola is a most friendly and adaptable structure, capable of infinite variety of form, lending itself to practically any material and site, it is rapidly becoming a potent factor in the adjustment of our dwellings, gardens and lives in the right relation to each other.

Among the practical virtues of the pergola is the fact that when connected with the house, it shelters and beautifies but does not darken the rooms within as does the roof of an ordinary porch. It forms an ideal living room in summer, and in winter when the vines that drape it are bare, the stem-twined pillars and beams give a touch of reminiscent summer grace to the outlines of the main building, without obstructing the light of the windows.

THE evolution of the pergola reveals an amazing richness of practical and artistic possibilities. This apparently simple structure contains seed of architectural beauty that need only the individualizing touch of new conditions and new usage to blossom into fresh structural expression. Originally, of course, it was a semi-sheltered path, as evidenced by a study of the old Italian pergolas along the terrace of Cappucini at Amalfi, for instance, or in the garden of the Villa Gori in Siena, where the pergola is erected over a walk to support climbing vines and flowers and afford a grateful shelter from the fierce sunlight without interfering with the enjoyment of light, warmth and color. Architecturally, its object is always to create a harmonizing link between house and garden. Consequently, the pergola has architectural rightness when it arises naturally out of the need for a semi-sheltered walk to a garden room, to a fountain, a tea pavilion or other garden spot; when it leads to or from the house, along a terrace or natural boundary, as between the lawn and the kitchen garden, where it serves also as a screen.

Remembering that the pergola was originally built to provide a cool and beautiful walk, we cannot err far in our adaptation. It should be a sort of corridor of greenery, dappled with sunlight and with shadows from overhanging leaves and flowers. But the drapery

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of vines must not be too thick; a tracery of clinging vine or climbing rose on the columns, with a canopy of generous growth across the lintels fringing in trailing tendrils over the edges, afford the best protection, admitting plenty of air and softening the sunlight. Care must be taken, however, to keep the canopy thinned, so that shafts and splashes of sunlight and moonlight may fleck and bar the pathway.

Particularly interesting are our Western pergolas with supporting columns of rough cream-colored stucco and cross-beams of rustic branches of the redwood. These are readily adapted to Eastern gardens by using slender cedar poles for the cross-beams. Especially beautiful is a long vista of these warm-colored columns rising from a trim lawn or from low-growing border plants close set in a mass of foliage and flowers at their base.

For a simple garden the pergola may be informal in design, giving an air of intimate livableness to the house and garden alike; in fact, it is perhaps most delightful when least formal. But where one's garden is more stately, the pergola may be almost classic in its simple lines, with built-in seats between some of the columns, the pavement and border well marked, and only a delicate tracery of roses or vines outlining the pillars and cross-beams. To this almost severe beauty one may add as many flowering vines and deep borders as one likes. But the foliage should never be allowed to grow too thickly overhead; the blue of the sky showing between the flower-hung irregular beams being one of the chief lures to walk beneath the pergola.

When the pergola is wanted also as a screen, an effective plan is to build raised flower-boxes eighteen inches high between the columns on the side of the pergola that shuts off the unwanted view. These can be planted with dense-growing climbing flowers to form a barrier which gives one perfect privacy. A row of iris between the flower-boxes and the walk will add another terrace of foliage and flower to the screening. Border plants may be set in wide rows to give a deep bank of color, as rich geraniums, daisies, chrysanthemums, marigolds, asters; or one may make a fringe of soft tints by using stocks in lovely old rose and mauve and ivory shades, or blue and rose larkspur and phlox. Or one may spread a carpet of pansies, sweet alyssum and forget-me-nots beside the walk.

The very pavement is part of the beauty of the pergola; brick gives a warm mellow color; cement and gravel are much used; flags are delightful in an old-fashioned garden, and square red tiles have a character all their own. The tread differs to harmonize with the pillars and with the rest of the surroundings. Any of these materials are appropriate with stucco or cement columns, but where brick pil-



A PERGOLA COVERING A TERRACED PATH, SHOW-
ING HOW BEAUTIFULLY THIS KIND OF LANDSCAPE
ARCHITECTURE CONNECTS HOUSE WITH GARDEN.



PERGOLA OF RUSTIC AND STUCCO LEADING PAST GARDEN TO HOUSE ENTRANCE: AN INTERESTING FEATURE IS THE BUILT-IN CEMENT SEATS WHICH FACE THE BORDER OF FLOWERS AND ADD TO THE OPPORTUNITY FOR OUTDOOR LIVING



A PERGOLA LEADING FROM THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE TO THE GARAGE: THIS IS CONSTRUCTED IN SECTIONS OF BRICK WITH WOOD BEAMS: IT IS EXTREMELY WELL PLANNED AND SUGGESTS THE POSSIBILITIES OF ADDED PICTURESQUENESS OF COLOR IN BRICK AND WOOD



A PERGOLA SHOWING THE CHARM OF A COMPLETELY RUSTIC EFFECT: OLD TREES HAVE BEEN TRIMMED FOR THE SUPPORTS AND RUSTIC BRANCHES FORM THE ROOF: THE DRAPING OF GRAPE-VINES GIVES JUST THE INFORMAL FINISH NECESSARY. RUSTIC PERGOLA CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF CALIFORNIA REDWOOD LOGS AND POLES: THE WALK IS OF GRAVEL: THE VINE COVER FOR SUCH A PERGOLA WOULD SEEM TO BE CALIFORNIA ROSES.

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lars are used the tread should also be of brick, and a patterned pavement adds to the decorative interest.

CARE should also be exercised in choosing cross-beams. Rustic branches or poles combine most picturesquely with rough stucco pillars, but with smooth-finished cement columns lintels of finished wood should be used. With the brick columns, square-sawn timbers, well finished, carry out the straight lines and flat surfaces of the brick, making a pergola of dignified structure, but softened into great charm by the warm tones of the materials. A sparing use of vines and flowers is peculiarly pleasing on brick pergolas.

One of the accompanying illustrations shows a beautiful and appropriate pergola leading from one side of the house down the terraces to a sunny dip in the garden where a sun dial stands between box-bordered paths. The columns are of marblelike concrete, with slender squared wood cross-beams stained dark green, and the pergola leads down three terraces, broken by short flights of steps—an unusual arrangement that gives a charming vista. Potted bay trees are placed decoratively on the landings of the steps, and the last flight is outlined by a close-clinging vine whose dark green emphasizes the warm brick of the steps. Roses are the only flowers used on this pergola, and the effect of the whole is exquisite. Rustic makes picturesque pergolas that may be used to great advantage when well placed. One of the illustrations shows a short pergola made entirely of red-wood, with a gravel walk.

Altogether delightful is the winding pergola made by roughly trimming the old trees in an orchard, roofing them in with poles and training the graceful quick-growing hop-vine across them. Such a pergola belongs inevitably to the old-fashioned garden of a rambling farmhouse, and is possible in the East as well as in the West.

There are many climbing plants that may be used on a pergola, but perhaps the favorite is the rose. Some of the most beautiful roses that are easily cultivated in this country are the Gold of Ophir, Clothilde, Soupert, Alba Moschata, Queen Alexandra, Dorothy Perkins, the lovely Gloire de Dijon, and all of the ramblers—pink, white and red.

Wistaria, clematis, jasmine, the Madeira vine, the Japanese hop, Dutchman's pipe and kudzu are all charming, and the grape-vine with its fragrance in flower time and its rich-colored fruit is one of the prettiest and most appropriate decorations. Then there is Virginia creeper, whose brilliant autumn coloring is wonderfully effective on a pergola. With so many vines to choose from, one should have no difficulty in making the pergola an inviting spot for outdoor life.

GRANDMOTHERS: BY ANNE P. L. FIELD



QUIET room faintly redolent with pot-pourri, books everywhere, and seated in a high-backed chair in the western window, with the sunset glow lingering lovingly on her face, a silver-haired old lady, her beautiful stately head framed in delicate lace, fine as a cobweb; her seerlike eyes fixed upon the golden sky, as if they understood all mysteries and all knowledge—such is my memory of a grandmother. That room was the shrine of my childhood; there grandmother was nearly always to be found; there all who knew her would bring their joys and sorrows, their burdens or their blessings, sure of her wise counsel and her benediction. Her mind was an encyclopedia of treasures; what grandmother didn't know, seemed to us children not at all worth knowing. We felt like the little fellow in Mr. Riley's rhyme who said:—

“My gran'ma she's read all books—ever' kind
They is, 'at tell all 'bout the land an' sea
An' nations of the Earth! An' she is the
Historicul-est woman ever wuz!”

A keen sense of humor coupled with a brilliant, searching intellect, made friends for her in every walk of life. College boys and distinguished men of letters were equally eager to pay her homage and to catch the sparkle of her wit. Perhaps a drop of Quaker blood gave her that smooth, untroubled brow, and that serene acquiescence to the demands of grief; yet she was not without spirit; her eyes could kindle and flash fire, and her lips send forth scathing words of denunciation.

Laces were my grandmother's one vanity. Marvelous, rare laces, ivory-tinted, like the heart of a pearl; fragile as the morning mist, and fragrant with the prisoned perfumes of time. I cannot recall ever seeing her without frostlike frills at neck and wrists, and her hair graced with a cap of threaded foam. One of those caps is my choicest relic of bygone days, and whenever I lift it out of my treasure chest, the spirit of its owner seems hovering over me, as the spirit of old Peter Grimm hovered over his beloved ward, saying:—

“Then good night to you, my darling; love cannot say good-bye. . . . I shall linger in your heart. I shall be waiting for you, and knowing all your life. . . . I shall be everywhere about you.” Truly the spirit of my grandmother is “everywhere about” me. I am hourly conscious of her influence, and the living force of her nature urges me on toward the star I have chosen to follow. As a child I used to feel that to be like grandmother was the highest earthly pinnacle of attainment, and, as a woman, I retain that same feeling, for what could be more magnificent than a gradual crescendo of experi-

GRANDMOTHERS

ence, working up to a climax of achievement, leaving the world, as she did, upon a crashing chord of victory!

OH for more lovely, old-fashioned grandmothers! Those who wear the marks of age with surpassing beauty and grace. Grandmothers who have *time* for everything; who are never hurried or harassed by the trivial frivolities of fashion, who sigh not for the career of a debutante, nor try to squeeze themselves into slender silhouettes of youth. Ah! how the world echoes with the complaints of unhappy grandmothers! Women unwilling to be called by the name, who consider it a disgrace rather than an honor; who are ignorant of its ideals; deaf to its music, and who shirk its holy responsibilities. There is such need of gracious, happy-hearted grandmothers; so many delightful things for them to do; such a glorious mission for them to fulfil. If they would only listen to Browning's splendid war cry of age:—

“Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made—
Our times are in His hand
Who saith a whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!”

I knew one sprightly old lady who took up the study of Italian at eighty. “I have always wanted to speak Italian,” she said, “and now I’ve got time for it at last!” Another began writing her first book at sixty-eight years of age, and before she was eighty-five she had published four books. Still another became an accomplished ’cellist and played in a string trio at seventy. Of course, these are exceptionally gifted examples. The ordinary grandmother is not usually endowed in like manner. There are more of the kind of whom Eugene Field wrote so amusingly:—

“I pray that risen from the dead,
I may in glory stand,
A crown perhaps upon my head,
But a needle in my hand.
I’ve never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine;
From birth unto my dying day
Plain sewing’s been my line.
Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I’ll be content if asked to mend
The little angels’ breeches.”

GRANDMOTHERS

Surely there are grandmothers galore, whose special line is "plain sewing." "Whose aged hands are worn with works of love." Almost every home has some cherished thing made by a grandmother's fingers. One priceless quilt, belonging to a certain proud granddaughter, is the most beautiful specimen of its kind I have ever seen. It is a copy in silk of a rose cathedral window, and was the labor of years. Then there are grandmothers who are magicians conjuring delicious pies and cookies, and whose storeroom produces jellies and preserves that only fairies and grandmothers know how to make.

"Granny's come to our house
And ho! my lauzy-daisy!
All the children round the place
Is ist a runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
Fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their granny!"

WHO can read of Colonial Thanksgivings and Christmases without envying the fortunate children of those days who gathered in the herb-hung kitchen to sample all the magic preparations for the feast! There is a particular bond between tiny lads and their "grannies." I think they make an appeal to a boy's innate sense of gallantry. One dear little chap always accompanies his grandmother to church, assisting her over the crossings, although he hardly reaches her elbow; finding the places in the hymn book for her, and if anything happens to please him in the service, he smiles up at her, sure of an answering smile of appreciation. "Granny says I take splendid care of her," he told his father, "she says I'm better than a cane to lean on, and when I'm a man I'm going to carry her upstairs!"

"It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a poor little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

GRANDMOTHERS

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three."

How tenderly Mr. Bunner has told that touching little story of the companionship of youth and age, of which all of us know so many sweet instances. I have often seen, on a summer afternoon, a frail, yet devoted little grandmother sitting in some sheltered spot on a glistening beach, surrounded by a flock of children—knitting away at some diminutive jacket, ever ready to tie a sash, or shake the sand out of a shoe; always cheerfully answering demands for a story, or playing peacemaker in tiny quarrels; her clear gray eyes fairly shining with happiness—and yet she is approaching her four-score birthday!

No one has sung the *Te Deum* of grandmothers more gloriously or more convincingly than Mr. James Oppenheim, whose poem "Grandmother," he has kindly allowed me to quote in full—

"The glory of her face still lives with us.
The glory of her heart works in our hearts.
The glory of her soul is warmth of Sun
And light of Sun, and in her holy presence
Hushed are our wild world-hearts with pouring Peace!
Ah, golden days, ah, mellow Indian Summer,
Ah, golden Autumn of the year of man.
The days are hers, the golden days are hers!
She has known life, she has known earliest dreams,
Of wandering childhood, earliest girlhood dreams,
Earliest womanly love; the passion of the mother;

HARVEST

The burden of the maker of the home;
The pangs of birth; the quicksand-clutch of death.
Wife, woman, toiler, mother, guardian, nurse,
O lowly angel of three generations!

She has gone through it all; all dreams we know,
All pangs we seek to tear from our torn hearts.
All joys that thrills us, all wild hours of grief,
All folly, wisdom, all that makes up life,
Has she gone through—gone through unknown to Fame,
Unhonored, unapplauded, meek and pure;
And lo, now she emerges from the Fight
The Smoke and Thunder and the Noise of life,
Radiant, mellowed, and the golden days
Are hers: the golden Autumn days are hers!
Unvexed by brawling problems of the hour,
Her very glance solves all: she brings to us
A sweet solution of the life on Earth,
Yea, tender touches of eternal God,
Not preached in words, but raining from her Soul
As Autumn haze in the golden Indian Summer
Fills through the woodlands and the world is lost."

Blessed indeed is the woman who has known such a grandmother;
but thrice blessed is she who lives in the sunset glow, surrounded by
her children's children; seeing in them the immortal fulfilment of her
heart's desire, and possessing the peace that passeth understanding.

HARVEST

FROM bud that is swept to the ground,
From the blossom that dies,
The hands of my spirit have bound
The flowers of paradise.

From its toil in the sun and shower,
From touch of earth and sea,
My soul has gathered up its power
Of immortality!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE INDIGENOUS ART OF CALIFORNIA: ITS PIONEER SPIRIT AND VIGOROUS GROWTH: BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH



THE art of the West, full of the vigor and promise of youth, reveals the same dauntless qualities of fearlessness and strength that stirred in the pioneers of early days, prompting them to leave the conventions, customs and ease of the East and willingly brave the hardships of a new land in order that they might more freely shape their own lives in their own way. The artists, imbued with this same pioneer spirit, have boldly shaken off every influence superimposed upon them from the outside and are doggedly blazing their own trail to success or failure, content to rise or fall by the honesty of their own ideals and efforts. This forceful spirit certainly leads them into perilous places, through waterless deserts and over jagged mountain peaks, so that the weak, becoming disheartened, are content to remain in some unfertile valley rather than continue their uncharted way. Some become hopelessly confused, lose their sense of direction and supinely march around and around in a circle, refusing to listen to the warnings of those whose compasses point true.

But some have had the strength and the wisdom to persist steadily on their way, yielding not to the lure of mirage, and skirting deceptive bogs until they have reached the high and wonderful place of their desire. All the boldness of their march, all the romance that surrounds a self-blazed trail, all the charm that radiates from honest self-expression is found in their work.

It is true enough that the defects of their virtues are often far too visible, for with their strength is a certain ungraciousness, with their originality is crudeness, with their sentiment is sentimentality. But there is such an unmistakable charm and freshness and such undeniable virtue in their canvases that the faults fade into obscurity and the observer is intent only upon the glow of color and the virility of composition.

With but few exceptions the Western artists have had practically no training, following only the guidance of their own genius, throwing aside what little schooling they happened to pick up in their student days. This is especially true of the landscape painters, for portraiture is necessarily along more traditional lines. The work of the landscape men is of native growth and inspiration, springing from the soil with that marvelous spontaneity that is seen only in young lands and with youthful genius. Their canvases sing of the exuberance of life, of the stern grandeur of mountains, the tender lowliness of fertile valleys, the solemn stillness of deserts, poetry of highways and byways,

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and plaintiveness of the sea coast. They depict the rich color of marsh lands, dazzling brilliancy of sand dunes, the gray of mesas. Their work is spontaneous, born out of the wonder and joy of their environment.

Each artist is so absorbed in listening to the song of the world as it comes to him that he is not as yet swamped or dwarfed by the biting jealousy that sometimes exists among artists, poisoning and killing creative energy. They are all busily interpreting the spirit of freedom that is now abounding in the West, recording the beauties of landscape much of which is as yet unspoiled by man. Their work is thus historical as well as artistic, holding a double meaning and demanding a double portion of sincerity and faith.

Several men have been so absorbed in recording some special phase that we have almost considered these subjects to belong to them—as the oaks to Keith, flower fields to Gamble, the desert to Lungren, cowboys to Dixon, moonlight to Peters, eucalyptus trees to Martinez, redwoods to Latimer, Indians to Rollins, etc. Yet this is manifestly unfair, for it tends to shut out our interest in the fresh handling of these subjects by others.

THE art of the West is too large a subject to be presented in one article, and so as it naturally falls into two divisions—the north as centered in San Francisco and the southwest as centered in Los Angeles, it will be studied under separate heads, that of the southwest being the subject for this issue.

The work of Elmer Wachtel is regarded as being so distinctly of the West that there will be little question as to the justice of granting it a position of foremost attention, where it stands side by side with the work of his wife, Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel. Her positive, forceful handling of water colors is as familiar to the East as her husband's masterly use of oils. Elmer Wachtel's portrayal of the elemental strength of nature that underlies its tenderness has attracted the attention of both the East and the West. He rarely fails to catch the haunting spirit of the Western land, making it melodiously sing, as it were, to the undercurrent of solid earth. His subjects are whatever seems beautiful to him,—the mountains, the valleys, a rocky hillside, canyon oaks, graceful tree forms of all kinds, so that his work embraces the whole range of nature—surely a mighty field for a man's love and skill.

Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel handles water color with extreme boldness, sureness and brilliancy, never feeling her way to some chance success, but working by well-controlled, well-directed, unhalting brush strokes—sure of purpose from the first stroke of the pencil.



"THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT," FROM
A PAINTING BY WILLIAM WENDT



"MONTECITO BAY," FROM A PAINTING
BY ELMER WACHTEL.

"THE OJAI VALLEY," FROM A PAINTING
BY MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL.



"MIDSUMMER SUNSET, MATILJA CANYON," FROM
A PAINTING BY MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL
"THE GULL," FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN A. DONOVAN: OWNED BY DR. R. G. RUSSELL, LOS ANGELES.



"BABY COYOTE": JULIA BRACKEN
WENDT, SCULPTOR.

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William Wendt, president of the California Art Club and recently elected to the National Academy (the only one on the Pacific Coast so honored, with the exception of George Gardner Symons), shows at times so faithful a rendering of nature that his trees seem to rustle with the passing of the wind, and his valleys to scorch with the hot breath of the sun. His work is not wholly photographic on one hand, or all mystery and vagueness on the other, but a well-balanced union of the two. Nowhere in the world can be found hillsides so sinuously, subtly rounded, overlaid with such richness and softness of color as the hills of California; Wendt models them with reverent faithfulness and clothes them with the colors of the morning, evening or of noon-day. His work has the rare quality of standing true under a glaring light and when in shadow it seems to radiate a light of its own. He has done much to raise the standard of art in the West, spending his energy lavishly in its service at all times.

His wife, Julia Bracken Wendt, well known and respected as a sculptor, is at present at work upon a colossal group of three female figures representing Art, Science and History upholding a globe of light. This bronze group is to stand in the rotunda of the magnificent new building now being erected by the Fine Arts League, founded by the devoted exertions of Mrs. W. H. Brush. Mrs. Wendt had already won distinction through the merit of her portrait-busts and bas-reliefs, her symbolic statues and the naïve characterful studies of animals, but this imaginative work places her among the foremost sculptors of America.

Jean Mannheim has a big grasp and a broad range of subjects. His canvas of the children bathing in the pool has all the vigor, breeziness and sunlight glitter of a Sorolla, though never having seen a Sorolla canvas he cannot be accused of plagiarism. He paints light artlessly, as he sees it, with no thought of anything except the sparkling movement of sun and water and the color of little children's flesh bathed in that sun and water. In contrast of subject but treated with equal vigor is his superb portrait of an old oak tree hardly needing its poetic title, "Through adversity I live," to reveal the dignity that clothes men or trees by reason of their dauntless weathering of storms.

ANOTHER artist expressing the virility and versatility of the West is Benjamin C. Brown, who proves by his canvases that California is not all hot brilliant color, but holds also plenty of dull greens and shimmering grays. His endeavor is ever for light. His canvases are full of sentiment and show true sympathy and understanding of the many moods of nature. He knows how the wind sweeps over trees, bending them to its will, how the moon makes the

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earth wear her own livery, how the morning comes radiantly over the hills; knowing of these things he sets them on canvas that others also may learn to love nature with a full heart.

John M. Gamble cares most to paint the marvelous colors and the dazzling beauty of flower fields—those wonderful earth carpets that John Muir loves to write about, the delight of which cannot well be fancied. But if the sight of such wild gardens cannot be enjoyed, the next best thing is to see Gamble's pictures or read John Muir's prose poems. Other things Gamble can paint also, both truthfully and well, but nothing holding more appeal than his blossoming meadows.

In sharp contrast indeed to the peaceful fragrant flower fields are the turbulent stormy pictures of the sea that John A. Donovan prefers to paint. His work shows the potential fury of the ocean, the dynamic drive of the open sea, without depicting the actual distress of it. And his success in bringing about this poetical aspect of the sea is no doubt attributable to the fact that he was for many years a sailor. He paints the sea with a seaman's knowledge and love of it, and he rigs his ships as a sailor would. His ambition is to get the majesty of the ocean upon his bit of canvas—a truly great ambition and destined to be fulfilled so far as human skill can, for he is still a young man.

Another young artist, Maynard Dixon, has chosen to portray the poetic rather than the dramatic side of Western life, to picture man's place in its broad plains and canyons, to get at the meaning of it, to show the bigness, the spirit and the courage of it all. He knows the life of the cowboy and the Indian, knows also the deserts, canyons, cattle ranges,—setting it all upon his canvas with the truth of the historian and with the insight of an artist. The human interest is ever in his pictures, and he shows the Arizona desert as a man living alone upon it would know, love or fear it.

Many other men and women of the Southwest are portraying this varied land and its people as they see it, looking to no school for their technique, or to any one master for guidance, but only into their own brains and hearts. Such men as Greenbaum, Wagner, Detleff Sammann, Fries, Hanson Puthuff, Mocine, Erwin E. Smith, W. E. Rollins, M. Brown, Charles P. Austin are working out their artistic salvation according to nature's individual call, seeking only to reveal the beauty of their own land courageously and faithfully.

THE MISTLETOE - WOMAN: A FOREST STORY: BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN



IX weddings in San Joaquin Forest in one year!" said old Ranger Neil to young Ranger Blackstone, as they met on the trail. "Only eight of you gay young bachelors left to dance with the girls! Get busy; go down the line and propose to every pink sunbonnet. Let the town hats alone—they's giddy an' stuck-up. Out in the aidges of the foothills there's better girls wearin' what their mothers wore."

"Pretty girl *is* pretty, even in them extinguisher hats," said Blackstone. "I won't deny but what these weddin's and cellerbrations, and the wearin' criticisms on us slow-pokes have had some effect. And of course I acknowledge further, between ourselves, that them six rangers have done pretty well. They picked up wives that light up their cabins whenever they step through the doorway."

"There you go, Blackstone," said Neil, in a tone of solemn warnin'. "Arkansaw and me are dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. We know it isn't easy to get a girl at all—it's durned hard to get a real sensible one. I've seen even handsomer rangers than you be sail down to the Valley under full spread of furlough, with a whole month's salary ahead—and come back tied and marked with that same old slipper brand. Yes! I've seen them hand out to us in proud satisfaction just such a lovely social sample of wedded bliss as Jerry Buttons' girl, and three or four others I have in mind."

"Well," said Blackstone, "those are all new stories to me. When we make camp and Minaret rides in from his range, an' maybe those timber-estimating boys, I'll call on you to sound the warnin' notes, an' brace the bachelors. I heard one of the married men say as how the last of the bachelors was a goin' to be put in a cage, an' be toted around and banged at with pea-shooters for ten cents a shot."

That night they camped on the Chiquito, where four trails cross, and the timber crew came in, so that six rangers were together. Neil caught trout for supper, Minaret had a square of Inyo County comb-honey, white and fragrant, and a Round Valley cheese, by way of "extras."

After supper one of the young rangers went to his pack, and brought out a half-dozen good cigars, well wrapped. "Came from that New York newspaper-fellow that I showed around last summer—the same that gave the ranger-library one of the books he wrote—bully good story, too, about how to run foot-races."

"We live too high out here, we rangers," said Aroostook, the head of the timber crew, lighting his cigar and stretching himself out in perfect bliss.

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"You bachelors are mighty convenient around this forest," he continued, "You make friends easy; you fit into lots of places. Besides, you are becoming scource in this country."

"Ranger Neil advises us to brace up against feminine wiles; he thinks there are two sides to this wedded bliss picture," remarked young Blackstone.

"And so there is," said Neil. "When I rides by a camp and sees the kids chase out to tell their father good-bye, or see Macy with Dimples in front of him on the saddle, or hear Mrs. Roy singing as she gets breakfast for a bunch of us old fellers, I wisht I had a happy home. But, then, I think of Jerry Buttons, an' I observe that wedded bliss is of varied sorts."

"Who was Jerry Buttons?" asked Little Jo.

"He was on a Forest, where I rode range before I was transferred. I mought hurt feelin's ef I named it. There was a very good ranger up there whose Bible name was Jeremiah Mason. But his favorite cuss-word was 'O, Buttons!' so of course that stuck to him. He was the finest man we had on cattle work.

"You timber fellows needn't laugh, and say 'old style.' Reproduction of timber isn't the only item. I rode once with a way-up boss from Washington, that writes slashin' good poetry; well, he told our Supervisor that if a ranger knew range an' live-stock an' mountain people, he could make good in any position. We used to think that was Jerry Buttons."

"Cattlemen are peanuts to manage, along side of contractors an' lumber jacks!" interjected Aroostook.

"One day Jerry goes down to Sacramento and meets a girl there. Then he writes lots of letters," said Ranger Neil. "Pretty soon he begins to save money hard—for a bachelor. We heard she was a beauty, and real bright," he continued, "an' so we thought: 'Now here's Jerry, whose weak point is reports, will have a jim-dandy home-clerk to post him on book names of grasses, an' help him draw grazing-maps, an' make him study harder than he ever did before.' You see, Jerry was careless, and he was lazy in streaks, but a tremendous worker in between."

"That's me an' you, all right!" said Minaret. The narrator looked at him reproachfully. They had been cowboys together in Nevada, before the forests were set apart.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" whispered little Jo of the timber-crew, so softly that no one heard him. What he said aloud was: "Go along, Minaret! You and Neil and all you pioneers simply wear the rest of us to skin and bone. Lazy nothing! Fire ahead, Neil; he's an old horned toad from the desert."

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"Jerry brought her up here," said Neil, striking his gait again. "You never saw such a change in any man on earth. He was that subdued, and under the brush-harrow. Everyone saw it, first jump,—except Jerry himself."

"That wife of mine," says Jerry to me as we rode together, 'is a wonderful woman. I can't understand, as I say to her, how she ever came to marry me. She is so well brung up, an' she likes things so nice! It's jes' like a romance out of a book—and here we are, roughing it in an old barn.'

"No worse than other young couples,' I tells him. 'The Forest has only money to build one or two cabins a year.' But Jerry went on:

"She's so sensitive, an' delicate. I never seen it before, but you must acknowledge that this is an awful hard life for a real lady. Whenever I can't manage to make my home camp at night, she jes' lays there with her eyes wide open, an' her han's clenched an' her ears stopped with cotton. She can't sleep one wink till I get back.'

"She'd get over that about the third night,' I mentioned,—without any sense to brag on. 'It's only fifty yards to a neighbor. Leave her a police whistle and give her a chance to realize that nothin' will hurt her. She'll soon be spendin' her time fixin' up things to surprise you with. She'll get so that she is proud to see you ridin' off for a week of specially hard work.'"

"Jerry turns in his saddle and looks at me, cold and sudden. We rode on a while, an' then we took different trails, an' he says, 'Good mornin', Mr. Neil,' as if I was a stranger. Then I says 'Get along, old man,' and it brung the tears to his eyes, but he couldn't manage to say nothin'!

"Jerry, he buckled in even wuss after that," added Neil, "no man ever worked harder to play two games at onct."

"To reconcile the irreconcilable," thought Little Jo.

"He often rode ten miles after dark," said Neil, "chasin' home after a big day's work; he wore down his horses, and bought two more, on instalments; he washed clothes on Sundays; he sent his wife off on long visits to her friends. He began to wear out; lost his cheerfulness. We did all we could to help him along."

"This sort of thing ran on for about five years," the ranger continued. "By then Jerry was washing and starching and ironing clothes for his little girl and a lot for his wife, too. She was livin' on him^s jes' like a mistletoe livin' on an oak. She always looked as if she had come out of a band-box, and so did the little girl. She got even prettier,—but Jerry had a stoop, and looked gray and wrinkled. Lost his promotion, of course, and Mrs. Jerry, who was smart enough,

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made up a mean but funny little verse about the Supervisor, that went all over the country."

"Jerry put all of you in a hole," said Minaret.

"He sure did," answered Neil. "He was obeying every order, and taking every dressin' down like a lamb. But he couldn't see where the trouble was; he went on worshipping his pretty little mistletoe-woman."

"What do you think the trouble was, Neil?" said Aroostook.

"Well, she had been an only child, among adorin' relatives. She was selfish clear through. She liked admiration, and she hated plain livin'. She said onc't that she warnt raised rough like the rest of us."

"Jerry was a fool," said Minaret.

"I can't have told this thing right, if anyone thinks that," said Neil. "I want you to see how she was that bright and attractive that no matter how mad we were at her on Jerry's account, she would meet us at the post-office, or on the road, and in ten minutes get us to feel friendly again. Jerry kept on sayin', every once in a while, 'I don't see why she married a common ranger like me.'"

"She was nothing at all but a bad, a dangerous woman," said a young timber-ranger from Big Creek crossing. "What do you think, Little Jo?"

"She was conventionally honest, but shallow and undisciplined. She was worse than bad—she was hopeless. But how did it end, Neil?"

"Jerry had to resign. Then he went to Tonopah and made a little money, so that he could be home—that is, at the hotel—every night. But the kid died of typhoid, and the woman took up with a mining-stock operator. I understand Jerry went right down hill after that."

"Pretty tough!" said Ranger Blackstone: "even one case like that is frightful! But a ranger ought to tell a girl the details of his work, and make sure that she understands the whole thing—the roughness—the being alone nights—the small salary. Still, nineteen out of every twenty of the ranger women are first-class helpers of their men folks, so we needn't lose sleep over the misfits."

The young forest men rolled up in their blankets; the camp-fire by the Chiquito fell to a glowing heart of coals; the moon shone on pine-clad ridges, and when it sank the constellations gleamed out in darkest skies before the dawn, and moved on overhead, as they had for countless thousands of years. In the hearts of the sleeping rangers, stronger than contradiction, the calm ideals of home, of fellowship and of broadening life, remained unshaken, while those who were happily married saw visions of their distant wives, equally with themselves bearers of the burdens, sharers of the happiness of the Forest.

MUNICIPAL CONTROL OF STREET TREES IN THE WEST



CIVIC pride, though of the most enthusiastic order, fades into grayness unless intelligently directed along some definite plan. A poor plan with a little enthusiasm gives better results than the burning mercurial ardor that wastes its force in glowing talk, unsupported by coordinated labor. The West, having recognized this fact, is rapidly putting its pardonable pride of beautiful cities under municipal control with a success already widely recognized.

A few years ago the American Civic Association took up the matter of municipal control of street beautifying in its conventions with such well-directed energy and wisdom that a number of the Eastern cities adopted city control of trees, established municipal nurseries, appointed tree wardens, directed tree planting and controlled tree pruning. Washington has always been regarded as possessing the most beautiful streets of all our cities, chiefly because the Government (owing to the prophetic vision of George Washington) has had entire control of street ornamentation from the very first.

Riverside, California, was the first city in the West to adopt municipal control of street beauty; Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Phoenix (Arizona) and several other cities are following in its lead with such satisfying results that the fame of their beauty has spread abroad. Since this system was inaugurated, Riverside has planted over ten thousand trees along its streets and supervised the pruning and care of about thirty thousand of the old trees. The management of the old trees has been as important a branch of the work as that of setting out new ones. Since the day Riverside assumed control of its streets, refusing to trust to the doubtful taste and fluctuating energy of individual property owners, its beauty from both the æsthetic and commercial standpoints has been vastly increased. Its street trees are no longer subjected to the freak tricks of experimenting residents, who were once allowed to do whatever they wished with their frontages, but are now under the management of experienced men, who have the power to prevent the cutting down of street trees for firewood, or the pruning of them into cubes, spheres, horses, hens on a nest and such monstrous absurdities.

The plan upon which Riverside is working and which is being followed by other cities, is systematically to improve all the streets rather than to concentrate its efforts upon one or two show streets in the aristocratic part of the city. The development of special streets has sometimes given a city a reputation for beauty, though this has been proven to be of doubtful or at least of insufficient wisdom. For if

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the approaches to such special streets are neglected or unsightly, the effect is marred and the appearance of the whole city is disappointing. The streets of Riverside where the poorer people dwell have been made as attractive as those which carry the homes of the wealthy, so that there are no distressingly unkempt, neglected outskirts to pass through in entering the city. It is a city with no "back doors" to be concealed, a city that is like a vast park, where rich and poor alike may live in the midst of fragrance and beauty.

THE æsthetic value of tree-bordered streets has seldom been questioned, but it has been a difficult task to convince the majority of people that there is also a great commercial value in beauty. Nothing raises the value of city property more than a beautifully planted street, and the advantage of such streets to the city itself is beyond computation, both in the way of attracting new and desirable citizens and bringing happiness and prosperity to those who have already united their interests with the city. Fortunately for the residents today, the early settlers of Riverside were tree lovers and worked together in planting many of the streets that have been largely instrumental in attracting its present fine class of home-loving residents and the innumerable travelers who come from many States to dwell for a time where beauty also resides. As early as eighteen hundred and seventy-five the now famous Magnolia Avenue was planted at the expense of the property owners who owned front-ages along that avenue. The fine avenue of pepper trees on Walnut Street is also the result of early planting at the personal expense of generous citizens. Since those early days of enthusiasm, little has been done to continue the work of beautifying the streets until the present day, so that there is a noticeable lapse in the size of the city trees in the neglected localities. But in this favored land trees grow quickly, so that the newly improved streets will in a very few years be lined with shapely trees of creditable size.

Streets rightly belong to the city, so the tree planting along the sidewalks, as well as the sidewalks themselves, should be under city control. If the curbing or paving of a street becomes injured, is unsightly or dangerous in any way, it is repaired by the city; but if unsuitable trees are planted or one of a row is killed, or part of a street is barren of trees, the matter until recently has not been considered worthy the attention of city authorities. Under the present system of municipal control a street's beauty, as well as its curbings and its pavings, receives skilled attention. Riverside has appointed an experienced forester to take charge of its trees, whose duty it is to watch over them, protect them from injury, repair them and give surgical



PEPPERS AND PALMS IN FRONT OF MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING THE HOMELIKE QUALITY THAT MAY BE GIVEN TO PUBLIC STREETS BY WISE PLANTING OF TREES AND WELL-KEPT SIDEWALK LAWNS.



THE TREES ON THIS STREET ARE THIRTY YEARS OLD: PEPPERS ON THE RIGHT AND FAN PALMS AND EUCALYPTUS ON THE LEFT.

PACHAPPA NORTH FROM EIGHTH STREET: ONE-YEAR, THREE-YEAR AND FIVE-YEAR GROWTH OF FAN PALMS.



FOURTH STREET, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, LOOKING WEST FROM PINE STREET, SHOWING THREE-YEAR-OLD BLACKWOOD ACACIA TREES.

AVENUE OF FAN PALMS, PEPPERS AND EUCALYPTUS AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: A FINE EXAMPLE OF GROWTH SO DESIRABLE FOR STREET PLANTING WITH A VARIETY OF SPECIES, THUS PREVENTING MONOTONY.



THIRTEENTH STREET LOOKING WEST FROM ORANGE STREET, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, PLANTED WITH ITALIAN CYPRESS AND DATE PALMS ON THE LEFT AND THREE-YEAR-OLD PEPPER TREES ON THE RIGHT. A STREET IN RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, LINED WITH FIVE-YEAR-OLD PEPPERS, THE MOST POPULAR STREET TREE IN THE WEST.

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aid if needed. The title of Tree Warden was first given to J. H. Reed in nineteen hundred and six, and the planting and care of all trees is still in his devoted hands. That Riverside has become known for the excellence of its planting is largely due to his efforts, taste and enthusiasm. He is serving as Tree Warden (in conjunction with the Board of Park Commissioners); he oversees all the pruning done in the city, and directs all planting.

THE number of trees suitable for street planting is limited in the West as well as in the East, though many varieties will thrive in parks where dust cannot penetrate, where the soil is loose and grass-covered, and where coolness and shade are produced by many trees being in close company. The first thing to be considered in selecting trees for street planting throughout the West as well as throughout the East (as mentioned in the June number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*) is permanency. And as the street is obviously no place for citizens of good intent but little knowledge to conduct experiments, a city's planting should be left to the matured judgment of the local tree warden. Semitropical evergreen trees have proven to give the best satisfaction, even in the northern parts of the West. In the East the bare branches of the deciduous trees during the winter have an ornamental value quite in keeping with the rest of the sleeping landscape, and are accordingly most appropriate and to be desired; but in the West they are quite out of harmony with the verdant setting, so but few are planted in the streets.

The pepper (*schinus molle*) is without doubt the most universal favorite, for it combines the desired traits of rapidity of growth and long life that endear it to communities striving to bring beauty to their streets. It possesses grace of form and brilliancy of foliage and fruit that attract the interest and win the admiration of visitors. If intelligent care be given at first, little additional attention is needed to develop great size and rare perfection of form. Old age but adds to the charm and individuality of this typically Western tree. It has come to be the leading shade and ornamental street tree of the West, reaching perfection of growth, age and beauty in Riverside and the immediate vicinity. It even adapts itself to the changeable colder climate of San Francisco and the adjacent country. This delicately foliaged tree, dripping pendant clusters of red berries, has taken so kindly to California sunshine that it is generally supposed to be indigenous, but in reality it is a native of Peru.

The eucalyptus, an Australian tree, erroneously considered to be of native growth, is perhaps the most useful of all for wide avenues or broad highways. It is the one most commonly to be seen bordering

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country roadsides, and whether found singly, in groups or in rows commands the admiration of all observers. Several species in general use are equally quick-growing, hardy, long-lived and graceful. *Eucalyptus globus*, commonly called blue gum, is more extensively used along roadways in the northern part of California. *Eucalyptus citriodora*, or the lemon-scented gum, with its white tapering trunk, slender crown and delicious perfume, reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet; planted about forty feet apart, it makes as distinctive and charming an avenue as could be desired. The leaves when crushed in the hand give forth an aromatic breath, sweet as a blossoming lemon tree. *Eucalyptus saligna*, though not commonly used, is greatly loved by the artists for its drooping branches, irregular contours, exquisite grace and soft tender coloring. *Eucalyptus rostrata*, or red gum, is the hardiest of all the species and is therefore of especial value for street use. It is also more uniform in contour than the others, which commends it to city dwellers. *Eucalyptus cornuta* will grow in alkaline and saline soil, putting out shining, shapely foliage and yellow blossoms under the most adverse circumstances.

The acacia is an important tree for street planting, for there are over one hundred species in general use throughout California. They are vigorous growers, sending out a mass of fragrant yellow flowers in the spring and having clusters of pink, red or mauve pods among their leaves in the summer. Some species are continuous bloomers, showing dashes of gold from one season to another. *Acacia longiflora* blossoms as early as January. *Acacia mollissima*, with fernlike leaves and fluffy masses of foamlike flowers, is one of the loveliest of all, but the blackwood acacia is of the most value for city streets.

THE palms, so extensively planted along the whole Pacific Coast, reach their greatest perfection in the southern part of California, and are responsible in great part for the half-tropical charm and attractiveness of southern California homes and streets. The native fan palm (*Washingtonia filifera*), stateliest of them all, seems particularly at home along wide avenues, growing to even nobler proportions in city gardens than in its native deserts. City conditions, usually so fatal to transplanted trees, seem kindly and beneficial to these trees descended from hardy ancestors accustomed to fierce desert suns, alkaline waters and incessant burning winds. It is a columnar tree often reaching a height of seventy-five feet or more, and is for this reason more suited for street use than the widespreading date palm.

The date palm (*Phoenix canariensis*) is often planted alternately with the fan along wide avenues, for they complement one another most decoratively. The date palms will stand severe winds, are

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hardy and extremely graceful and showy, and are the most universally popular of all the palms for gardens and parks. The wine palm, which has much the same habit of growth as the date, though slightly smaller and with heavier foliage, thrives well in the northern part of the State. The *cocos plumosa* is a familiar sidewalk tree of the South, also the *seaforthia* and the cane palm.

The flame tree (*stryculia*) was at one time extensively planted and much care is given to the old ones. They are most conspicuous and lovely when in blossom, but are now considered undesirable, because when old they are apt to lose their beauty. The trunk becomes heavy and the branches break off or develop unsymmetrically.

The deodar, though far from its Himalayan mountain home, is rapidly adapting itself to our climate. It was but recently introduced in America by Gifford Pinchot when seeking a tree suitable for the reforestation of our mountains. Though originally rather too wide-spreading at the base for city conditions, this difficulty is being gradually checked and much is expected of it as a future avenue tree.

Another tree winning its way to popular approval is the wild cherry (*prunus integrifolia*), native of the Santa Catalina, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz Islands. It is of rapid growth, pyramidal in form, glossy of foliage, thriving anywhere and attaining a height of sixty or eighty feet. The trees are planted from twenty-five to fifty feet apart and bear bright but unpalatable red berries.

The umbrella tree is occasionally chosen by unwise enthusiasts for street use, but it is without grace of any kind and produces quantities of poisonous fruit which defiles the sidewalks and fills the air with noxious odors. It is destined therefore to be soon discarded.

The camphor tree however is rapidly attaining favor and deservedly so, for its foliage is fresh, clean and glossy with an occasional glowing flame-red leaf which illuminates still further its bright cheerful beauty. It is difficult for this tree to attain uniform or desirable growth, it is slow-growing, needs an abundance of water and wise care, but nevertheless it is extensively used, for its beauty repays all the attention that must be given it.

The incense cedar, Lawson cypress, the native bay or laurel, the canyon and valley oaks, live-oaks, the Arizona ash, the plane or sycamore tree and several maples are occasionally seen on the streets, relieving all sense of formality, giving pleasing variety and adding much to the individuality of streets. Needless to say, they serve better the purpose of distinction when planted separately rather than in uniform rows. They are more at home on lawns, gardens and parks where their almost personal characteristics may have full liberty of development.

MOTORING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT



ALTHOUGH our Western States, with their rapid strides of progress, have left the early pioneer days far behind, they still retain much of the spirit of their old traditions. And that spirit, which is one of sturdy independence, of outdoor freedom, carries with it a certain buoyancy of body and mind that has rightly come to be regarded as the most salient characteristic of the people. The very words "the West" have become synonymous for all that is big and breezy, frank of manner and generous of soul. They conjure up visions of rolling plains and prairies, mountain, forest and river, and all the wide wind-swept spaces of a land that is as yet unspoiled by the sordid aftermaths of a more or less destructive civilization. They are symbolic of the open-air life, the love of nature and the close kinship with her vigorous forces that are such an intensely real and joyful part of our Western life. The keen outdoor spirit permeates our architecture, our work and play, our whole Western existence, and is reflected to greater or less degree in practically everything we think and do.

It is no wonder, therefore, with this romantic gypsy inheritance behind us and the adventurous lure of a wonderful country on every hand, that we should adopt the various products of modern invention, including the motor car, with a somewhat different feeling from that of our Eastern cousins. To them, this swift conqueror of space and time is full of commercial and professional virtues, and as a pleasure vehicle it seems, for most of them, to reach its highest point of efficiency in the attainment of the greatest speed. But while they taste this fascinating form of exhilaration, the beauties of the landscape stand small chance of appreciation, and the quieter pleasures that might be found along the roadside are forgotten.

Quite different from this is our use of the motor car in California. Here we care less for the speed and more for the country. We find that the more leisurely our procedure, the greater satisfaction we get from the things about us. And so, instead of trying to rival a fast express, tearing up the roadbeds and filling the air behind with dust for succeeding cars or luckless pedestrians, we drive at a comfortable or even slow pace, and drink in all the beauty and freshness that we can by the way, filling our lungs with oxygen, our eyes with pictures and our hearts with contentment. And used in this spirit, the motor car presents one of the most effectual and delightful mediums for enjoying the natural beauties of one's State.

In Southern California the week-end auto trip is popular, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays find the highways and boulevards



MOTORING OVER THE MESAS AT DEL MAR: THE
COLOR IS WONDERFUL AND THROUGH THE DEEP
GASHES ARE FAR GLIMPSES OF THE SEA.

ALONG THE ARROYO SECO, IN THE HEART OF CALI-
FORNIA'S NEW PARK FOR THE PEOPLE.



THERE IS INFINITE VARIETY ALONG THE ROADWAYS
OF THE PACIFIC COAST, AND EVER-CHANGING COLOR.
GRAND OLD TORREY PINES CLING TO THE SEA-WALLS
OR CROWD THE CRESTS OF THE MOTOR ROADS ON THE
PACIFIC COAST.



IN THE SPRING THE MESAS ALONG THE OCEAN
ARE GOLD-MASSSED WITH WILD YELLOW DAHLIAS.
THE SEA-WALL EDGING THE ROAD AT DEL MAR IS
OF SANDSTONE DEEPLY AND GROTESQUELY FLUTED.



EVEN MOTORING ALONE IS NOT SUCH A DREARY THING
IN CALIFORNIA, FOR THE COUNTRY FURNISHES A NEVER-
ENDING JOY OF COLOR AND VARIETY.

MOTORING PAST THE MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO,
THE RAGGED WALLS OF WHICH LOOM UP AGAINST THE
BLUE OF THE SOUTHERN SKY.

MOTORING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

throbbing with the throngs who find their church and a comforting religion in God's big cathedral of the Out-of-Doors. At the end of a busy week spent in shop or office a man is hungry for just such recreation; for the dip and rise of a grass-rimmed road, for a lilt of bird-song, a brook's soft melody, the warmth of sunbeams, the fragrance of field flowers.

The roads of California are her pride. She has spent millions of dollars in getting them into condition, and is still spending large sums in perfecting them and in keeping them in repair, so that the autoist can now travel hundreds of miles in ease and comfort through some of the most beautiful country to be found in the world. Not only are the roads in excellent shape, but the auto club of California has placed signs at all cross-roads and at points of danger, directing or warning as the case may be. Emergency telephone bells have also been placed along the roads at convenient intervals, so that traveling is easy and safe. Many of the sign-posts consist of iron bells set on iron posts, and are wonderfully picturesque. They mark the El Camino Real, the ancient road of the Mission fathers as they journeyed, usually afoot, from one end of the State to the other, and are symbolic of the early days when the *padre*, the Mission and the Indian stood for piety, industry and progression.

EXCELLENT automobile inns punctuate the country along the highways, and one need have no fear of being caught out over night or of hungering between times. Breakfasts and dinners are all very well at the inns, but a well-filled lunch basket and a thermos with steaming coffee or ice-cold drink are the joy of midday when one halts gypsy-fashion on the bank of a stream or other equally attractive spot. Sometimes, too, it is good to roll up in a blanket and sleep under the stars. The freedom of it makes one feel like a conqueror, recalling unconsciously perhaps the pioneer days of an earlier generation.

One of the loveliest motor drives in a land that is rich in scenic beauty, legend and romance is the road between Pasadena, in Los Angeles County, and San Diego, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. The place is reminiscent of over two centuries of history and industry. Along the route are four Missions; the San Gabriel Mission, three miles south of Pasadena, is tanned and roughened with age and weather, and there is much of pathos as well as picturesqueness about the staunch old building that has stood since the fall of seventeen hundred and seventy-one. Capistrano is an imposing mass of ruins that edges an old graveyard, where still stand some of the wooden crosses and picket enclosures placed there a hun-

MOTORING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

dred years or more ago. This Mission, founded in November, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, is past restoration, the great gray adobe walls rising roofless and ragged toward the blue sky, the floor deep in the fallen ruins. The priest's house adjoining, with its arched corridor and red-tiled roof, is occupied, and at times for prayer the four great old bells send a rich peal to flood the drowsy town with melody.

In San Diego, in what is called the "old town," we pass many picturesque crumbling walls, caving roofs and tottering porches, and here and there the typical Spaniard and Mexican, but most of the old types have disappeared or are so inoculated with modern methods and manners that their picturesque quality is lost. The San Diego Mission was established in July, seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, and the San Luis Rey in June, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, and the sight of them repays many a mile of journeying.

Most of the country along the route is cultivated and is luxuriant with oranges, lemons, deciduous fruits, grains and vegetables; there are also sections where cattle, horses, hogs and sheep are raised in great numbers, and the motor horn is compelled to honk its wildest to keep the road clear. A few years ago San Diego County was a fearsome thing for the motorists; but today its many sloughs, all reaching inland for miles, filled with sea water at high tide and deep with mud at low tide, have been adequately bridged, and in some instances the lowlands have been reclaimed and turned into promising town lots. The hill roads, formerly precipitous and slippery, have been graded and topped with granite, and now there is only joy for the man behind the wheel as he whirls uphill and down, sometimes so close to the sea that the spray breaks in mists over him.

MOST beautiful of all the coast towns through which the road winds is Del Mar, rising abruptly above the Pacific, its cypress-covered hills looking out to far-reaching views. Until four years ago it lay on the coast, a faded fragment of boom days; its houses decrepit and its streets grown to grass and wild flowers. A corporation discovered the tattered little town, purchased it, subdivided it, built a great hotel, a plunge, moved the railroad and the depot, reclaimed a nearby slough for those who wished to build on the beach, and performed many another miracle. Now the town is awake, animated, prosperous, its hills decked with summer homes of millionaires, the Monterey of the South, beloved by artists and nature lovers. This is the home of the Torrey pine, which is found growing in no other part of the world, and in springtime the mesas along the sea are gold-massed with yellow dahlias, while the hills show wondrous wild flower gardens where ferns, yellow and white daisies, lupins,

MOTORING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Indian paint brush, morning glories and dozens of other flowers hold joyous carnival. The mesas are deep-gashed, and the walls of these ravines or canyons as well as the cliffs facing the sea are from fifty to two hundred feet high, of sandstone formation deeply and grotesquely fluted, ranging in color from shades of brown and yellow to red and pink. It might be called a miniature edition of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The landscape, especially in spring and early summer when the flowers are in bloom, is brilliant, and the grand old Torrey pines that cling to the sea-wall or crouch on the crest, beaten and buffeted by storms of many years, with muscles gnarled and knotted by age, are a climax in nature's planting.

A wonder drive it is past La Jolla, twelve miles north of San Diego, famed for its sea-wall and caves, its grottoes and marvelous rock piles, about which the waves rush seething, grinding, carving new grottoes, and leaping into the air in whirls of spray and mist.

The pleasure-seeker will motor most often from San Diego out to Coronado, famous as a social resort for Americans and foreigners, with its yachting, horse racing, golf, tennis, cricket, practically every outdoor sport.

But the interest and joy of the towns is, after all, a matter of small moment when one is motoring, except as knowledge is gained of what enterprise is accomplishing. Our real joy lies out in the open country. What we are seeking is the quiet of the woods, the song of the birds, the fragrance of budding, leafing wildness, the refreshment of springs and streams, the longed-for opportunity of bathing in the great beneficence of Nature, whose subtle alchemy transmutes our unrest and discouragement into mental and spiritual vigor.



PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE: CALIFORNIA'S WISDOM IN CONVERTING HER ANCIENT FORESTS INTO MODERN PLAYGROUNDS

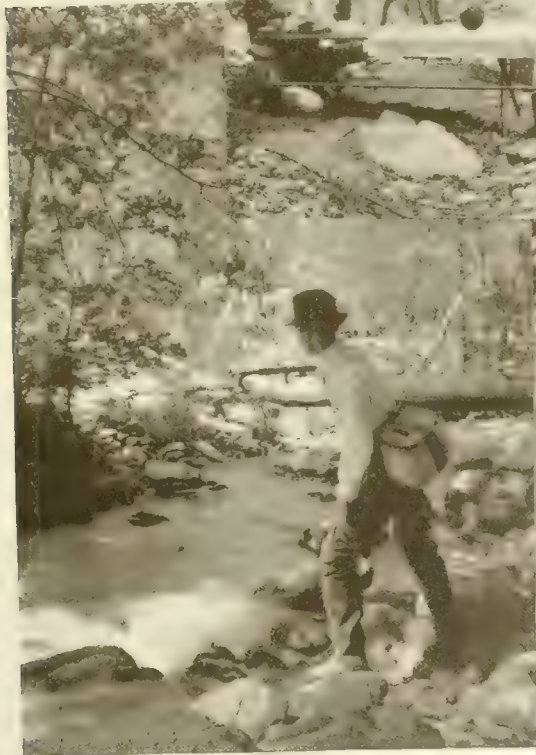


IS it because we have suddenly awakened to the fact that we have sacrificed and wasted so much of our own earth's lovely vestments that we are as a nation all at once holding out such eager hands for whatever natural beauty there is still remaining to us? Are we seeking to establish parks that we may forget our ruined hillsides? Are our mountain streams more precious to us because we have defiled and laid waste our beautiful wide wooded rivers? Do we at last lay arresting hands on the lumbermen of the North and Northwest because we have in the past permitted them to desecrate our hills, injure our climate and make arid and old our wide fragrant pastureland?

A mighty cry is going up from one end to the other of our shorn land to save the few oases of beauty left for the outdoor life of present and future generations. Slowly we have grown to know that rooms can never take the place of forests or railway traffic of our rivers. From every city and town we hear a murmur of voices: "Take us from our house prisons; we are growing pallid and irritable from the pressure of walls. We want our old world grown once more fair and fragrant and melodious. We want to walk in the sunlight and sleep in the fresh winds. We are tired of the work of man's hands and we yearn once more for God's large kindnesses."

Out of this freshened spirit, this renewal of simplicity surely is being born the impulse that would save what little is left to us of our wooded hills, our full-running rivers, Nature's own largess, for the good of the people. Through the whole length and breadth of the country we ask but a few playgrounds and few joy spots for the young and old. It is good for our nation that we are refusing longer to be satisfied with the little man-made patches of ground which we have called our city parks. The call today is to save for us some remnant of our mountains, our forests, our knee-deep clover pastures. In practically every city in the Union we are asking that the virgin woods should be spared to freshen the souls of our children. We want playgrounds for them that are moss-and flower-covered, and where the air is still and green. We want them to see deep amber brooks with the trout flying up through the spray of the falls, and the paths silent for the approach of deer. We want them to know the perfume of the pine and the elusive sweetness of the wild grape. We refuse to consider it enough that they should rest on park benches and look upon burly park policemen instead of birds and flowers, that they should be dragged through crowded driveways and that they should

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THE ARROYO RANGES IN WIDTH
FROM TWENTY-FIVE FEET TO A
QUARTER OF A MILE. A SILVER
STREAM BED WINDING DELI-
CATELY THROUGH THE GREEN:
TROUT ARE FOUND IN THE QUIET
PLACES: BEDS OF WILD FLOWERS
BORDER THE EDGES.

THE PANEL PICTURE SHOWS THE ARROYO IN SUMMERTIME. THE TREES HEAVY WITH FOLIAGE, THE
STREAM BED SHALLOW ENOUGH FOR WADING: FLOWERS GROW CLOSE TO THE ARROYO'S EDGE, WHICH
ADDS TO THE JOY OF PLAYTIME IN SPRING



IN THE WINTER TIME THE ARROYO BECOMES A MINI-
 TURE TORRENT, FLOWING FULL FROM BANK TO BANK.
 ONE OF THE DRIVEWAYS WHICH WINDS THROUGH THE
 ARROYO SICO IN SIGHT OF THE STREAM FOR MILES.

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE

see only on the great green lawns of Nature newspapers and discarded cracker boxes. What child has a true heritage from Nature who has not been given the vision of the great, wild, green beautiful world, with all its mysteries, lessons and comfortings?

Perhaps to the early settlers with so vast an untouched world all about them it would have seemed niggardly and overcareful to arrange to preserve stretches of land for the parks of future generations. But it was this past time lavishness and heedlessness that has cost us so terrible a price in the destruction of our country. For there are vast areas today where the desolation and the destruction are utter and final, where it is hard to realize that the utmost care and economy can never reconstruct green and beautiful spots for our people.

We can still remember, many of us, the methods of the early American home-builder and garden-maker, who set about to surround his house with a smooth tract of country, felling all the trees, filling up the ponds and brooks, leveling the ground, going over it with a harrow to make flat clean places in which to plant neat flower-beds and narrow rows of trees. We smile over this now, but this tendency was at one time so nation-wide that the destruction of beautiful slopes of lands, of ponds, of little streams, of low hillsides was incalculable. Of course, this is a different matter from the spoliation of our great mountains and hills and valleys for commercial purposes, but the difficulties of reconstruction are no less overwhelming.

And now that we have realized how cruel to us has been the mere heedlessness of our forefathers, do we not owe it to ourselves to practice the ways of wisdom for posterity? Shall we not let the generations near to us feel all the generous grace of wild woodland and field beauty? Shall we not decide that whatever untouched stretches of land, whatever forests, whatever streams, whatever fair valleys still remain to this devastated country we will make every effort to hold sacred for the sake of the permanent beauty of our nation, for the health and happiness of posterity?

HERE in the West we still have many thousands of acres of unspoiled, virgin woodland, and the desire to save it is growing more general all along the Pacific Coast. Perhaps the best example which we can give of the preservation of a wild garden of rare beauty and charm for the people is the purchase of hundreds of acres of the woodland in the Arroyo Seco, which threads the western edge of Pasadena. Few cities in the East or in the West are blessed with a more beautiful environment than this particular country, which Nature and the elements have carved and molded and planted for years past unnumbered.

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE

Pasadena has already succeeded in acquiring ownership, options and promises of options on six hundred and twenty acres of Arroyo Seco lands, and expects to possess before fall the balance of Arroyo acreage lying within the city limits, making a total of nine hundred and twenty-nine acres. The interest in this park project is widespread in southern California. As the Arroyo Seco extends from the Sierra Madre Mountains north of Pasadena to Los Angeles at the south, passing South Pasadena en route, both Los Angeles and South Pasadena are coöperating with Pasadena and are buying up Arroyo lands in their districts for park purposes. The county is also interested in improving outlying lands in its district, and is heartily helping in the furthering of plans. The funds for purchase and improvement are being met by a tax levy. One management will be appointed control, and the expense of improvements apportioned according to the area of each district. When negotiations are completed the people will own a parkway fourteen miles long.

The contract has just been let for a magnificent bridge to span the Arroyo at Pasadena, connecting the town with a new boulevard to the west. This bridge will be fourteen hundred and sixty feet long, with eleven spans or arches ranging in width from sixty to two hundred and twenty-three feet, and in the highest place will be two hundred and twenty feet above the bed of the Arroyo. It will be constructed of monolithic concrete and will cost one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and will be a great asset to the park.

The natural scenic beauty of the park, the charm and luxuriance and variety of its growth, with its flavor of woodsy wildness and freedom make it one which will appeal intimately to the people. Pasadena already has plans for laying out and improving her portion of this nature garden. It is to be a natural garden in every sense of the word. It is not to be molested or desecrated by tawdry architecture, cement walks, marble statuary or anything set or artificial; the projected improvements are to consist merely of grubbing out some underbrush and of outlining, grading and granite-topping a driveway over which every sort of vehicle can travel, and making paths through the woodland fragrance and loveliness. The city will also plant trees, shrubs and flowers indigenous to the hills, mountains, fields and deserts of southern California, segregating the varieties so that they can be studied logically and easily. Quaint log cabins will be placed here and there and banked with ferns, rustic seats will be scattered about and drinking fountains designed after old-time wells with oak moss-covered buckets are to be provided. Rough stone fireplaces where picnic parties may brew coffee or fry bacon and eggs in true camp fashion may be another innovation of this unusual public park.

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IN a setting of civilization and modern city improvements which creep to its very edges and look over, the Arroyo Seco's woodland freshness and solitude are all the more remarkable. Linked to the Sierra Madre Mountains at the north of Pasadena, it winds and curves southward until it merges into the gaunt open-jawed Los Angeles River. It is deep-gashed in the earth, with a home-strewn mesa on the east, and hills walling it on the west. A boulevard is being cut along the hillside and in some places curves the crests. The Arroyo ranges in width from twenty-five feet to a quarter of a mile, a silver stream-bed winding delicately through the green. In winter and spring, the seasons of rain in the Southwest, and the time when the snow is melting and flowing down from the mountain tops, the stream widens into a broad rushing torrent that tugs at boulders and tree trunks on the banks. In the upper end of the Arroyo the stream-bed holds water the year round, and trout are found in the deeper quiet places; but on the lower levels summer finds the path of the stream empty, huge boulders and small stones gleaming white and clean from their winter flood polishing. In winter, spring and early summer there are luxuriant beds of wild ferns of many varieties hiding in shadow of trees and crags, or delicate maidenhair and fluffy mosses cling to precipitous rock walls, and the wild-flower beds are radiant with Nature's loveliest offerings of color, perfume and flower textures. Trees and shrubs are close growing and of wide variety: the sycamore, maple, live-oak, canyon oak, scrub oak, golden cup oak, holly leaf cherry, ash, willow, poplar, big cone spruce, greasewood, bay, alder, mountain mahogany, elder, Spanish bayonet, manzanita, artemisia and many others.

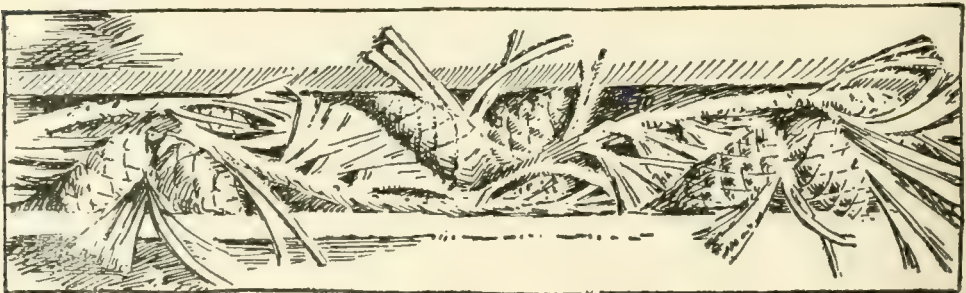
When the Arroyo becomes a park it will make a wonderful playground for the people, both grown-up and children. The children can build stone houses and sand houses. They can study the methods and manners of the birds and other small interesting wood folk. They will have opportunity to learn the secrets of the everyday lives of wild creatures, to become friends and comrades in a way that will curb the youthful instinct to tease and kill, and cultivate instead the desire to protect. They can romp and frolic in the wide spaces, for there will be few restrictions in the form of signs. Little feet may be muddy or dusty, and laughing faces smudged; they can shout as much as they like, and there will be no one to protest, for there is ample space for noise, or for quiet. Indeed, the influences of such environment will be too far-reaching to catalogue.

In the later seventies and early eighties when Pasadena was in the embryo stage, the portion of the Arroyo Seco nearest the town possessed no value or interest to the people, except for the fire-

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wood and kindling it furnished. It was subdivided into woodlots which were sold to Mexicans and others for from three dollars to ten dollars each, and cord-wood and brush were harvested therefrom. At that time the country was big and open, only one or two hundred families living in the valley, and when they wished to picnic they drove to the mountain canyons five or more miles distant, or to a narrow gorge with grass-grown, oak-shaded ledges known as Devil's Gate, three miles north of the town. This is one of the most interesting and rugged scenes in the Arroyo Seco. Pasadena obtains her water supply from this locality, water that is of the purity of the mountain air, clear as crystal from seepage through granite. The width of the Arroyo at this point, where precipitous rock walls crowd close, is scarcely twenty-five feet, and conditions are perfect for making a huge storage reservoir or lake on which boating can be enjoyed.

The tendency toward out-of-door life, the love of light and air and growing things is developing in the West. On Sundays, when people are freed from work, they rush away to the open, until our roads are filled with automobiles, motor cycles and all sorts of conveyances. Nearby beach, mountain resorts and city parks are thronged with picnic parties and rest parties, all getting strength and inspiration from the good medicines to be found in Nature's laboratory. While the city parks with their smooth lawns, landscape gardens, perfect walks and drives are a delight to the people, the Arroyo Seco Park will surpass them all, because it will be wild and free, untrammelled by the conventional laws, just Nature with all her kindness, simplicity, quiet and restfulness. In one of thousands of secluded bowers of greenery a family can hide for a long happy day, alone and undisturbed. If they have no home garden, they can find one here, for all the park acres, the trees, the flowers, the hills, the stream, the sky, the sunlight will belong to them. Townspeople and visiting strangers can enjoy equal privileges and possession, while artists, botanists and biologists will all find the Arroyo Seco Park a rich field for study, research, inspiration and rest.



BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: OLD FRIENDS AND COLLEGE DAYS: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS: PART THIRD



IT has always seemed to me that the people of the Hudson Valley a generation ago had a very good time; they not only appeared to enjoy greater freedom, a neighborly spirit of good fellowship and true democracy but to have more time for fun and social life as well. Fruit, fish and game were abundant and incredibly cheap; the river was so full of shad that sometimes they literally sunk the nets; ruffed grouse were everywhere in the woods; woodcock, quail and wild duck were to be shot or bought for little; the steamers nightly took away cargoes of apples, peaches, pears, grapes or berries. And there was plenty of intelligent, faithful help, no real poverty or want, and little indifference or selfishness. The river and boats held a larger share of the public interest; the water was alive with sails and the people did all their traveling and shipping by boat. It all has a glamour and sentiment for me that I hope some time may live again in a novel. And many are the legends, stories and romances that have had their origin on the shores of the old river!

E. P. Roe was then writing his novels at his home further down the river—how often has mother spoken of them, “Barriers Burned Away,” “He Fell in Love with His Wife,” etc., novels that were the best sellers in their day. Father visited him and was deeply impressed with the way Roe drank iced milk, taking glass after glass at almost a single swallow. “It will kill him,” he said, a gloomy prophecy that came true very soon. At Poughkeepsie Joel Benton was writing books and verses that I fear will scarce outlive him. Joel Benton made an impression on me. He looked like a poet, and though looks, like some poetry, are but skin deep, we are nevertheless impressed. He came to Riverby but seldom, though I have often seen him in Poughkeepsie and listened as he and father talked. He had a fanciful likeness to Tennyson, even to the droop of the eyebrow, of which he was proud, and with his long gray hair, broad hat, and artist’s cape he looked the poet in every way. One of his books, “Shall Girls Propose?” a clever little volume, prettily gotten up, and for which he had great hopes, was a disappointment. He was careless of his money to such an extent that though he said it applied to his case exactly he hugely enjoyed the story of the man who asked a friend “to change a ten dollar William” for him, and in answer to the friend’s surprised inquiry said he was not well enough acquainted to call them “bill.”

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

ANOTHER of the Hudson Valley poets, a friend of father's who often came to see us and for whom I shall always have the tenderest regard, was the poet and story writer, Henry Abbey. His book, "The Poems of Henry Abbey," is by my hand as I write and to turn the pages is to see again the summer days he used to spend here. His keenness and penetration were mellowed by a kindly and humor-loving spirit that found good in everything. He liked to tell me, when I was trying to write stories for my school paper, how Mrs. Frank Leslie, editor of *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, now the *American Magazine*, coached him in story writing, making him leave out many of his rather poetic and fanciful descriptions, saying that though they were well written real people and spicy action were wanted more. It was a great shock to Mr. Abbey when his personal friend, Oscar Wilde, was sent to the penitentiary, as, in fact, it was to everyone. I remember Wilde but dimly, our picking cherries together and his saying that mother made the best bread he had eaten in America.

That true-hearted, cross-grained Scotchman, John Muir, made a lasting impression on my boyish mind. One summer evening I rowed him and father over the river, and on the way across, just as the sun was going behind the wooded western hills and the waters were settling down for the evening quiet, father told Mr. Muir that he would take him to Slabsides for the night and Muir replied without a thought, "Oh, anywhere up here in the woods; I'm at home anywhere out-of-doors" and he indicated the shadowed woodlands in a general way with a wave of his hand. Only among hoboos and the truly great do we ever see such mental poise, such complete triumph over things material. Muir is a true geologist, with almost Oriental patience. Father's articles on geology both amused and irritated him, and he did not hesitate to tell him plainly that he knew nothing whatever about geology and would do better to stick to his birds. Both he and father were members of the Harriman Alaska Expedition, becoming fast friends, and later they visited the Yosemite together, Muir being the guide and host.

July tenth, nineteen hundred and three, was a most interesting day for us all and a most busy time for father, being the day President and Mrs. Roosevelt came to Slabsides for dinner and a long-promised visit. Though it was intensely hot the President seemed quite unconscious of it, listening eagerly for every bird note or song as we walked along the dusty highway to the woods, talking and commenting on nature and the country, and later at Slabsides reading and telling of his trips and journeys in the West. Father cooked the dinner on the oil stove and over the open fire, broiling a chicken and having fresh vegetables from the Slabsides swamp. It was all most enjoyable, as was the

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

visit to Riverby in the afternoon and at the dock when the neighbors gathered to see the President and shake hands before he went aboard the yacht "Sylph" to go down the river.

Father always likes to tell of the bird hunts he and Colonel Roosevelt have had together and of the wonderful powers of observation, the memory, and keenness of the ex-President. On a trip father took with him into Virginia, each found exactly the same number of birds, and father would always add with gleeful admiration that had the Colonel found the Lincoln's sparrow that he knew and was looking for he would have been one bird ahead.

WHEN in the fall of ninety-seven I went to Harvard father made me several visits during the four years, generally eating with me at Memorial or Foxcroft, attending lectures with me and taking me about with him in Cambridge and Boston. Those were days of rare delight, the college days we spent together; they seemed all too short, though the memory is long. Father loved football, baseball and rowing, and I remember one raw November day he stood on the Harvard bridge for an hour to see a boat race in which I rowed bow in the winning crew. He liked the football terms, too.

At home we had a cat, much petted by father, which he called "Tom Tinker, you're no thinker," the same cat being forbidden the dining room, but which took much pains to slip in, making a wide detour behind mother to get beside father's chair, where he was sure of getting some food when mother wasn't looking. I used to say, "Tom is making 'a run around the end,'" a football expression that always delighted father, when applied to Tom's crafty dodging.

Father enjoyed the short, sincere little service and prayer held every morning in Appleton Chapel, always going, as well as taking me or strongly advising me to go, advice that I was often too preoccupied to follow as much as I should. The late breakfasts, especially on Sunday, distressed him, as did irregular hours, skylarking, smoking, carousing. When Boston went crazy with joy the year Harvard beat Pennsylvania at football father was disgusted with some of the excesses. He said, soberly, that when Richmond fell he and some of the clerks went out and celebrated, but that *was* an event!

Even in these brief years many of our Cambridge friends have moved away or gone on the long journey. Mr. Page, the then editor of the *Atlantic*, at whose house I spent many pleasant hours, has moved away. Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson are gone. Dr. Hale told father on his seventieth birthday

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

that on the day father was born he was taking an examination in philosophy. I will never forget father's disgust when I told him that one day in English twenty-two, when Dr. Hale gave us a brief talk, the student next to me, who was not only a sophomore but a Boston boy at that, asked me who Dr. Hale was, and to my answer that it was Edward Everett Hale, asked in surprise who he was. Of the old guard of New England only Mr. Trowbridge is left.

I HAVE heard soldiers say that when going into action for the first time in their lives, hurrying toward the firing line, with the bullets beginning to whine over them, they had a feeling of complete nakedness. It was something akin to this that I always experienced with men like Norton, Trowbridge, Higginson, the feeling being not physical but entirely spiritual, however. I felt the hopelessness of any pretense, any veneer of manners, any attempt at being other than exactly what I was at heart. I remember that I told Prof. Norton that the college course I enjoyed the most was Fine Arts three, remembering with dismay when too late that it was his course, one he had always given until that year. My boyish mind imagining he would feel hurt, when doubtless he was pleased that the new man did so well. His home was, it seemed to me, the most charming in Cambridge; he loved the students, and no one was more venerated. One night a week his house was open to them, when he would talk of Ruskin, Turner and others, showing his books and pictures.

Trowbridge is a poet, and even though better known as a novelist his poems are nearest his heart. It was always a treat to visit his delightful home overlooking Spy Pond at Arlington, especially when I went with father; then I could listen as they discussed literature, Emerson, Holmes, Poe and their contemporaries. It has been said that our pioneer forefathers would have been most unpleasant to have lived with though delightful to live after, and the saying seems to find justification in the fact that the old-school New England gentlemen, of which Mr. Trowbridge is an example, were those who "came after." They had a gentle dignity, a poise, a mellowness of character, an unconscious absence of hurry or present-day worldliness without any of the vital, active, personal quality, nowhere so well described as by those lines of Whitman's:

"Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature,

Master of all or mistress of all, aplomb in the midst of irrational things,

Imbued as they, passive, receptive, silent as they,

Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety, foibles, crimes less important than I thought,

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

Me wherever my life is lived, Oh, to be self-balanced for contingencies,

To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do."

That poem of Poe's, "The Raven," a poem seeming almost without meaning, even nonsensical, though possessing the charm of the witchery of words to a greater degree than any other, perhaps, and which Poe himself, it is said, described as the greatest poem ever written, always fascinated, if not in a way intoxicated, both father and Mr. Trowbridge by its exotic beauty. One evening I remember Mr. Trowbridge recited it, dwelling upon and criticizing each line and expression; the line "Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor" he made seem positively ridiculous.

OF all the many letters that father has written me those from home when I was away in college are the most real, the most helpful, the most filled with sympathy and understanding. When at Riverby, especially in the fall and winter,—for at that time both my parents spent the entire year here at West Park—father was alone with his work, his books, his dog and the open fire. My letters told him, no doubt, more than I suspected, so that from his own self-knowledge and solitude he was able not only to share my joys and troubles but to give me guidance as well. Some of his letters bring back those days most vividly; to the homesick freshman they gave new courage:

Slabsides, Sept. thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

My dear Boy:

I was glad to get your letter this morning. The P. C. came last night. There was quite a hard frost the night you left, but the days have been beautiful, though sad to me. . . . You will be homesick; I know just how I felt when I first went from home forty-three years ago. And I have been more or less homesick ever since. The love of the old hills and of father and mother is deep in the very foundations of my being. I wish now I had gone to Cambridge with you and got you settled, but you will come out all right. . . . Join the boat club. Go to the theater about once a month, when there is any of the great old plays on the stage, or a great actor to be seen. Much theater-going is bad dissipation. The modern plays are generally trash and to be avoided. The course in Fine Arts I would not take this year, but Professor Charles Eliot Norton is a man you should know. Take only such courses as will put keys of knowledge in your hands so that you can help yourself by and by. Nothing can take the place of reading; to love a great author and to absorb his

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

work,—that is the true university of culture. Emerson says he got more out of certain books that he read than he did out of the college course. Have some book of true literature about to read daily. When I was your age I read Johnson and Addison eagerly. . . .

Slabside, Oct. sixteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

My dear Julian:

Your note enclosing the two letters came this morning, one of the letters was to warn me that a lot of teachers from Kingston are to make a raid on me today. . . . We reached home safely Thursday night after a dusty ride and tiresome. . . . It was very lonesome at the house. I think we both miss you now more than we did before we left home; it is now a certainty that you are fixed there in Harvard and that a wide gulf separates us. But if you only keep well and prosper in your studies, we shall endure the separation cheerfully. Children have but little idea of how the hearts of their parents yearn over them. When they get grown up and have children of their own, then they understand and sigh, and sigh when it is too late. If you live to be old you will never forget how your father and mother came to visit you at Harvard and tried so hard to do something for you. When I was your age and was at school at Ashland, father and mother came one afternoon in a sleigh and spent a couple of hours with me. They brought me some mince pies and apples. The plain old farmer and his plain old wife, how awkward and curious they looked amid the throng of young people, but how precious the thought and memory of them is to me! Later in the winter, Hiram and Wilson came each in a cutter with a girl and stayed an hour or two. . . . The world looks lovely but sad, sad. Write to us often. . . .

West Park, N. Y., Nov. seventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

My dear Julian:

If you will look westward now across New England about seven o'clock in the evening you will see a light again in my study window—a dim light there on the bank of the great river—dim even to the eye of faith. If your eye is sharp enough you will see me sitting there by my lamp nibbling at books and papers or dozing in my chair or wrapped in deep meditation. If you could penetrate my mind you would see that I am often thinking of you and wondering how your life is going at Harvard and what the future has in store for you. I found my path from the study grass grown, nearly obliterated. It made me sad. Soon, soon, I said, all the paths I have made in this world will be overgrown and neglected. I hope you may keep some of them open. The paths I have made in literature, I hope you may keep open and make others of your own. . . .

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

Riverby, Nov. seventeenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

My dear Julian:

I was very sorry to hear of that "D" and "E." I was probably quite as much cut up as you were. I have been melancholy ever since I heard of it. But you will feel better by and by. . . . One thing you are greatly lacking in, as I suppose all boys are—self-knowledge. You do not seem to know what you can or cannot do, or when you have failed or succeeded. You have always been fond of trying things beyond your powers (I the same) as in the case of the boat. I think you overestimate yourself, which I never did. You thought you ought to have had an "A" in English, and were not prepared for your low mark in French and German. Do a little self-examination and nip the bud of conceit; get at a fair estimate and make it too low rather than too high. I am sure I know my own weak points, see if you can't find yours. That saying of the ancients "know thyself" is to be pondered daily. I always keep my expectations down, so that I am never disappointed if I get a "D" or an "E." My success in life has been far beyond my expectations. I know several authors who think they have not had their just deserts; but it is their own fault. . . . I have just read this in Macaulay: "If a man brings away from Cambridge (where he graduated in eighteen hundred and twenty-two) self-knowledge, accuracy of mind and habits of strong intellectual exertion he has got the best the college can give him." That is what I think, too. . . .

Your loving father,

J. B.

There were many more, and much of the weather, the hunting, the ice coming or going in the river, the farm work, the ducks; and all that he knew would interest me. When later I was at home here, he wrote from Alaska, California, Bermuda, Florida—or wherever—and his letters were always full of the country he was visiting. The weather was an uppermost and vital interest always. As he says of himself, in "Is It Going to Rain?" in "Locust and Wild Honey," "I suspect that like most countrymen, I was born with a chronic anxiety about the weather." Then, too, the farming was always described, the height of the corn, the color and kind of soil, the look of the mountains or plains, the kind of crops—in short, nothing of the out of doors escaped father.

(To be concluded in September.)

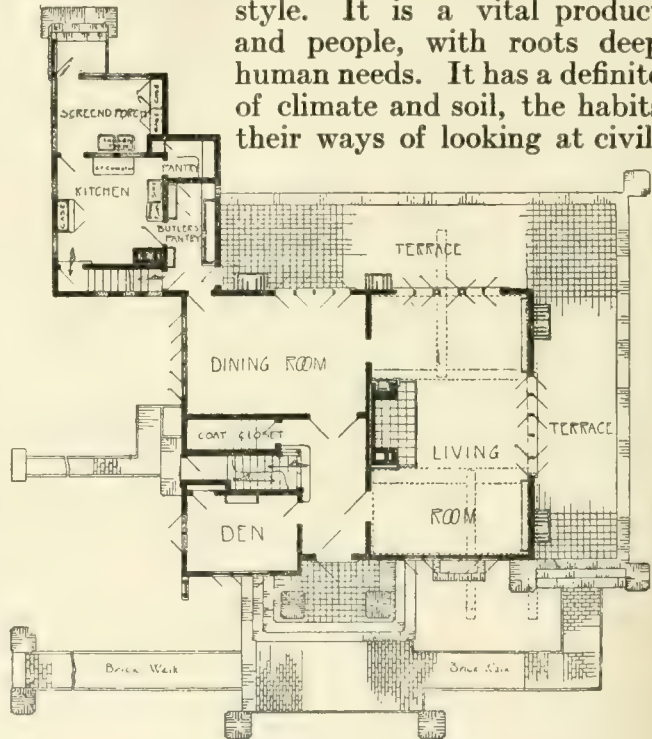
CALIFORNIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO A NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE: ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND BEAUTY AS SHOWN IN THE WORK OF GREENE AND GREENE, ARCHITECTS



THE value of Western architecture, locally and to the nation at large, and its widening influence upon home-building all over the country are facts not to be estimated lightly. Every day it is becoming more evident that America is writing her own architectural history, and writing it with no uncertain hand. The East, on the whole, has still a good deal to learn—and perhaps even more to unlearn—before it can achieve much practical or artistic significance in the construction of its homes; but the West has for some time been recording on the fair page of the Pacific Slope what promises to be an important chapter in the life of the people.

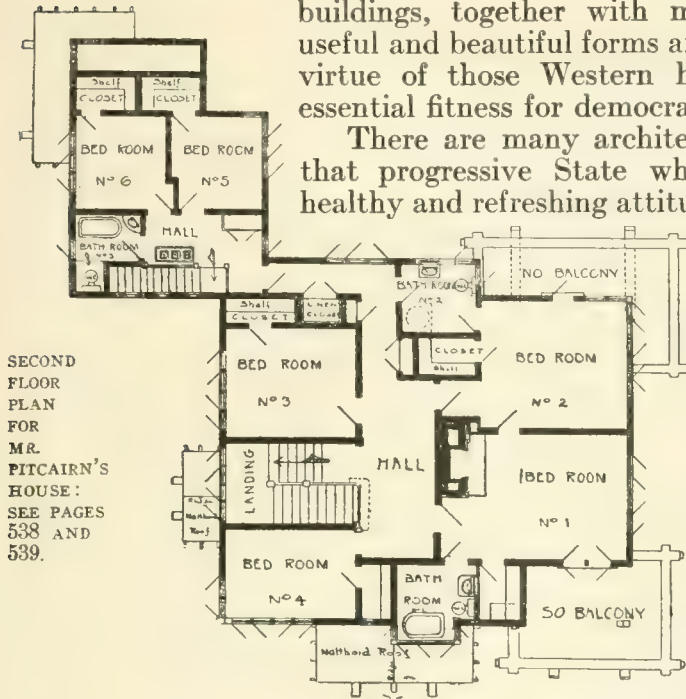
The significance, moreover, of this Western accomplishment arises chiefly from the sincerity of spirit in which it is being undertaken. The type of home that abounds today in California—a type in which practical comfort and art are skilfully wedded—is no architectural pose, no temporary of the time, place in geographical and relation to the kind of the people and ization and nature. It is equally rich in historic traditions and in provision for present needs. Based on the old Mission forms, which in their turn drew inspiration from the ideals of Spaniard and Moor, modern Californian architecture has nevertheless made those traditions servants, not masters. And while drawing from that romantic background both the sturdy spirit of the simple old pioneer

style. It is a vital product and people, with roots deep human needs. It has a definite of climate and soil, the habits their ways of looking at civil-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR MR. PITCAIRN'S HOUSE:
SEE PAGES 538 AND 539.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST



buildings, together with many of their most useful and beautiful forms and details, the main virtue of those Western homes lies in their essential fitness for democratic American life.

There are many architects and builders in that progressive State who have shown this healthy and refreshing attitude toward their art,

and their work is full of vigorous inspiration and spontaneous outdoor appeal arising from close sympathy with the people and environment. And among those who have helped to make the homes of California proverbial for wise planning and

structural beauty, perhaps none has contributed more effectively than the well-known Pasadena firm of Greene & Greene.

Feeling that the work of these men is full of interest and convincing charm and so will be welcomed by all who care about the problems of home-building, from either a national or a personal standpoint, we are presenting in this issue a number of illustrations of houses designed by them, which seem to us especially characteristic of Western ideals and achievement.

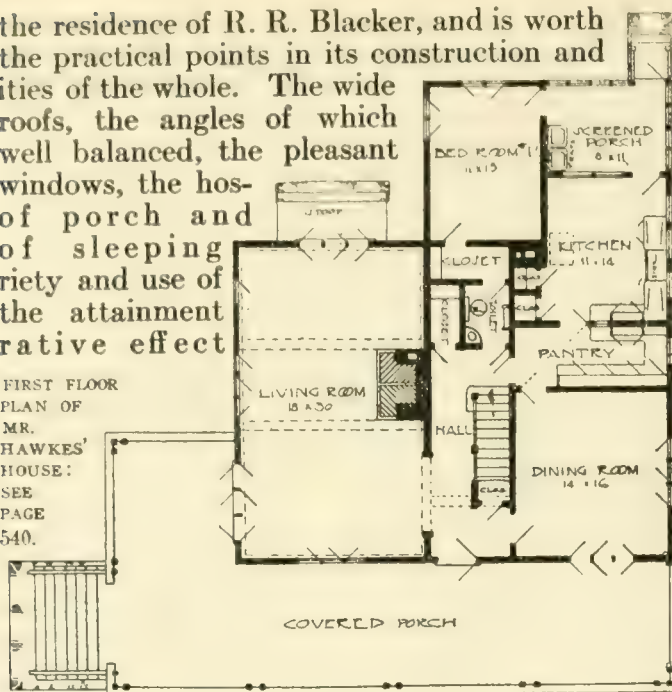
One of the first impressions gained from a casual survey of these photographs is the unusually wide variety of the designs. True, there is throughout a resemblance in spirit and purpose, due to the old Mission source and the similarity of the general surroundings. Each building has the typical features of the California home—the low, widespreading roof lines, the solid yet picturesque walls, the frank use of structural beams, the luxurious spaces of porch and balcony and the quiet loveliness of the interior. And yet, so ample has been the range of the architects' imagination, and so diverse the treatment in each particular case, that one feels each house possesses a definite personality of its own, a certain uniqueness both of idea and expression.

The first house, shown on page five hundred and thirty-seven, is

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the residence of R. R. Blacker, and is worth the practical points in its construction andities of the whole. The wide roofs, the angles of which well balanced, the pleasant windows, the hos- of porch and of sleeping riety and use of the attainment rative effect

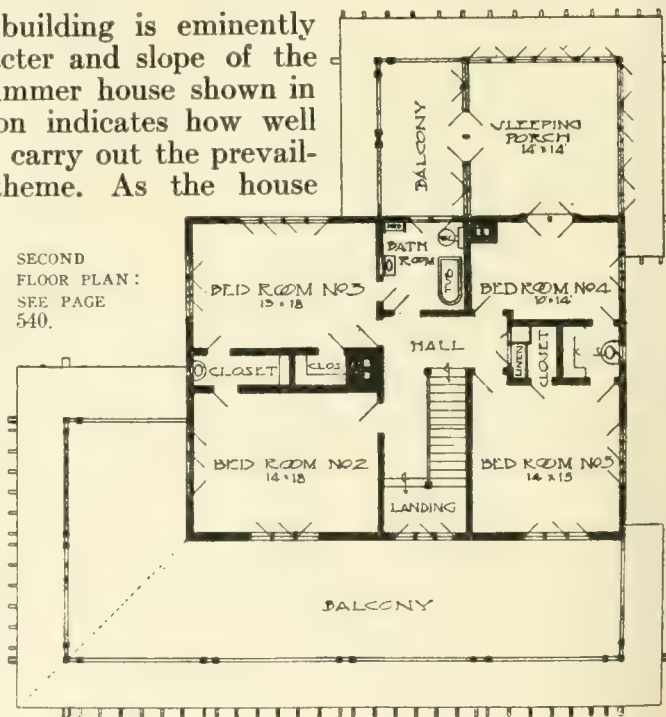
FIRST FLOOR
PLAN OF
MR.
HAWKES'
HOUSE:
SEE
PAGE
540.



studying both for the æsthetic qual-overhang of the are so restful and grouping of the pitable breadth sheltered placing balconies, the va-the materials (and of a very deco-through the me-dium of the struc-ture itself—all these things are important units in the final beauty. Not the least of its attributes is the exceptional har-mony between the house and its sur-rounding garden.

The design of the building is eminently suited to the character and slope of the ground, and the summer house shown in the upper illustration indicates how well the garden features carry out the prevail-ing architectural theme. As the house occupies a choice site, raised above adjoining streets, fine views are af-forded from all sides across the broad valley to the shadowy moun-tains beyond. It will be noticed that the arrange-ment of the gar-den, the walks around the lake and the little stream that trick-

SECOND
FLOOR PLAN:
SEE PAGE
540.



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST

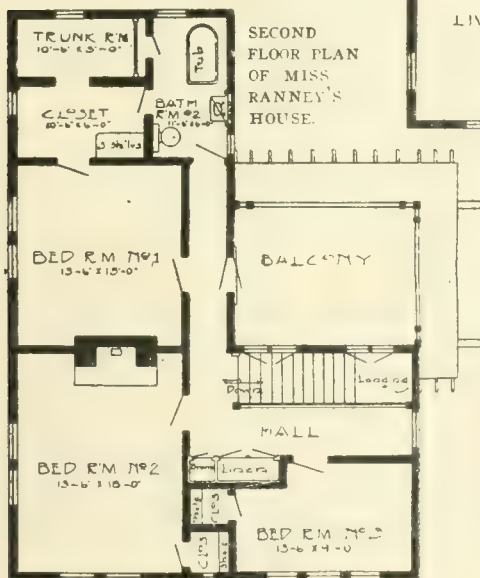
les over the rocks show the Japanese influence which is felt in so many of our American gardens today.

The materials used in the Blacker residence are split redwood shakes and clinker brick. The shakes were dipped in a soft brownish green stain and harmonize wonderfully with the landscape. The architects designed everything—buildings and grounds (including the main house, a garage, a keeper's cottage, lath house for plants, pergola, lake, etc.), as well as the interior finish, furniture, electric fixtures and hangings. We have not been able to include interior views, but some of the photographs on other pages will give an idea of the homelike atmosphere that are fortunate enough to owe furnishings to the care of

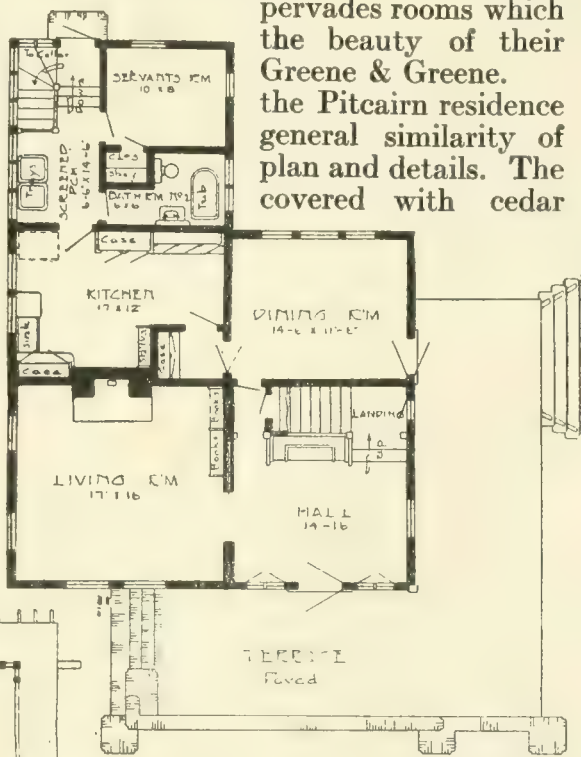
Turning to the views of in Pasadena, we find a design but entirely different sides of the building are shingles, left to turn gray by weathering, and the roof is covered with asphalt felt, which is especially suitable to the low pitch. The gutter is designed practically and with good lines, and

pervades rooms which the beauty of their Greene & Greene.

the Pitcairn residence general similarity of plan and details. The covered with cedar



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MISS RANNEY'S HOUSE.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MISS RANNEY'S HOUSE: SEE PAGE 541.

the leaders are of copper. The casements are hinged to swing inward. The solid timbers used in the construction give a decorative note to the exterior that is delightfully frank and pleasing, and the mortise and tenon joints

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST

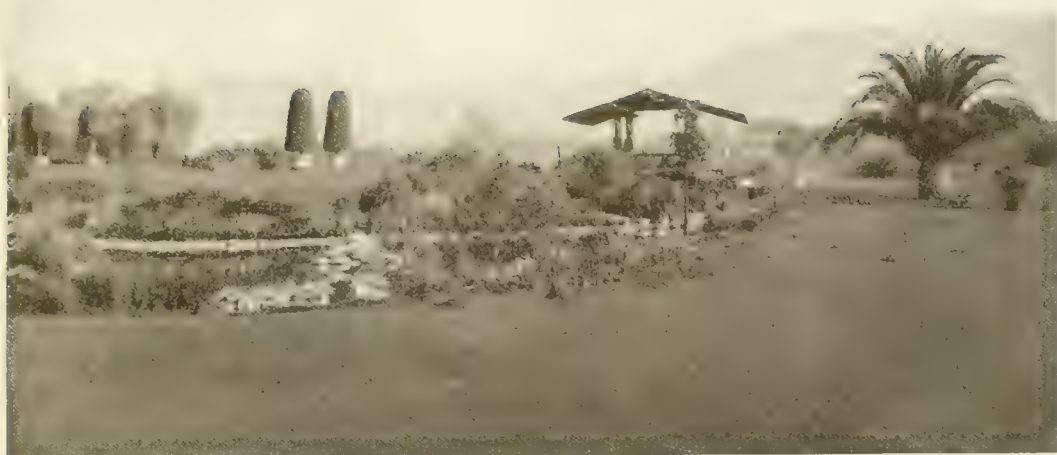
secured with hardwood pins and wedges are extremely craftsmanlike.

The terraces are paved with red tile, eight by eight inches, and the steps are of the overburned brick which is used a great deal in that locality for such purposes. The color of the brick is full of interest, and when wide joints and harmoniously tinted mortar are used the finished work is most effective. The same style of brickwork is used in the Ranney house, the photographs of which, on page five hundred and forty-one, show the friendly quality of this construction.

The well-planned interior of the Pitcairn home and the ample provisions for outdoor living and sleeping are shown by the floor plans. As Mr. Henry M. Greene has put it, "the whole construction was carefully thought out and there was a reason for every detail. The idea was to eliminate everything unnecessary, to make the whole as direct and simple as possible, but always with the beautiful in mind as the final goal." This principle refers equally to the other houses shown, and its successful application accounts for the unusual beauty of the results.

Another house which combines many delightful and typical Western features in a different way is the home of F. W. Hawkes, shown on page five hundred and forty. Here again the general lines of the building are straight and square, yet so attractively have the various materials been used that the effect is one of almost Oriental or tropical richness. This is heightened by the ingenious way in which the plants and shrubs have been used around the walls and porches, as though the spirit of the garden were trying to invade every balcony and door. As the pictures indicate, the house is satisfying on every side, each wall, roof and angle offering some unexpected glimpse of loveliness. The floor plans are also worth noting, and one can imagine what opportunities they offer for interest of furnishings and interior trim.

The home of Miss Mary Ranney shown next is equally satisfying in its own way. Here again we find the long, rather low-pitched roof and wide overhang that so often characterize California architecture. The projecting beams are repeated in the pergola construction that shelters one corner of the terrace, where comfortable chairs and a swinging seat tempt one from within doors to this breezy open-air living room. The rest of the ample terrace is edged by a parapet of brick, which with its straggling vines forms one of the most attractive features of the place. The quiet harmony of the exterior is further emphasized by the broad, well-placed steps which repeat the brick note of the wall and carry out the terrace effect of the approach. There is an air of unaffected hospitality, of genuine invitation about the place that is particularly winning, and when one stops to consider



Greene & Greene Architects.

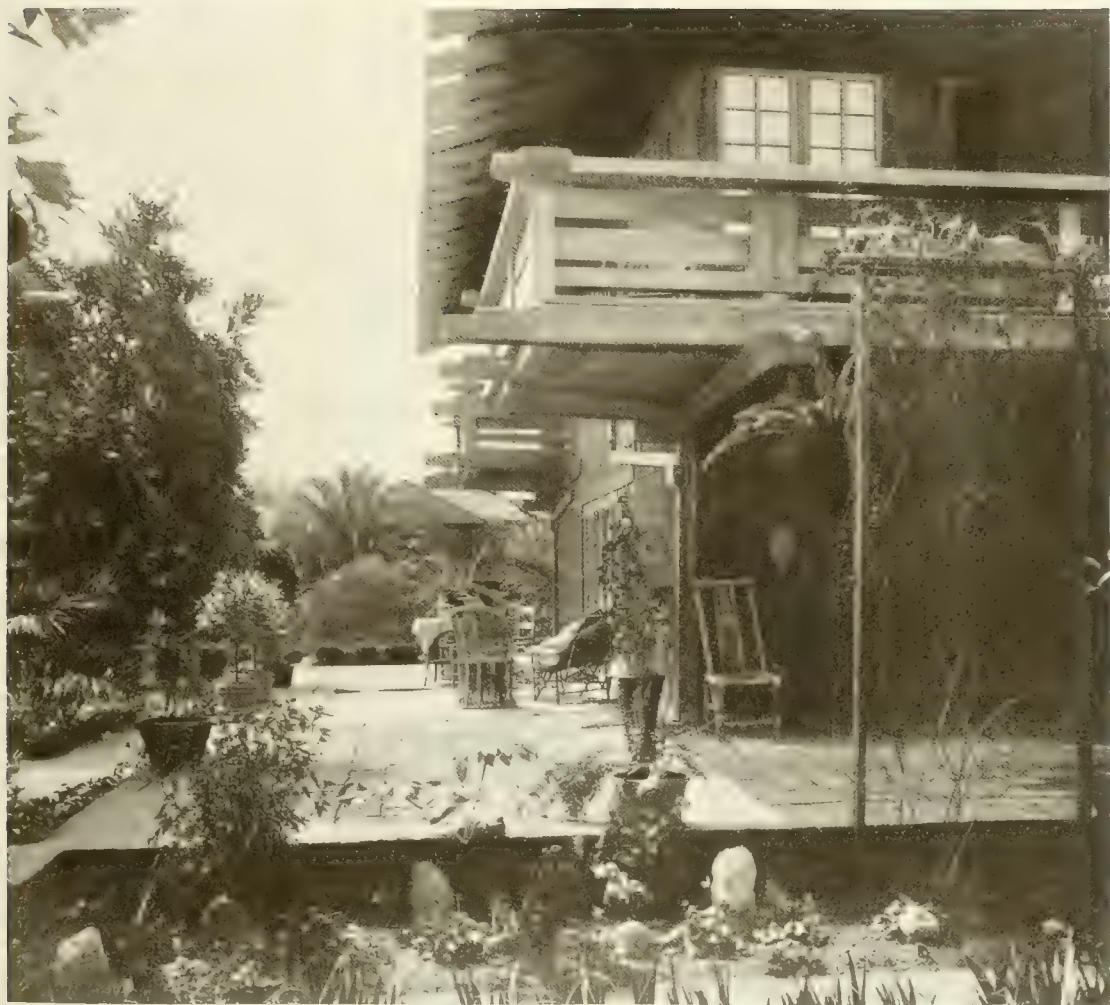
VUE OF MR. R. R. BLACKER'S GARDEN: THE LITTLE SUMMER HOUSE SHOWS HOW THE GARDEN FEATURES CARRY OUT THE PREVAILING ARCHITECTURAL MOTIF.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. BLACKER'S HOUSE. A CONTINUATION OF THE PICTURE ABOVE, SHOWING THE TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE AND ELEVATION OF HOUSE TO LANDSCAPE.



Greene & Greene Architects.

TWO VIEWS OF THE PITCAIRN RESIDENCE IN PASADENA: A TYPICAL MODERN CALIFORNIA HOUSE WITH ITS OPPORTUNITIES FOR OPEN-AIR LIVING, ITS LONG ROOF LINE, WELL-RELATED BUILDING MATERIALS AND GENERAL AIR OF COMFORT.



A DETAIL VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF THE HIGASHI RESIDENCE, SHOWING THE JAPANESE TASTE OF THE WOODWORK AND THE DELIGHTFUL WAY IN WHICH THE GARDEN HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO ENCROACH UPON THE TERRACE-LIVING ROOM.



Greene & Greene Architects

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE HOME OF MR. F. W. HAWKES: ALTHOUGH THE HOUSE IS ESSENTIALLY SIMPLE IN ITS OUTLINE, SO COMPLETELY HAS THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN INVADDED THE PORCH AND BALCONY THAT THE GENERAL EFFECT IS ONE OF TROPICAL RICHNESS.



Greene & Greene, Architects.

TWO VIEWS ARE GIVEN HERE OF THE HOME OF MISS MARY RANNEY, WHICH ILLUSTRATE MOST DELIGHTFULLY THE CALIFORNIA ATTITUDE TOWARD HOME COMFORT, WITH ITS PERGOLA PORCHES, ITS OUTDOOR SLEEPING ROOM AND CLOSE PROXIMITY OF GARDEN: THE BRICKWORK WITH WIDE JOINTS IS AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FEATURE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION.



DETAIL OF A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY IN MRS. L. A. ROBINSON'S HOUSE; THE VIEWS OF THE EXTERIOR AND TWO SIDES OF THE DINING ROOM ARE GIVEN ON PAGE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR. THE BRICKWORK IN THE CHIMNEY AND WALL OF THE LIBRARY IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING, SHOWING HOW FINISHED AN EFFECT CAN BE GIVEN TO A MATERIAL WHICH IS ORDINARILY SUPPOSED TO BE ADAPTED ONLY TO THE EXTERIOR OF HOUSES, WALLS, STEPS OR PATHS; IN CALIFORNIA APPARENTLY THERE IS NO PREJUDICE AGAINST THE USE OF BRICK FOR THE INTERIOR WALL FINISH OF A ROOM AND IT IS TREATED IN VARIOUS NEW AND PICTURESQUE WAYS TO ADAPT IT TO THIS MORE INTIMATE USAGE; IN THIS ROOM THE BRICK IS A SOFT BROWN, HARMONIZING WITH THE FUMED OAK FURNITURE AND WOODWORK; THE LEADED GLASS IN THE WINDOW IS VERY PALE AMBER WITH CLEAR ANTIQUE IN CONVENTIONAL LEAF DESIGN; ALL THE METAL WORK IS BLACK IRON AND SERVES TO ACCENT THE SOFT BROWNS AND YELLOWS OF THE OTHER FURNISHINGS.



Greene & Greene, Architects.

DETAIL OF THE DINING ROOM OF MRS. ROLTON'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE INTERESTING EFFECT OF CEILING-IN WALLS FINISHED WITH STENCIL FRIEZE; THE FURNITURE IS ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE ROOM, AND THE FIREPLACE IS SIMPLE AND WELL CONSTRUCTED.

DETAIL VIEW OF PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO MR. THEODORE IRWIN'S HOUSE, SHOWING A MOST UNUSUAL AND PICTURESQUE USE OF BUILDING MATERIALS IN THE COMBINATION OF BRICK AND COBBLESTONE: LARGE STONES ARE USED IN THE FOUNDATION OF THE PORCH AND SMALLER ONES ARE SCATTERED THROUGH THE SUPPORTING PILLARS AT WIDENING INTERVALS, UNTIL AT THE TOP SOLID BRICK IS USED: THE EFFECT IS UNIQUE, GIVING A SENSE OF SOLIDITY AT THE FOUNDATION, OF RICH COLOR AND GREATER LIGHTNESS AT THE CROWN: SOLID STONES ARE USED EITHER SIDE OF THE PATH WHICH LEADS TO THIS ENTRANCE AND THE FLOOR OF THE PATH IS COVERED WITH TILES: A GREAT JAPANESE LANTERN IS SEEN AT THE LEFT OF THE ENTRANCE, A MOST PICTURESQUE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ORDINARY GLITTERING ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND ONE SEEN VERY OFTEN IN WESTERN GARDENS: THE COLOR SCHEME SHOWN AT THE ENTRANCE, IN THE NATURAL-HUED STONE, THE REDDISH TILE, THE BRICK, THE BEAMS OF REDWOOD AND THE SHINGLES OF THE HOUSE, IS ONE OF RARE BEAUTY, NOT COUNTING IN THE GREAT TREE THAT SHADOWS THE ENTRANCE AND ADDS ITS OWN CHARM



Greene & Greene, Architects.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. THEODORE IRWIN'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE USE OF COBBLESTONE AS A SUPPORT FOR THE TERRACE AND THE COMBINATION OF STONE AND BRICK IN THE CHIMNEYS AND PORCH PARAPETS: THE HOUSE ITSELF IS BUILT OF SPLIT REDWOOD SHAKES.



Greene & Greene, Architects.

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE OF MRS. L. A. ROBINSON, WHICH IS DEFINITELY REMINISCENT OF THE SPANISH MISSIONS, AND FURNISHES AMPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR OUTDOOR LIVING. CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN MR. ROBINSON'S HOUSE, SHOWING WOODWORK, WALL FINISH AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECTS TO HARMONIZE BEAUTIFULLY WITH INTERIOR FITTINGS.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST

the very simple way in which this effect has been produced, the utter absence of ornamentation and display, one realizes how much that is beautiful can be accomplished by thoughtful planning, good construction and regard for balance of the various parts.

The floor plans of which this friendly exterior is the result show great economy of arrangement and care for the practical comfort and happiness of the household; not the least important part is the big screened balcony that occupies one corner of the second floor and no doubt makes an excellent outdoor sleeping apartment.

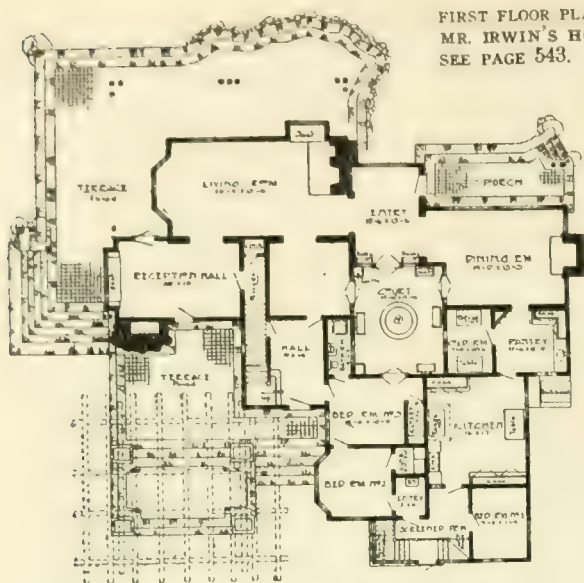
The views on page five hundred and forty-three show the home of Theodore Irwin, which is an old house remodeled. The additions and alterations have been made with such skill and imagination, and the handling of both the building itself and the garden around it is so sympathetic that the ensemble is extremely pleasing. The irregular stonework that walls the lawn has been echoed here and there in the brick parapet, pergola pillars and chimney in such a way as to link the house and its terrace effectively to the surrounding grounds.

While such architectural devices as this are of course the evidences of careful art, they give the place an impromptu and spontaneous touch that is really their chief charm. While stopping short of the eccentric, they add a little sense of the unexpected that relieves the more dignified and conventional lines of the rest of the building. For in architecture, as in every other phase of art, the presence of what may be termed "surprises," when not carried to extremes, may greatly enhance the interest of the work and capture the eye with unexpected and refreshing glimpses.

A study of the floor plans of the Irwin house in connection with the views of the exterior reveals a charming and somewhat unique arrangement. Outside, the living space is extended by roomy terraces and porches, sheltered here by a balcony and there by a pergola roof supported on massive pillars of irregularly laid brick. Still further love of fresh-air life is evidenced by the interior court, with its central fountain and open galleries above—a most appropriate arrangement in the California climate. Glass doors give access to the court from several rooms, and doors from the bedrooms above open onto the gallery. The rooms with their many windows and cheerful outlooks are comfortably planned, and open fireplaces add to the homelike feeling of the interior.

Very different in materials and structure from the preceding houses is the home of Mrs. L. A. Robinson. This is even more reminiscent than the others of the Spanish type. One feels here the influence of the California Missions in the cement walls with their simple lines in which severity and grace are so wonderfully blended, in the mas-

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF
MR. IRWIN'S HOUSE:
SEE PAGE 543.

sive chimneys, the solid woodwork and the slightly formal touches of potted shrubs and clipped vines. A further decorative note is embodied in the half-timber of the upper walls and the

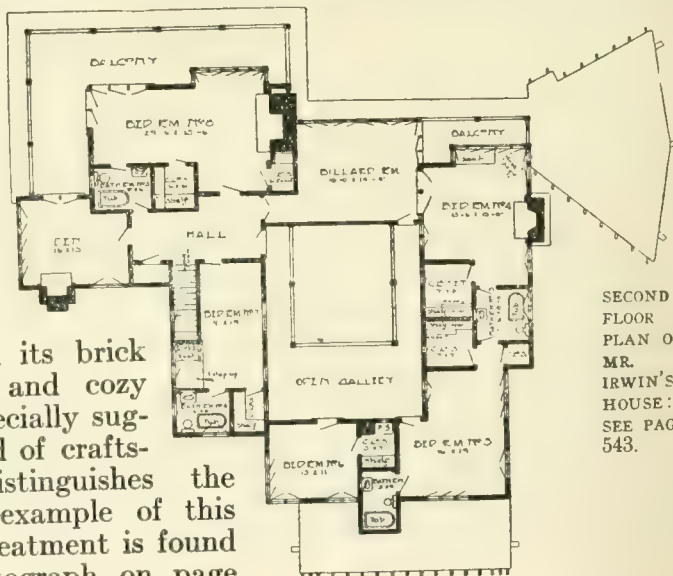
long beams of the pergola roof.

It would be difficult to imagine a house more characteristic of this Western State, for it holds the spirit of both the old life and the new, is picturesque from every angle and at the

same time is obviously designed for the convenience and contentment of the owners. A home of this type is more than an individual dwelling place; it is a permanent monument of the life of the people and the period.

The two views of the interior (one of which is shown on page five hundred and forty-two and the other on page five hundred and

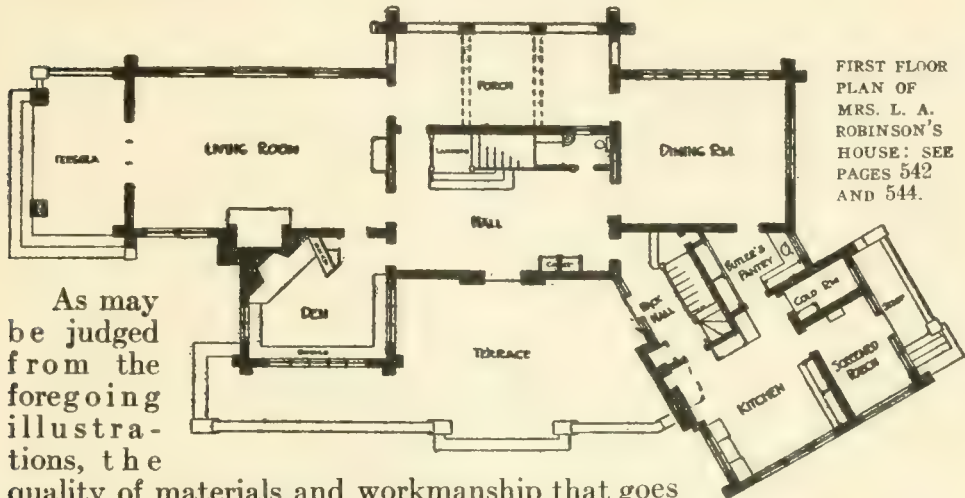
forty - four) fulfil one's happiest expectations. The woodwork and furnishings are sturdy and simple, well made, well proportioned, radiating a real home atmosphere. The glimpse of the fireplace corner, with its brick walls, solid shelf and cozy furnishings, is especially suggestive of the kind of craftsmanship that distinguishes the rooms. Another example of this style of interior treatment is found in the lower photograph on page



SECOND
FLOOR
PLAN OF
MR.
IRWIN'S
HOUSE:
SEE PAGE
543.

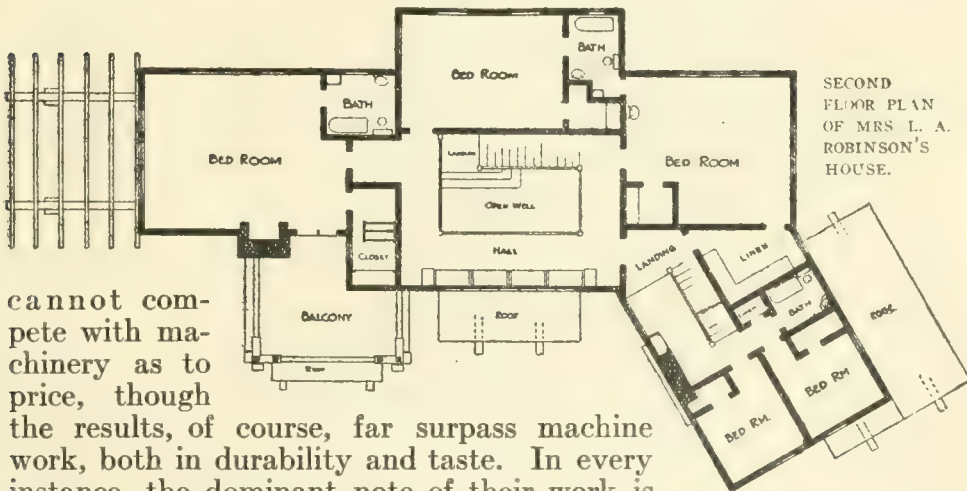
DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST

five hundred and forty-two, which shows the dining room of Mrs. Bolton's home.



FIRST FLOOR
PLAN OF
MRS. L. A.
ROBINSON'S
HOUSE: SEE
PAGES 542
AND 544.

As may be judged from the foregoing illustrations, the quality of materials and workmanship that goes into the houses built by Messrs. Greene & Greene renders them of necessity expensive. The construction is always of the best and includes much hand labor—which obviously



SECOND
FLOOR PLAN
OF MRS. L. A.
ROBINSON'S
HOUSE.

cannot compete with machinery as to price, though the results, of course, far surpass machine work, both in durability and taste. In every instance, the dominant note of their work is sincerity—and that, after all, is the thing that is going to make California's architecture a vital record in the chronicle of the nation, and help push forward the art of home-building toward our great democratic ideal.

A BALLAD OF THE MENDICANTS.

NOT ragged, as in days of old,
Not footsore and forspent,
Are these, the merry mendicants
To whom our lives are lent;
In silk and tinsel garmented,
Tricked out for garish play,
They pass, and passing laugh aloud
To hear the Givers pray—
They pass, and passing cry aloud,
Though never sound we hear,
“An alms! An alms! good folk, today,
For charity and cheer!”

And all they have and all they are
The Givers gave to them;
The Givers wrought the silken robe
From collar-band to hem;
The Givers wrought the tinsel crown
With weariness for goad;
And for their passing nonchalance
The Givers built the road.

Not humble, as in days of old,
Contented with a crust,
Nor sick and sad as Lazarus
Left prone upon the dust,
Our mendicants go daintily
From banquet hall to bower;
Untroubled by tomorrow's need
They live their lavish hour;
Untroubled by tomorrow's need
And debts of yesteryear.
They feast, and feasting, sigh, “Give more,
For charity and cheer!”

But all the bounty of their board
The Givers hoarded up,
And for the wine they wallow in
The Givers hold the cup,
And for the flowers that deck their halls
The Givers' plants were shorn,
And all the care they have not known
The Givers' souls have borne.

A BALLAD OF THE MENDICANTS

Not acquiescent in their debt,
As beggars were of yore,
Who cried a blessing on the wealth
It served them to implore,
Our mendicants would grace the gift
Because to them it goes,
And claim the pomp of the poor flower
Too proud to be a rose!
They claim a myriad gifts of life
To heart and soul most dear,
And, as their due, they cry, "An alms!
For charity and cheer!"

But though they fatten all their days
And leave the Givers lean,
And though they wear a raiment soft
And leave the Givers mean,
And though they pass on ways made fair
By those who must endure,
The gift returns to him who gives
And leaves the beggar poor!

Oh, merry mendicants and mad,
What solace have ye won,
Who choose a soft and easy thing
When deeds are to be done?
God's pity on the cup ye drink,
The food ye do not earn!
Such banquets do not nourish well,
Such wine hath power to burn,
God's pity on the barren life
That finds the truth with fear
And wakens late to cry, "An alms!
For charity and cheer."

For all ye have and all ye are
The Givers gave to you;
They wrought the Soul ye shall not be,
By deeds ye did not do;
And though ye feast upon their toil,
Their health and love today,
Ye die! They live! The gift returns!
Strength holds to strength alway!

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.



TWO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SMALL FAMILIES OF SIM- PLE TASTES AND MODERATE MEANS

IN planning the houses that we publish in *THE CRAFTSMAN* every month, and getting in closer touch with those of our friends and subscribers who are personally interested in the many-sided problem of home-making, we have found an increasing demand for small and moderate-sized dwellings. This is no doubt partly accounted for by the fact that the uncertainties and difficulties of the "servant question" have thrown many housewives on their own resources and either compelled or inspired them to take household matters entirely into their own hands. Naturally, therefore, they have wanted the kind of homes that would make the duties of house-keeping as light as possible, and the kind of woodwork and furnishings that would not require an unreasonable amount of care to keep in order.

In addition to this economic phase of the matter, there is a less tangible but equally—perhaps even more—urgent reason for the modern tendency toward simplification of the home. And that is the sincere and steadily increasing impulse of the people toward democratic ideals of living. Reacting from the overconventionalized and artificial conditions that for so many years have been held as standard, the men and women of today are feeling the need of simpler things and simpler ways, of greater freedom from the tyranny of material possessions and environment.

Moreover, the average home-builder cannot afford a large, pretentious house; his purse if not his taste calls for simplicity and economy. Yet at the same time he wants good quality of workmanship, durable materials and as much comfort and beauty as can be brought together within the limits of space and income.

Working along these lines, therefore, we have designed this month two simple Craftsman cottages which we are illustrating here, both of which were suggested by subscribers. In each instance the materials used are stone for the foundation, stucco on metal lath for the walls, shingles for the roof, brick for the chimney. Either design, however, would lend itself readily to other materials. Casement windows have been used throughout, and these, with their small square panes give a decorative touch to the somewhat plain walls.

The first cottage, No. 141, owes the homelike charm of its exterior to the sheltered and inviting spaces of the two porches, the careful grouping of the windows and the long sweeping line of the roof which is so pleasantly broken by dormers in both front and rear. The construction of the front dormer is especially worth noticing, for the bedrooms to which it gives headroom overlook a recessed balcony, sunk in the sloping roof, its floor formed by the ceiling of the porch below. The inner sides of this balcony are lined with V-jointed boards, and the floor is covered with canvas, made waterproof by paint like the deck of a ship. Not the least attractive feature of the balcony is the arrangement of flower-boxes along the front. These are covered with shingles and should be lined with a waterproof metal such as zinc.

Two steps lead up to the entrance porch with its cement floor and pillars of hand-hewn trees. A typical Craftsman door, which adds much to the hospitable air of the approach, opens directly into the spacious living room which occupies practically half of the first floor. Opposite the door is the welcome presence of an open fireplace, which is the main point of interest in the room.

Especially interesting from a structural and decorative standpoint is the placing of the staircase on the right. A couple of steps above the floor level is the pleasant

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

landing lighted by a group of three windows in the side wall, and made inviting by a built-in seat in the corner. Post and panel construction separate this seat as well as the lower steps of the main stairs from the living room, and the shelves above the panels afford a delightful place for a pot of ferns or bowl of flowers. In fact, this necessary structural feature of the interior may be made an unusually attractive part of the home.

To the left of the fireplace is a wide opening into the dining room, which may be either screened off for greater privacy by portières or left uncurtained, in which case it will seem practically an extension of the living room, giving a sense of generous openness to the lower floor.

A swing door communicates with the kitchen, which may also be reached from the living room. A small but convenient closet occupies the space behind the chimneypiece, and on the opposite side of the little passageway the stairs go down to the cellar.

The kitchen is not large but is conveniently equipped with cupboard, sink and drainboard, ice-box and tubs, and the range is so placed that its flue may be carried into the same chimney as the living-room fireplace. The tubs and sink have been placed beneath the windows so that those who use them will have as much light and cheerfulness as possible for their work.

From the kitchen one steps onto the covered porch at the rear, which is sufficiently large to form a pleasant place for the performing of many household tasks. If draped with vines and surrounded by flower-beds, lawn or vegetable garden it will help to brighten the kitchen outlook and the labor of housewife or maid.

Upstairs three bedrooms, sewing room and bath are provided, with ample closet space and storage room in the corners below the slope of the roof. Glass doors between the windows of the two front bedrooms give access to the sleeping balcony, and the irregular shape of the rooms will afford many opportunities for variety of furnishing which plain rectangles would lack.

If a Craftsman fireplace is used here, as shown, the problem of heating and ventilating the cottage will be a comparatively simple matter. The living room will be heated by direct radiation and warm air registers located in the upper portion of the

chimneypiece; for the dining room a register can be placed in the rear wall of the fireplace; the two front bedrooms will need only registers in the floor above the heater, and the rear bedroom and bathroom can be reached by short pipes. The sewing room will probably receive sufficient warmth from the adjoining bedroom if the door between them is left open.

The second cottage, No. 142, is about the same size as the preceding one, but is full two stories high and quite different in arrangement. The exterior is made comfortable and attractive by the roofed entrance porch and the vine-covered pergola at the side. Wood is used here for the pillars and overhead beams, and V-jointed boards are used in the gables and at the ends of the porch roof. A decorative note is added by the placing of field stone around the edge of the porch, the stone being put in before the cement floor is dry, and the cement being filled in well between the joints, leaving the tops and sides of the stone exposed. The long flower-box at the corner will also give a welcome touch of picturesqueness to the cottage.

As in the previous plan, no vestibule is shown, for the entrance door is well protected by the wide overhang of the porch. The living room is large, well lighted by window groups in three walls as well as by the opening into the dining room. The latter has access to the pergola through a sheltered door in the corner. On one side of the swing door leading to the kitchen is a convenient built-in china closet, while in the corresponding space behind is the kitchen cupboard. A small porch is provided at the rear. The stairs can be reached from both living room and kitchen, a very convenient arrangement which obviates the wasted space of a hall, and a window in the side wall lights the small landing to which the two flights of lower steps ascend.

The upper floor plan is simple and compact, and like the lower story would require very little labor to keep it in order. Three bedrooms open out of the small upper hall, and plenty of closets are provided. In this case the bathroom and toilet are arranged separately, a practical plan when the floor space permits.

This cottage can be readily heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, only a few short pipes being needed to carry heat to some of the upper rooms. In both of these designs the cellar may be omitted if

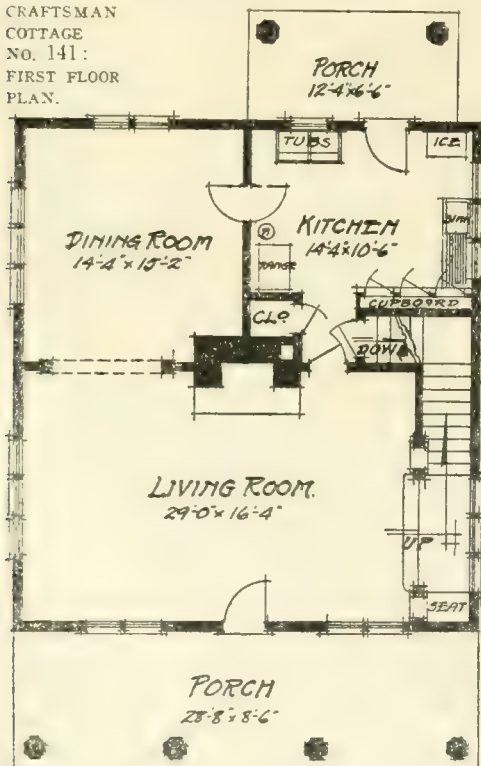
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

preferred, as our heater, being installed in a main room of the house instead of a cellar or basement, needs merely an ash pit when coal is to be burned and no excavation at all if wood is to be the fuel. In fact, even the ash pit may be dispensed with if necessary, and the ashes removed in the room from beneath the grate. When no cellar is built, the space below the staircase to the second floor can be used for storing fuel.

Both designs shown here are capable of some modification to meet the individual requirements of the owner. For instance, if a sleeping balcony were desired in cottage No. 142, it would be possible to build it above one of the porches, instead of the sloping roof or pergola shown here. Such a change would detract nothing from the good proportions of the building, and would add little to the cost of construction.

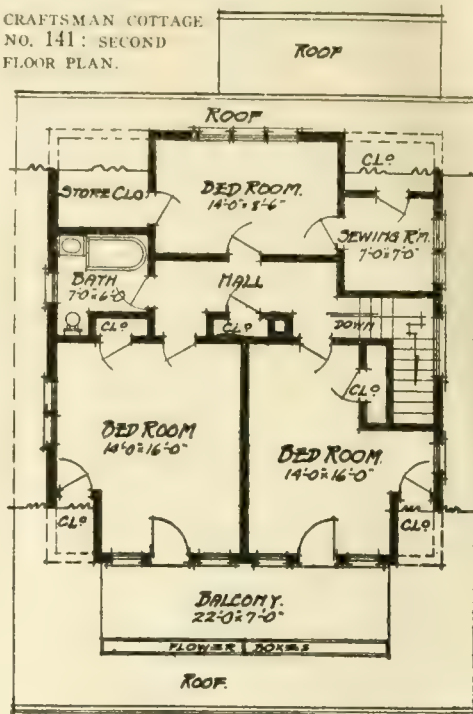
For the sake of economy, we have included only one or two pieces of built-in furniture, but if desired many comfortable and permanent fittings could be incorporated in the plans—cushioned seats beneath the windows, in some inviting corner or beside the hearth, and built-in bookshelves against some convenient wall space.

CRAFTSMAN
COTTAGE
NO. 141:
FIRST FLOOR
PLAN.



A GREAT deal of the beauty of a house depends, of course, upon the layout of the grounds, the spaces and colors of the garden and the various features of garden architecture. Among the latter one of the most practical and pictur-

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE
NO. 141: SECOND
FLOOR PLAN.

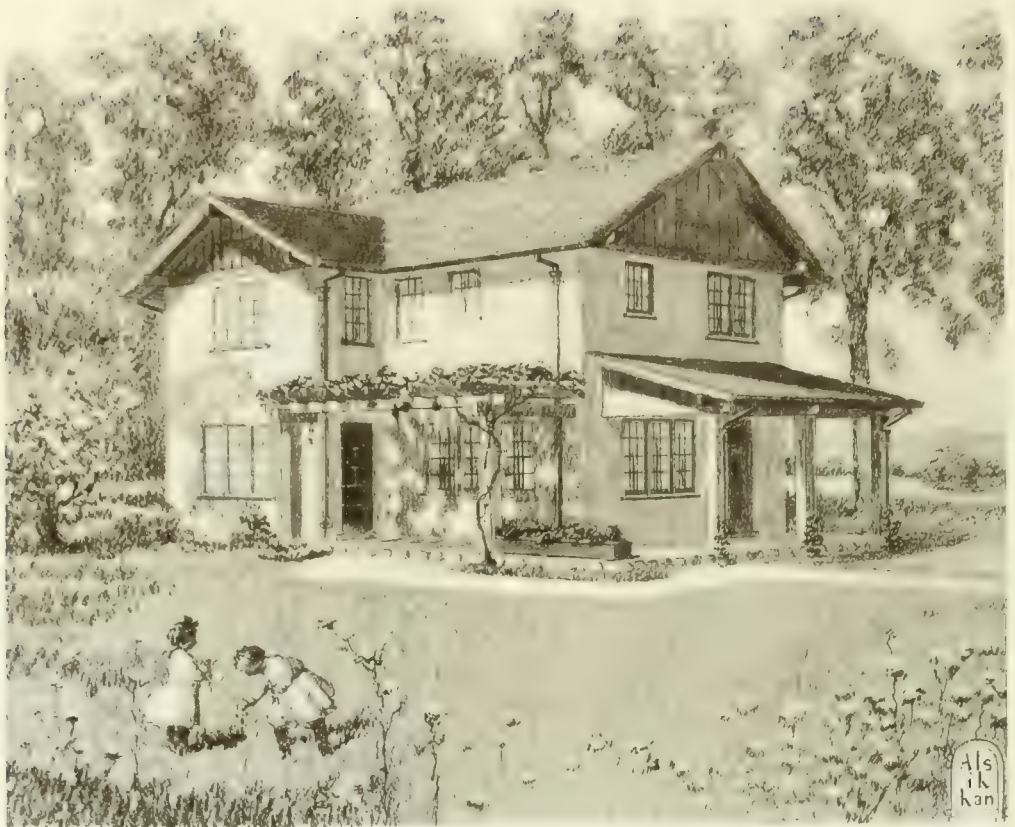


esque devices is the lattice. While very simple in construction and easily made, it holds seemingly inexhaustible possibilities both of form and of application. Whether the strips of wood are used diagonally to make diamond-shaped spaces, or vertically and horizontally to form little squares, the effect is always one of decorative charm. Used in connection with a somewhat severe and solid type of building, it gives a light touch of ornamentation that relieves the monotony of the main structure and brings a feeling of intimacy and grace to what might otherwise have been a rather plain exterior. Placed against the flat surface of a brick, concrete or stucco wall, and planted with some rich-foliaged creeper or blossoming vine, it not only transforms an uninteresting spot into one of beauty, but also brings the house into closer contact with the garden and strengthens the sense of unity between the work of man and the work of nature. If one cannot have window-boxes, latticework placed below the



Gusta, Stuckley Architect.

CRAFTSMAN STUCCO COTTAGE, No. 141: SEVEN
ROOMS, TWO PORCHES AND A BALCONY



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

TWO-STORY STUCCO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE, NO.
142; SIX ROOMS, TWO PORCHES AND PERGOLA.

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

window will coax the vines up over the sill to gladden the room within.

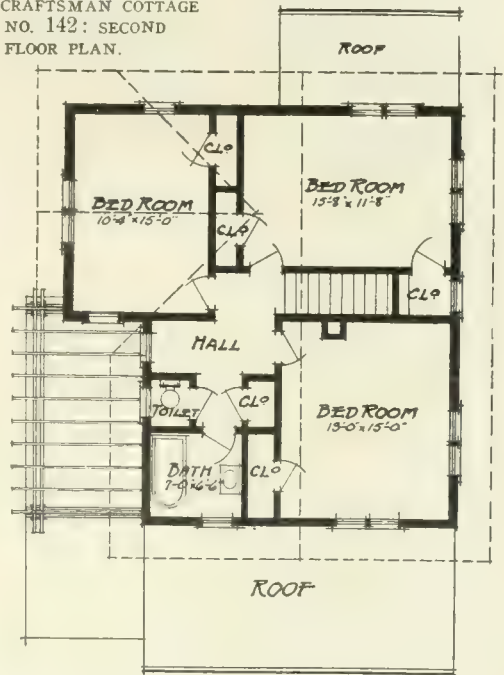
Especially valuable is the lattice to a newly built house, for its presence helps to soften the austerity of overdefinite outlines and flat surfaces, making one forget, by the friendliness of its structure and climbing vines, the absence of the mellowing influence of time. Moreover, when winter robs the garden of its leaves, the lattice, though no longer draped with foliage, will still lend its pleasant note of decoration to the surroundings, a silent reminder of former loveliness as well as of future promises of spring.

One of the illustrations of the Craftsman cottages shown here gives a practical suggestion for the use of lattice in the garden. Marking the boundary of the lawn and forming an appropriate shelter and background for the hollyhocks planted along the foot, it assures a certain amount of privacy to the ground immediately around the house without completely shutting the garden from view of the street. This is a happy compromise between the use of a solid fence or wall—that imprisons many a beautiful garden and estate—and the opposite extreme which consists in having no protecting boundary at all.

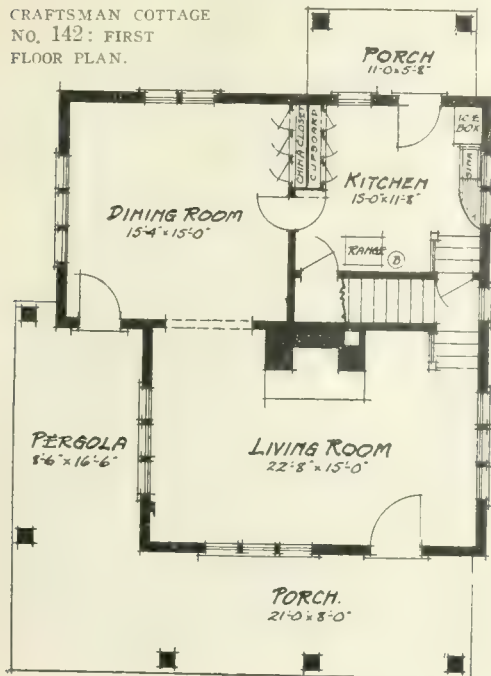
When a slight separation is desired between the lawn or flower garden and the

vegetable garden, latticework may be used with good effect, and always the width of the strips of wood and spaces between may be varied according to the amount of privacy desired. Generally the prettiest result is attained when the square or diamond-shaped openings are fairly large, so that

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE
NO. 142: SECOND
FLOOR PLAN.



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE
NO. 142: FIRST
FLOOR PLAN.



even when the lattice is partially overgrown with vines one gets many glimpses through it of the garden on the other side.

A lattice gateway is always charming when used at the entrance of the garden, and it may be constructed in various ways. An especially pleasing effect is gained when the gateway is made in the form of an arbor, with walls of latticework built up on each side of the gate and strips of wood crossed overhead to support the vines that are trained up the sides. Seats may be placed beneath the little shelter, making a most inviting place for rest and striking a genial note of hospitality at the very entrance to the grounds.

Arches of latticework are also welcome features in a garden, as they afford a useful support for rose vines or other climbing plants and at the same time add to the beauty of the place by framing little vistas down the garden path. And lest they seem too isolated, they can be connected with the house or with some other garden structure by low hedges and shrubs.



SAN YSIDRO VALLEY, THE HOME OF THE LITTLELANDERS

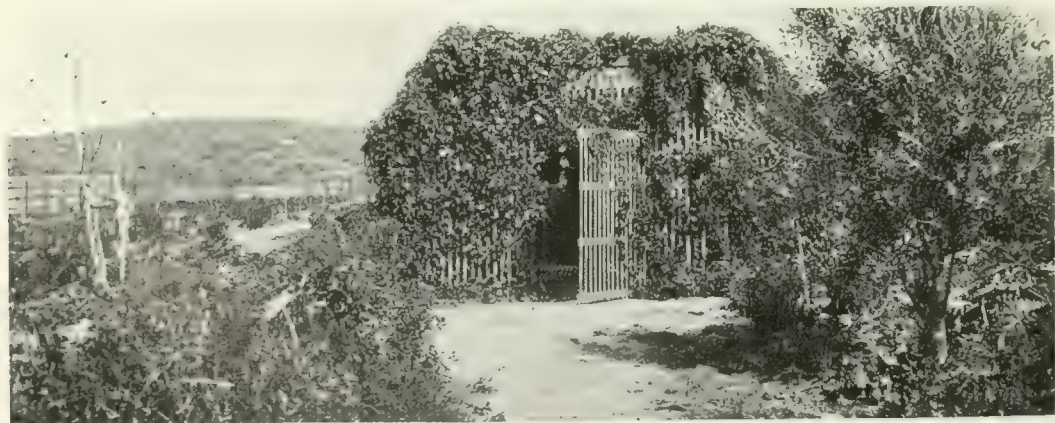
ONE ACRE AND HAPPINESS, AS DEMONSTRATED BY THE LITTLELANDERS OF SAN YSI- DRO VALLEY: BY OLGA BREN- NECKE

TO begin with, in order to understand the Littlelands movement you must disabuse your mind of almost every preconceived idea of farming, and lay yourself open to an astounding proposition. It is that no living man is capable of producing from one acre the utmost which it is capable of yielding. This is the basic proposition upon which the Littlelands movement is founded. It is no longer a theory, for scores of Littlelanders have proved it to be a fact.

It will be remembered that several years ago Bolton Hall, in advancing his propaganda of "a little land and a living," set three acres as the minimum tract from which a man might be expected to support himself and a family. Since then several

illustrations of accomplishment in the Eastern States have proved that half as much land or less, under *intensive* cultivation, will suffice for the purpose. On the Pacific Coast, where the tiller of the soil has the added advantage of constant summer, it has been demonstrated time and again that two acres or less, if intelligently handled, are quite enough to maintain five persons in comfort and leave them at the end of each year with a surplus of profit.

To return to the Littlelanders: the Colony in the Valley of San Ysidro, near San Diego, was established with deliberate design. The founders deemed it essential for the success of their experiment that the land occupied should be in the vicinity of a city. This was quite as much for social intercourse as for the advantage of a nearby market. Perhaps the success which has attended this departure from the usual lines of farming in the three years of its life has been due largely to the location of the Colony. The fact that the Littlelander has



CALIFORNIA LATH-HOUSE FOR FORCING PLANTS.

THE LITTLELANDERS OF SAN YSIDRO



A COW, TWO PIGS, CHICKENS AND BELGIAN HARES ON ONE ACRE.

found it possible to support himself and his family upon one acre of land is less significant than that he has been able at the same time to secure for them contentment and happiness. His wife might not find happiness in sharing his work if it were not for the fact that the whole family may without great trouble or expense find diversion and relaxation in the nearby city.

The Littlelander is not necessarily limited to one acre of land. In a few cases newcomers have purchased more, but invariably they have found that one acre was as much as they could cultivate thoroughly without assistance. The hiring of help is not within the Littleland theory, because it is believed that the man working for wages will not devote himself whole-heartedly to his task, or if he should do so will soon break loose and become an independent cultivator. There are at present in the San Ysidro Valley upward of twenty families who are living more comfortable lives and enjoying greater happiness than they had ever known before; in the past these men, among whom are merchants, bookkeepers and cashiers, had had salaries averaging one hundred dollars a month or more. The present state of independence, abundance and confidence as to the future is derived from one acre of land and a house which is much more comfortable and attractive than their former homes.

The first object of the Littlelander is to supply his personal wants, and frequently everything eaten at his table is produced upon his own ground. Ducks, chickens, Belgian hares and, of course, every kind of vegetable, can be raised upon one acre of ground, leaving a considerable surplus for sale. The man who has never attempted to produce the utmost possible from one acre has very little idea of its extent or produc-

tivity. At San Ysidro a *one-acre tract has yielded sixty thousand heads of lettuce*. On the other hand, the same area of ground is in many cases devoted to fifteen or twenty kinds of vegetables in marketable quantities, or to raising a flock of chickens or other fowl.

To take a specific illustration, a man who until he approached his sixtieth year was a bookkeeper in the Chicago stockyard came out to San Ysidro three years ago, and he declares that although he lived for a long time in constant dread of losing his position, he now wishes that he had been discharged before his hair turned white. With a salary of twenty-five dollars a week he was constantly in debt, and his life of incessant grind and worry left him each year with diminishing prospects and increasing burdens. After three seasons in San Ysidro, representing in their yield eight hours' daily work in the open air, he sums up as his assets greatly improved health, mental ease, absolute independence and a surplus of two or three hundred dollars at the end of each year.

While the Littleland Colony is in no sense communistic, coöperation is an important factor in its success. The profits accruing from the sale of land and water are devoted to the benefit of the settlers in general and are expended upon road and park improvements, lighting, school and library maintenance, etc. All such matters are discussed and voted upon at the regular Monday night weekly meetings, when women have an equal voice with the men in the decisions. Marketing is also done coöperatively. The Littlelander is his own best customer. He aims to supply his table unstintingly with the choicest of his products; consequently he has comparatively

THE LITTLELANDERS OF SAN YSIDRO

little to sell and hardly anything to buy. None of his produce goes to waste. The community cart calls at his place daily and takes up anything that he may have to offer, even though it may be only twenty-five cents' worth; combined with similar small quantities contributed by his neighbors, an amount is secured which is salable in San Diego, where the dealers are eager to obtain the fresh and unusually fine vegetables grown in the Valley of San Ysidro. In several instances the Littlelanders are making a living from one-half acre and less. It has been found that three hundred chickens and a house can be placed upon two town lots, leaving room for a small vegetable garden and a strip of lawn. In fact, if every square foot of the ground is turned to account, there seems to be almost no limit to what it will produce. In one or two instances the Littlelanders have achieved results that fairly astounded agricultural experts who made critical investigations of the Colony. After spending two days at the Colony, the director of one of our Government experiment stations said: "If this system might be extended throughout our Western States, it would support two billions of people in comfort, without infringing upon our forest reserves and mineral areas." A significant fact in connection with the Littleland movement is that the majority of members of the Colony are men who formerly had little or no knowledge of or experience in farming. One of the founders of the Colony is an expert horticulturist whose services and advice are freely at the command of newcomers. It is his expressed opinion that men of intelligence but unhampered by the prejudices and methods of old-time farming may be

counted upon for better results than those who have the fancied advantage of a knowledge of agriculture.

In an aggregation of one-acre farms the proximity of dwellings involves a degree of social life which is quite unknown in ordinary farming districts. Every Littlelander is within speaking distance of a neighbor, and as his work brings him almost literally into elbow touch with the man who is cultivating the adjacent acre, he inevitably learns to know him and to take an interest in his affairs.

If we should accept the theory of the Littlelander, and we must because it has been conclusively proved—that a family may be maintained in comfort and happiness by the exertions of one man upon a single acre of land—then we have a solution to some of the most widespread and pressing problems of the day.

It is not customary to look upon a New York lawyer as hovering upon the brink of poverty, but such, in truth, is his condition. A recent investigation has disclosed the fact that the average practicing attorney of the city earns less than three dollars a day. Consider for a moment the futility of effort in a field in which one is superfluous, the incessant struggle to maintain a station with nothing desirable in it, the pitiful and purposeless wear and tear, the unhappiness and unhealthfulness of such an existence, and then turn to the life of the man who owns no more than one acre of land, has everything he needs, is free from anxiety, free from debt, full of health and supported by the assurance that Nature, his landlord and his patron, will bountifully provide for all wants and afford a gracious return for all effort.



ONE ACRE DEVOTED TO SMALL FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: IN THE CENTER IS AN ISLAND OF TOMATO VINES.

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN



THE WONDERFUL THINGS ONE CAN DO IN A GARDEN WITH ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES

ANYONE who has a garden can turn it into such a place of beauty that it will remain ever after a marvel to the owner that he didn't do it sooner, and an inspiration to whoever comes that way to go and make his own outdoor world as charming. If one lives in the country or in a suburban town, expert advice and illustrations of what to do and what not to do are all about in the neighboring plains, hills and woods. For nature is an extraordinary gardener, who has a way of setting out the right kind of plants in the right kind of soil that is a practical object lesson to the distraught lesser gardener with no idea what greenery will thrive in his particular garden.

A close observation of this wild gardening should go into the most ambitious plans and be the groundwork from which the stately formal garden and the gypsy one alike are developed, if they are to be harmonious with their surroundings. A garden should be the consistent result of its larger environment, the flowering of its natural setting, developed in its manifold

SHOWING THE BEAUTY ADDED TO A GARDEN BY A PERGOLA SUMMER HOUSE AND RUSTIC BRIDGE.

diversities by the differing minds of men, each with its own character, yet each the outcome and culmination of its encompassing physical aspect.

Wherever one lives, and however large or small the garden patch, the things for its adorning are always at hand. And who that has seen the classic gardens that for hundreds of years have been daily tended and trained into aisles and pleasaunces of dignified beauty, has not lifted his head in ecstasy to the incredible sweet fragrance of the grape flower hiding in the wild garden, or felt a sudden impulse to blow a herald blast of a coming kinsman on the slender, gold-lined horns that the trumpet-vine reaches down to him at the entrance?

But one must not rifle the woods and fields for one's garden. It is one thing to take a lesson from our generous neighbor, and quite another to uproot her trees and vines and shrubs and flowers. Learn of her what to plant and how it will grow best, but unless one lives in the great spaces of woodland, mountain or prairie where one may reasonably take home to the garden the wild things of nature, it is best to buy the plants needed, for nature's lavishness has been so abused that already many varieties of wild flowers are exhausted and

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN



A PICTURESQUE PERGOLA SUMMER HOUSE, BUILT OF STONE, BRICK AND WOOD: AN INTERESTING SUGGESTION FOR A NEW GARDEN WHICH HAS NOT YET ACQUIRED A COMFORTING DEGREE OF SHADE FROM TREES OR VINES.

others are fast becoming depleted by this deplorable pillage.

The accompanying pictures show what has been done with simple plans in some charming gardens where in many instances the chief considerations were forethought and care. These are all California gardens, in the heart of flower-land; but translate the nomenclature of the plants, and as lovely effects may be attained in any part of our country.

The planning has been thoughtfully done, beginning with the structural treatment of the garden architecture and furnishings. Pergolas, bridges, garden seats and steps require careful placing, especially if the garden is small. And the test of their position is its appropriateness. A garden building feature should arise inevitably from the garden and house conditions of living, and it is only well placed when it serves a need. But this is no Puritanical decree of garden architecture; rather it grants the latitude in building which gives a garden its personality, for one man's need may be for a cool breadth of unbroken lawn before his study windows, while another may choose to extend a pergola invitingly down that same stretch of green and put a fountain at the end to complete the vista. Or an arch may be introduced that does not necessarily afford an entrance into another part of the garden, but frames a view instead, enclosing and emphasizing some bit of landscape. Bridges and fences need even more discrimination in their placing. A tiny brooklet or mere rill wants but a short bridge for its crossing, while that over marshy ground

must be longer. But both should lead to something, and there are opportunities for most picturesque combinations of bridge and summer house or pergola, or a pathway that extends the garden's boundary.

These pictures show many structural as well as decorative details that may profitably be studied. The rustic bridges are good examples; both are well placed, and the plain railing in one and the unusual step in the other offer pleasing suggestions. The



PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO PORCH.

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN

pergola having pillars of red brick with heavier irregular stone at the base is paved in square red tiles, and the height allows full view of the fountain beyond set among graceful trees. The smaller pergola with hanging seats has unusual structural features adapted to its use. An original and striking rough log foundation with extended supports is shown in detail, the cement steps and the stepping stones through the grass com-



VINE-COVERED CONCRETE SEATS.

william, sweet alyssum or any other beloved and common flower.

The lush Western grasses and ferns may be supplanted with the equally rich and graceful ones of one's own neighborhood. Roses and decorative vines will grow everywhere, or the woodland climbers will give a fragile tracery or dense shade, as one likes, to the pergola or arch. One of the prettiest pergolas that ever graced a garden was of plain squared wooden posts and crossbeams



CONNECTING PERGOLA WITH HOUSE WALL.

pleting the accord with deep country surroundings. A charming pathway is that bordered with poppies on one side and calla lilies on the other, with the picket fence beyond. The center tread of this pathway is of stones imbedded in cement with red bricks in loose sand on either side. And the delight of such a pathway would be as keen if it were bordered with iris in one or many colors, or with slender larkspurs, blue day-lilies or sweet



INEXPENSIVE RUSTIC PERGOLA.

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN



SHOWING TWO INTERESTING FEATURES, A FENCE WITH JAPANESE EFFECT AND A STONE BORDERED PATH

stained brown, over which a crimsoning Virginia creeper ran, rich red against the brilliant autumn sky. Bramble, with its shining green leaves, delicate tendrils and tiny, creamy flowers of spring and summer, is another wild climber that will cover the pergola with radiant color in autumn and hang its clustered berries far into winter. Clematis, delicate-leaved, white-starred, with its gray mist of seed clinging late; the

hop vine, quick growing, with pale green bells; the moon-flower perfuming the night; the morning-glory, most exquisite vine and flower; these offer their largess of beauty to make livable, lovable gardens for us, outdoor translations of our indoor kindness and informality.

Hedges and boundary fences of wild rose and honeysuckle, of bayberry, barberry and bittersweet are next best to the evergreen hedges, for every one of these is of close,

stout, rugged growth, and keeps its seed to brighten the winter; red rose hips, purple-black honeysuckle clusters, greenish-white bayberries, pendant red barberries and brilliant open orange and red bittersweet.

There is no charm that a garden will not give if its owner but relates it to house and environment. And those who invest a little money, effort and care in beautifying their gardens, will find that Nature pays generous interest on their humble capital.



A RUSTIC BRIDGE CURVED TO FOLLOW LINE OF MARCH.

In laying out one's garden and planning the various architectural features, one of the things frequently to be considered is the unevenness of the ground. And usually, unless the owner definitely prefers a flat, formal garden, the best plan is to dispense with all the labor and expense of cut and fill work, and make the very inequalities of the land a basis for garden beauty. The presence of little hills and miniature valleys, of rough stones or boulders and other natural features which might at first glance seem to be a hindrance rather than a help, will invariably prove a source of great inspiration and interest. They will



PERGOLA GATEWAY.

add to the individuality of the place, and if the area be small they will give a sense of variety and space that an unbroken level would lack.

To take one example out of many, the rising ground at some spot where one has planned an arbor, pergola or other architectural feature, may be converted into a little flight of steps leading up gently to the shelter above. The steps may of course be of any material, preferably one of those used in the house or in the pergola, and may be built irregularly if the pergola is very informal, and more accurately if it is formal. While serving a practical purpose, the steps will also add considerably to the picturesqueness of the garden.

GOOD ROADS FOR THE NATION

ONE million miles! That is the length of highways which will be improved throughout the United

States this year—a conservative estimate, according to George C. Diehl, chairman of the American Automobile Association's National Good Roads Board.

Texas, through its Good Roads Association and State Automobile Association, is encouraging the development of highways especially for the benefit of farmers who own and drive their own automobiles,—and the percentage, it is reported, of cars sold to farmers in this State has more than doubled in the last six months.

Three measures are to be introduced at the next session of the Nebraska Legislature: one for the provision of a State Highway Commission, another for State aid in its construction and maintenance, and the third to permit the use of convicts on the roads.

Arizona and New Mexico are trying to legislate an appropriation of funds for the logging and mapping of their roads, and Idaho is planning to complete the Ross Fork sand road from Salt Lake City to Island Park and Yellowstone Park.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed several measures to remedy urgent defects in its highway system and make the State more popular to automobile tourists.

The State which is doing the most extensive work along these lines is New York, according to the press agent of the Touring Club of America. Of the 80,000 miles of road in this State, we are told, "3,000 miles have been improved as State or country highways, 3,000 miles have been macadamized as town roads, 8,000 miles have been improved by towns as gravel roads, 40,000 miles have been shaped to some extent, and 26,000 miles remain in their original condition."

Many additional improvements are planned, and the planting of trees along the roads is also to receive attention—a valuable factor in the State forestry system, for each mile of highway so planted is the equivalent of more than an acre of forest.

Such work as this helps to bring city and country into closer touch, and makes for improvement in rural and suburban conditions both for the present and future generations.

BASKET FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS

FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS AND IN: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

YEARS ago, when Southern California was country and people walked over dusty roads and paths instead of the now tidy cement walks, a feather duster hung at every door. To the guest it was significant. But now the flower basket has taken its place, and instead of implying, as did the duster, "Thou art unclean; brush thyself," it signifies welcome and compliment. For flowers have a language of their own, merry and spiritual, sympathetic and inspiring, and the sentiment expressed by the most unassuming posy is just the sort that slips quietly into one's heart and warms the chilly corners.

When flowers cluster along the walk, smile from window-boxes and lean over the porch rail, radiant with color and fragrance, waiting to greet and escort all comers, the approaching guest is happy and confident of hospitality within; for any one who loves a garden invariably has humanity and love and friendship in his heart. And when a guest finds a well-filled flower basket hanging beside the knocker or placed on a porch table close at hand, he is assured of glad greeting, for no decoration is more delicate and pleasing than cut flowers on or near the front door, where they can smile into one's



CALIFORNIA POPPIES IN A NAVAJO BASKET

eyes and exhale fragrance and promise welcome to friend or stranger.

Flower holders on front doors are most effective; they can be suspended from an old-fashioned knocker or from a hook or knob conveniently placed, or hung just underneath the bell push. When attached to the door itself, however, the fastenings should be secure, else the swinging and jar-



JAPANESE BROWN STRAW BASKET TO HANG ON THE DOOR KNOB.



BROWN STRAW BASKET WITH MARIGOLDS

BASKET FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS

ring of opening and shutting the door will bring disaster to the holder.

The holder should harmonize or contrast effectively with both design and material of the door; unless the door is very unusual one can never go far astray in choosing something appropriate. *Baskets make the prettiest and most inexpensive holders.* They are made in many kinds and colors of straw and are so beautiful and woven in such varying ways that they are always a delight. Small ones of white or brown wicker make charming flower holders for out-of-door use, and if some particular design



INDIAN TAR-LINED BASKET BOTTLE FILLED WITH BLUE LARKSPUR.



JAPANESE BASKET POCKET FOR FLOWERS.

for some special place is desired, it can be made to order at a reasonable price in a basket shop in almost any town. Coarse straws in white and brown are very picturesque, or if the house is of a more formal style, with nothing rustic about it, a white basket of fine, closely woven straw accentuates the finished look.

Desirable baskets for the front door or for the porch table can be bought from fifteen cents up, and the very prettiest ones of moderate size rarely cost more than two

dollars and a half. Of course, there are large and expensive baskets to be had, but these seem to lack the cordiality and daintiness of the smaller, less costly ones.

Japanese baskets, usually in rich-colored brown straw, are most attractive, and the wide range of sizes and designs affords delightful possibilities for decoration both in the house and outside. Many of them have graceful curving handles around which asparagus ferns or other fragile vines can



INEXPENSIVE BROWN BASKET FILLED WITH SWEET ALYSSUM.

BASKET FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS



A HOME-MADE INDIAN BASKET FILLED WITH PANSIES.

be twined, giving an effect of delicate softness to the bouquet. Other baskets are made purposely for hanging, and are especially adapted for use on or near the front door. They are suspended by either red or green silk cords, and sometimes by slender iron chains. Chinese tea bottles, such as are used by workmen in the fields—quaint affairs made of gourds covered with loosely woven straw, with braided straw rope for carrying the bottle over the shoul-

der—make particularly interesting flower holders, as do the straw-covered ginger jars to be found in plenty and at small cost in any Chinese laundry or junk shop.

Our own common gourds, either in their natural state or painted and tassled, make pretty holders for wild and garden flowers. Japanese shops show interesting wall pockets in china or brass, ranging in price from ten cents upward. Most of them are finished with cords or chains, and some have gay-colored tassels at the bottom. The designs used in decorating, especially those on the china wall pockets, often show birds in flight, or forest scenes, that make them appropriate for porch or garden use. In



A WICKER-COVERED CHINESE WATER BOTTLE USED AS A FLOWER HOLDER.



DOUBLE WHITE DAISIES IN A DARK BROWN BASKET.

these days, when personality enters largely into the planning and building of houses, a flower-box of rustic work, lattice or bamboo, or of brass, copper, porcelain or marble, according to the requirements of harmony of materials, can be built on the door—be a part of it, just as the door knob and the lock are a part of it. Of course, it must be small, suitable, cleverly contrived, and fitted with a removable tin or glass vessel for holding water. The advantage of such a flower holder is that it “belongs,”

TERRA-COTTA GARDEN FURNITURE

and is so firmly fastened to the door that no amount of motion can dislodge it or its floral burden.

The flower holder at the front door is placed there especially for casual visitors, but inside the house blossoms are a delight for the family and for the house guest, who appreciates the fresh beauty and hospitality of flowers as well as material comforts. If a hostess has flowers in her garden she need not regret a guest room that is perhaps more sparsely furnished than she wishes, for a cluster of posies on the table, or a wall pocket containing a few blossoms and a trailing vine or two, suspended from the picture molding near the dresser or from the side light, will attract and hold the guest's attention more than any amount of more usual and less personal furnishings. Especially lovely is the flower holder that can be fastened at one side of the mirror, the blossoms leaning over just a trifle and reflecting in the glass. Here again basketry makes dainty and inexpensive flower receptacles. The natural colored baskets are generally the most beautiful, but they can be painted white or gilded when such decoration is suited to the room furnishings. Bowls and vases of plain glass are always lovely, for there is nothing about these simple holders to detract from the beauty of the flowers. And always the holder should be secondary to the flowers.

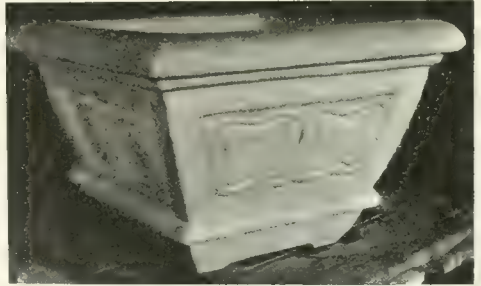
In selecting the flowers for the various rooms it goes without saying that one should keep in mind the question of color harmony, and not mar the beauty of furnishings and flowers alike by combining hues which, though lovely in themselves, would be disastrous to each other in close proximity. But, after all, there is little danger on this score, for most of nature's colorings are so mellow and so full of varied tints that they will harmonize with almost any decorative scheme.

When the season of flowers is over, or when one cannot get many from the garden or the country around, one can always fall back on the friendly greenery of growing ferns, whose delicacy of form and shading is just as wonderful in its own way as that of the more colorful and varied blossoms. And here again basketry will be found both useful and picturesque for the holders, the woven strands reminding one of the brown twigs and interlaced roots of the woodland from whose native shade the ferns have come to gladden our dwellings.

TERRA-COTTA GARDEN FURNITURE

(The illustrations used in this article were furnished us by the Galloway Terra-Cotta Company.)

WITH the reawakening interest throughout our land in nature, gardens and outdoor life, we may expect to find increased activity among the makers of garden furniture. And recently there was brought to



A TERRA-COTTA JAR FOR GROWING PLANTS.

our attention such a charming collection of this work that we were glad to welcome it to the pages of our magazine.



A DORIC SUN DIAL OF SIMPLE, GOOD PROPORTIONS.

TERRA-COTTA GARDEN FURNITURE

In the garden fittings illustrated here there is a certain classic purity of form that is enhanced by the slight but delicate ornamentation which in each instance seems to be a part of the object itself. An unusual artistic restraint has guided the imagination of the worker, resulting in an excellence of proportion and detail that is as pleasing as it is restful to the eye.

The artist has evidently not lost sight of the fact that for most of us the chief joy of a garden is the loveliness of the things that grow within it. Nature herself is more

ing craftsmanship as this that our ideal outdoor furniture will be evolved, and every similar achievement of the potter's art will help to make our gardens more friendly and enticing, and thus lure us oftener into the sunshine and among the foliage and blossoms whose kindly ministrations always bring us renewed vigor and hope. Nor should the potter himself forget that his best source of inspiration is found in nature.



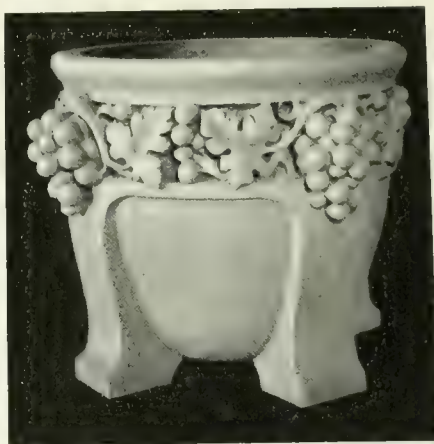
A SIMPLE TERRA-COTTA BIRD BATH.



A TERRA-COTTA PLANT JAR WITH APPROPRIATE FLOWER DECORATION.

lavish with her colors and decorations than we can ever be, so as a rule the simpler the furnishings of our garden living places, the more effectively will they display the natural beauties around them.

It is through such conscientious and lov-



PLANT JAR WITH MOST ATTRACTIVE FRUIT ORNAMENTATION.



A PARK OR GARDEN BENCH OF TERRA-COTTA: AN APPROPRIATE FURNISHING FOR A PERGOLA.

ALS IK KAN

WHAT THE WEST MEANS TO THE NATION

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy,
And only by thought that labor can be made happy."—JOHN RUSKIN.

AS we recall Ruskin's remarkable wisdom in his insistence upon the need of an intimate association between labor and thought, it seems as though it might have been written as a summing up of the reason for certain qualities which we have grown to think of as characteristic of our Western countries. Ruskin also said of England, "We seem to have come to a time when the thinkers and workers have separated." This has surely been the case in the East, and we have not only permitted but have encouraged such a state of affairs. Especially through New England have we grown accustomed to pride ourselves upon an intellectual aristocracy, and our universities have become a sort of mental peerage. But the further west we travel in America, the more we realize the intimacy between thought and labor, that indeed thought has kept healthy by labor and labor happy by thought.

We have only to revert to the early days in California to realize the condition that brought about this linking of thought and labor. To conquer an undeveloped country, suddenly flooded from end to end with unrelated people, would certainly require thought of the keenest kind, and to develop that country after it was conquered so that it should become a land of beauty and of peace required far more labor than the average man thinks of giving to the winning from life of his sustenance and comfort.

There was no chance out in California in the early days for the thinkers to sit down in fine college buildings and tell groups of others how it would be wise for them to think, and to draw a large salary for having a good memory. The men and women who in those days could think were proving it right straight along, day after day, in what they did. Good thinking led straight out to practical working.

It is a fact proven through generations of workers in various lands that the man who works for himself thinks harder and more to the point and more definitely through his labor than the man who has a

task assigned him and earns his living by obeying orders. In the early days in the West largely each man was working for himself and his family. He had to work to raise a family and to support it, and the man who put the most thought into the work developed the best living. In those early pioneer days on the Pacific Coast there were tremendous difficulties to be overcome to get the simplest kind of living, and a great deal of quick intelligence was necessary to cope with natural conditions and emergencies which were bound to result from an unformed Government controlling so large a territory. The man who most closely related his thought to his labor was the man who was swept most swiftly into the foreground. In those days the man who merely accepted instructions to do so many hours' work a day was of very little value to himself or to the community. It was essential for the worker to think *through* every task, and the thinker was building his thoughts either into houses or smelting machines, into railroad projects, or into the beginning of some sort of Government organization. Every man permitted his right hand to know what his left hand was doing, and made sure that both hands were working harmoniously and energetically toward the accomplishment of the best his freed brain could evolve out of the chaos of pioneer conditions.

At first every man was progressing as swiftly as possible along his own line, toward his own goal, regardless of all other men. Then the thinking workers realized more and more the need of coöperation in order that the combined thought and labor of the masses should make further progress for the individual possible. And so California moved with all the force of her alert, eager pioneer spirit, coupled with interest in and capacity for the most strenuous labor. The men in the West today inherit the qualities which made for success in the early times. They have not yet reached that dangerous stage of which Ruskin wrote, the time when thinkers and workers are separated. Hence we find all along the Pacific Coast and back into the Western interior, the kind of civilization which forms a truer democracy than anything in the Middle or Eastern part of America. We find essentially no class distinction; that is to say, none built up by a separation of thought and labor. Naturally in the West there is some separation among

WHAT THE WEST MEANS TO THE NATION

the masses of the people, brought about by congeniality of temperament, by similarity of interests, by relation of purpose and ambition. But this is as far as we find definite lines of separation in Western society. Of course, on the Pacific slope, as everywhere throughout this country, there are small cliques of the snobbish rich, but in speaking of the country as a whole, it is not necessary to catalogue anything so unreal, so unbeautiful, so unrelated to the civilization our forefathers fought and died for.

The significant thing we wish to bring out is the fact that in the Far West today we find life more nearly representing the ideal state of a democratic society than perhaps anywhere else in the world; with the result that there is a more warmly related community of interests there, a more cheerful hospitality, greater independence of spirit, fearlessness of ideas and inevitably a greater freedom of expression. All of which is bound to make for not only a truer democracy, but a surer development of a national art.

Fortunately for the development of this art, the Pacific Coast is separated by long stretches of land and sea from the demoralizing influence of the classic formula of the art successes of other nations. The painters and the musicians and the dramatists of California and the country immediately north, east and south have so far expressed in their art what they have felt in their lives, what they have found in their environment, of beauty, of joy and of interest. They have expressed it in the technique that more or less was native to their subject. They have not sought novelty or eccentricity; but Nature, her strength and her beauty has dominated them. As yet we find in the art of the West but little of the influence of town or city. It is the greatness of the vast country that has dominated the spirit of the imaginative. Eventually, as the country is more difficult to reach, as the artist becomes of necessity more city-bound, we will find a metropolitan art developing, we will have sketches of the streets, the whimsicalities of the slums, and the Oriental note will come into the illustrations and vivify the canvases.

As for the music of the Coast, we trust it will find its great expression before the length and breadth and glory of the Western land has been hidden by the skyscraper and torn in two by the railroad, lost in the roar of traffic. We want in the beginning

of the California music the note that is in the paintings, and in the architecture.

The East, and all of America, owe the Pacific Coast a great debt of gratitude for her development of a native domestic architecture. The first true homes for the people of moderate incomes and yet very real culture were produced in California. When there was time and leisure and impulse for building good homes in the West the architects and the builders developed exactly the kind of houses that the people needed and wanted. And they turned out, as such houses would, perforce, beautiful, original and significant architectural experiments. And now that the home architecture of the Pacific Coast has established itself as a type of native building, we find the Western architects moving on to new experiments. In this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we are publishing an article on a New Architecture in a New Land. While we find still in Mr. Gill's workmen's cottages the influence of the early Spanish architecture, which really means the influence of the Moors through the Spaniards, we also find the creative spirit, the fearless use of the brain by the man who knows how to work.

Happily for the East, the West has not limited its progress to art matters. Up in the Northwest, acre upon acre, mile upon mile, a country that had seemed useless is now devoted to rescuing the apple as a great product of this country. Where New England had given up all thought of saving her orchards, Oregon has created an apple industry that is famous the world over. The vineyards of California bring into the East now almost the only pure wine that is purchasable. The Yakima Valley, out in the State of Washington, has a reputation for fruit-growing that has headed the pioneer in its direction as the gold craze of '49 started the frontiersman toward California. And in Oregon, Washington, as well as in California, success has been always the joint product of brain with labor.

What happened to the orchards all through New England? There was hard work enough put in them. The old New England farmer and his wife slaved to the bone and were eventually trundled away to the nearby insane asylum or the cemetery, from overwork, from devotion to the arid soil. But the men who were thinking, were away in the universities and it never oc-

THE NEW PARTY

curred to the farmers that the soil needed some reconstruction, some strengthening and vivifying, even as their spirits did, to bring material and spiritual prosperity.

And so we feel the more we know the West, the more we have the opportunity of studying what it has accomplished and what it is hoping for, that the root of its achievement lies in its appreciation, conscious or unconscious, of the need of the intimate relationship of all thought to all work, as a foundation for a right and progressive democracy.

THE NEW PARTY

TWO years ago *THE CRAFTSMAN* predicted the birth of a new party which would absorb the progressive elements from both the Republican and the Democratic ranks, and we pointed to Theodore Roosevelt as the logical leader of such a party, to be founded, as we then saw it, on "conservation and the square deal." Since then, in spite of many a dramatic and bewildering anti-climax, our political history has moved steadily toward the fulfilment of this prediction, and the new party makes its official bow to the nation in Chicago on August 5th. A few months ago it seemed as though this event might be indefinitely delayed by the Republicans placing Theodore Roosevelt again at their head, and *THE CRAFTSMAN*, knowing what comes of putting new wine in old bottles, felt that the inevitable ultimate realignment would be postponed, but not averted. But the Republican organization, by arrogantly overruling in its national convention the will of the Republican voters as expressed in the presidential primaries, precipitated this realignment, and at the same time liberated from all obligation to itself the one leader best able to give to a people's party in its beginnings definiteness and a fighting edge.

Then the Democratic organization, shaken by the popular outcry over the performance of the Republican machine, and forced from its original program by Mr. Bryan's aggressive and fearless generalship in Baltimore, nominated Woodrow Wilson, a man whom the people respect and whom the bosses do not love; and once again it seemed that the stars in their courses were fighting against the birth of a new party. "Given an opportunity to vote for a progressive candidate on the Democratic ticket," argued certain timid friends of the third-party movement, "the progres-

sive Democrats upon whose support we counted will stay in their own camp, and our fighting force will be so reduced as to make the odds against us in November overwhelming." The waverers, forgetting that whatever the immediate outcome, a fight for the right is never a fight lost, urged Colonel Roosevelt to retire from the field, or to throw his strength to Wilson.

But however reasonable this advice may seem to Governor Wilson's innumerable admirers and well-wishers, it ignores the fact that in spite of the jolt administered at Baltimore the Democratic machine with all its sinister potentialities is still in working order. In Chicago, the bosses prevented the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt. In Baltimore, they strained every nerve to obstruct the Wilson boom, but when this proved impossible they climbed with alacrity upon the band-wagon. To many who believe whole-heartedly in the right of the people to rule, it must seem that Colonel Roosevelt's position was strengthened rather than weakened by his divorce from the Republican organization, and that his moral obligation to those who look to him for leadership is unaffected by Governor Wilson's candidacy. In other words, the reformation of the old parties, if possible at all, cannot be accomplished entirely from within. When we conduct our own reformation there is always the temptation to compromise, and it is then that a little ungentle pressure from without is likely to help toward results. Such pressure can be applied most effectively by an independent party, and whether it results in a regenerated Democracy or regenerated Republicanism or an enthroned third party, it will have served its purpose and justified its existence. As to the need of reform, we must not delude ourselves with any false belief that it has disappeared just because for once, when the eyes of the country were focused upon it, a great political machine has been commandeered and forced for a time to do the people's work. Any machine whose purpose is hostile to the public good is at a disadvantage when working in the open with the spotlight turned upon it. But such organizations are adepts at avoiding the limelight, and when working under cover their power is appalling. The only safe plan is to send them to the scrap heap, and to substitute for them a machine built for and by the people for purposes so righteous that all its operations can be in the open

THE NEW PARTY

and under the constant flooding light of publicity. Meanwhile things are in a bad way with the old parties, whatever their nominal leadership, when one attorney of Ryan presides over one national convention and another attorney of Ryan presides over the other. In other words, special privilege, with a spirit above partizanship, keeps its hands on the levers in both parties, and then, unperturbed, leaves the voting and the excitement to the people.

Fortunately, however, the people are now awakening to the meaninglessness of party labels. For years the independent voter has been becoming more and more independent. In politics, as in religion, the emphasis is less and less on sectarianism. The people are learning to think for themselves, to demand facts instead of phrases, to work back through all the intentionally bewildering surface complexities of politics to the great simple basic principles of social and economic justice. This is the last thing that the bosses, and the special interests behind the bosses, desire. With a perfect non-partisan understanding among themselves, they recognize as one of their most valuable assets the tradition of party regularity among the voters. Rather than see that shattered, the bosses will at times even connive to put into public office the best man available, putting up with the temporary inconvenience and discomfort this entails for the sake of keeping intact the people's faith in our party system.

But in spite of all such devices a great section of the public has come to the conclusion that the conditions now prevailing in both the old parties are beyond the power of any one man, no matter how earnest and incorruptible he may be, to control, even from the vantage-point of the presidency. The need of a new party is implicit in the organizations of the two old parties, and is a matter transcending personal considerations. That Colonel Roosevelt's dynamic and magnetic personality is available for its immediate leadership is a piece of great good fortune, and has undoubtedly hastened the event. But the movement is not a mere political flurry artificially created by one man's ambitions, but a great impulse of the popular will which finds in Colonel Roosevelt a providential instrument. His unique value in this crisis lies in his gift of leadership, his power to fire the people with faith in their own aspirations and with courage and purpose to realize them. He arouses

the kind of fighting spirit which launches an enterprise in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and drives it through to its goal. His appeal is to the imagination, the idealism and the generous enthusiasm of the nation, especially of its young men whose hearts are ever ready to kindle to high adventure.

A distinguished reactionary editor has jeered at Colonel Roosevelt for "confusing morality and politics." As a matter of fact it is because he refuses to separate these two that the people have need of him. That a political party should be based on democracy and the decalogue does not strike some of us as either incongruous or amusing, although the professional politician is convulsed with mirth at the idea. To our way of thinking, a party held together by a people's aspirations toward righteousness instead of by the cohesive power of public plunder needs no apologist.

But the people must remember that the ultimate responsibility for the new party, for its success or its failure, rests with themselves and not with Colonel Roosevelt. In such a fight as lies before it, the final outcome depends upon the rank and file rather than upon the officers. Having found a leader, their work is only begun. It is for them to make it and keep it the people's party, to see that it does not slip from their control into the hands of the political and business bosses. To this end it should be financed by the small contributions of the many rather than by the large contributions of the few. Ultimately there should be a law limiting sharply the size of campaign contributions, thereby making it possible for all to have practically equal stakes in the result. In the sublimated and cynical game of politics as the politicians know it, the special interests put up the stakes on a basis of "heads we win, tails you lose," and the people merely play the part of pawns.

For all of us who believe that the healthy evolution of our political life along the lines of social and economic justice is hopelessly hampered by special privilege entrenched behind the two old parties, the advent of the new Progressive party means not only an opportunity but a responsibility. It means a chance to abandon the attitude of cynical acceptance for the rôle of the soldier in a noble cause, and to fight wholeheartedly for the fulfilment of our country's dream, shoulder to shoulder with comrades fired by the same vision.



"TIGER LILIES": FROM A PAINT-
ING BY KARL ANDERSON.



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WHAT OUR SCHOOLCHILDREN CAN DO TO HELP SAVE OUR BIRDS: THE WORK OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY IN THE PUB- LIC SCHOOLS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



LITTLE after six o'clock one July morning on the campus of the University of Tennessee, I stood near the center of a semi-circle of twenty-five school teachers whose expressions indicated a high state of excitement, and whose fifty eyes were riveted on a scene of slaughter which was going on but a few feet from them. For five minutes we had scarcely moved.

During this time the lives of thirty-two specimens of animal life had been swept from existence. The perpetrator of this holocaust was a creature known to scientists as the *Spizella socialis*—ordinary people call it the chipping sparrow. Its victims were small insects which but a moment before were joyously disporting themselves on the grass.

One teacher expressed surprise that a bird could find so many of these choice morsels in so short a time. She had never imagined that so many insects inhabited so small an area as that to which the bird had confined its operations. "Very well," said the instructor, "suppose all of you get down and see how many insects you can find in five minutes." So while he held the watch we all proceeded to take part in a bug-hunting contest. In this novel undertaking even the women of the class displayed a commendable zeal. When time was called it was found that one student had a credit of fourteen, another sixteen, a third nineteen and one tall young woman with glasses exhibited twenty-one insects in the folds of her handkerchief.

A stranger watching the rather remarkable actions of this band of eager early-rising teachers might have been puzzled in attempting to determine what could have induced them at this hour of the day to assemble for the evident purpose of watching the habits and activities of small birds which the average person passes without notice. They were, nevertheless, occupied with one of the most valuable studies which could have claimed their attention.

For many years the United States Department of Agriculture has been employing trained naturalists to give their time to investigat-

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ing carefully the damages done to growing crops by the insect hosts which infest the fields and forests. Their observations resulted not so very long ago in a published declaration to the effect that about one-tenth of the entire agricultural and horticultural products of the United States is annually a total loss through the ravages of insects. To combat these tremendous yearly losses a wide variety of artificial agencies have been evolved in the form of liquid sprays, and today laborers putting these methods into operation is a common sight. Insects multiply so rapidly that all natural means for their destruction should also be encouraged. A Canadian entomologist states that the progeny of a single pair of common Colorado potato beetles if allowed to increase without molestation would in one summer number over sixty millions. Facts like this render important the discoveries by another group of Government specialists who have been studying the daily life of our native wild birds. These experts have come forward with statements almost as astounding as those produced by the entomologists. They tell us that of the twelve hundred kinds of birds found in North America, fully three-fifths of them depend almost wholly upon a diet of insects, and that there are comparatively few forms which do not turn to insects for at least a portion of their food. We are told too that each bird is virtually a living dynamo of energy; that its heart beats twice as fast as the human heart and that the normal temperature of its blood registers over a hundred degrees. It is a simple fact of biology, therefore, that a tremendous amount of nourishing food is necessary to the bird's existence. Vast quantities of insects are needed for this purpose.

SOME time ago a New England gentleman became so impressed by the frequency with which a pair of robins visited their nest with food for the young that his curiosity was awakened to learn more of the food consuming possibilities of the four nestlings. The day the offsprings left their cradle he temporarily took possession of them. Calling to his aid some friends who kindly undertook to dig fishworms for him, he proceeded to feed these baby robins all they cared to eat between daylight and dark. He found to his unutterable surprise that these little birds consumed in one day food to the amount of their own weight and fifty-six per cent additional. If the average size man were to eat at this rate it would require about seventy pounds of beef and eight gallons of water daily. Upon reaching the adult form the robins probably did not partake of food so greedily, but the incident serves to illustrate their gastronomic capacity in the days of youth.

Vireos, warblers, woodpeckers, nuthatches and thrushes are all

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famous destroyers of insect life which preys upon fruit and vegetables. The nighthawk and certain of the shore birds are known to be fond of mosquitoes, which should commend them to the esteem of mankind. The writer once watched a pewee capture sixteen flying insects in a minute and on another occasion saw a yellow-billed cuckoo eat nineteen tent caterpillars in a space of five minutes. Two hundred and seventy-three eggs of the cankerworm have been found in the stomach of one chickadee, and the golden-crowned kinglet is a veritable Nemesis to the troublesome plant lice.

Upon the approach of winter, insect life, except in the warmer regions of the earth, usually dies or becomes dormant. Those birds which are so constructed by nature that no form of nourishment is acceptable to them except the soft bodies of insects take long migratory flights to tropical climates where they may find the necessary food in abundance. Other birds, for example, the quail, the dove and our little friend *Spizella* of the university campus turn for a living to the fields and open woodlands, where a bounteous harvest of grass and weed seeds awaits them.

The farmer seems to feel that the annual supply of grass and weeds which persists among his growing crops calls for his most strenuous exertions. Were it not, however, for the thousands of pairs of little bright eyes which in the fall and winter are seeking so industriously for the weed seed out in the dreary brown fields, his labors would surely be greatly increased. One of the Government collectors shot a dove in Kentucky which was found to contain over nine thousand weed seeds. The dove probably filled its crop at least three times that day. These twenty-seven thousand seeds if left to sprout the following spring would in themselves have produced more weeds than the average farm hand with a hoe could cut down in a day. Prof. Beale, of the United States Department of Agriculture, published in "Farmers' Bulletin number Fifty-four" a statement regarding one of our common birds. "The tree sparrow fairly swarms all over the Northern States in winter, arriving from the North early in October and leaving in April. Examination of many stomachs shows that in winter the tree sparrow feeds entirely upon seeds of weeds; and probably each bird consumes about one-fourth of an ounce a day. In an article contributed to the *New York Tribune*, in eighteen hundred and eighty-one, the writer estimated the amount of weed seed annually destroyed by these birds in the State of Iowa. Upon the basis of one-fourth of an ounce of seed eaten daily by each bird, and supposing that the birds average ten to each square mile, and that they remain in their winter range two hundred days, he arrived at a total of eight hundred and seventy-five tons of weed seed consumed by this one

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species in a single season. Large as these figures may seem, they certainly fall far short of the reality. The estimate of ten birds to a square mile is within the truth, for the tree sparrow is certainly more abundant than this in winter in Massachusetts, where the food supply is less than in the Western States, and I have known places in Iowa where several thousand could be seen within the space of a few acres. A little reflection, therefore, will serve to show to the most casual observer that the wild bird life of America is indeed a valuable asset, and one worth conserving with assiduous care.

THE school teachers at Knoxville, the summer morning which started my article, were members of a group of earnest men and women whose lives were dedicated to the training of children. For nine months they had been in the classroom meeting heroically the petty trials and annoyances incident to their life work. Now during the few brief weeks of their vacation, instead of spending the time in idleness, they were eagerly seeking additional knowledge to prepare them for more valuable future service. They were learning that morning the important lesson that birds are placed on earth for a useful purpose. When they returned to the schoolroom they would teach the boys that the bird is a friend to the farmer and should not be killed nor its nest destroyed. They would teach the girls that there is something far more exquisite about the living bird than is to be found in the dull luster of its feathers when sewed on a hat, and they would arouse in the heart of the little girl a feeling of reverence for the sacredness of the motherhood and home life of the innocent birds about them.

The subject of the systematic instruction of schoolchildren in bird study on a careful scientific basis really had its origin in May, nineteen hundred and ten, when Mrs. Russell Sage sent to the National Association of Audubon Societies checks for five thousand five hundred dollars with which to inaugurate a plan of bird study in the Southern schools. She desired that a special effort should be made to arouse interest in the protection of the robin, which in the Southern States was at that time almost universally regarded as a game bird whose most useful office was performed when served in a potpie. Bird study it is true was at that time taught in many city schools, but usually the subject was given but slight space in the curriculum and there existed generally accessible to teachers but indifferently prepared material. A working plan was at once developed whereby literature, colored pictures of birds and the Audubon button should be supplied to all the pupils in a school who enrolled themselves as members of an Audubon class. Each member was required to pay a nominal fee

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which, however, in no sense covered the cost of the material received in return.

During the school year which followed, the matter was brought to the attention of many of the Southern teachers and over five hundred Junior Audubon societies resulted with an enrolment of more than ten thousand children. Following the course of instruction outlined in the literature furnished the teachers, these children were taught the correct names of many of the common birds, and on field walks they learned to know them by sight. The dates when certain birds were last seen and the first arrivals in spring were noted and carefully recorded. Food in the form of suet, seeds and crumbs was put out to attract birds about the school-building and the pupils were taught that by planting sumac, elder, holly, barberry, chokeberry and other berry-producing trees and shrubs the birds would become more abundant. Bird boxes of various patterns were constructed and placed in the parks, orchards or woods where they would most likely be of service to birds hunting suitable nesting hollows. Bird study was correlated with reading, composition, history, geography and even arithmetic.

SO successful did this experiment prove that the Audubon workers agreed that it was highly desirable to extend this same system into the schools of the Northern States. The fall of nineteen hundred and eleven, therefore, saw plans well under way for a much increased scope of work. During the school year, which closed the last of June, nineteen hundred and twelve, the National Association of Audubon Societies, at a cost of thirteen thousand dollars, enrolled twenty-nine thousand, three hundred and sixty-nine schoolchildren under the standard bearing the inscription "Protect the Birds." In supplying these pupils and their instructors with the necessary pictures, leaflets and outline drawings of birds for coloring, over one million pieces of printed information were distributed. Pupils have taken hold of this bird study with a zest. Many a dull or inattentive boy, who had been a despair to his teacher and parents, responded to this real nature teaching which took him from his ordinarily uninteresting studies into the great out of doors. Hundreds of teachers have written letters filled with expressions of thankfulness for the new opportunity which has come to them and reciting details of a wide variety of ways in which they have been able to make use of this plan and material for bird study. Here for example is one from Miss Beth Merritt, who teaches in a little school at Fountain City, Tennessee: "I am very glad to write to you about the little Junior Audubon class we had at school this year. We all enjoyed it exceedingly and I am

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sure it did good in the hearts and lives of the little people who were members and in the bird world, too. A year ago, I invited the children of some of the other grades to join our Audubon class and we had over forty members. We had our meetings on Friday afternoons after school. The class was quite successful and we saw some direct results of its success. Several nest-robbing boys gave up that 'sport' altogether. One boy was instrumental in bringing about the arrest of some men who had been shooting song birds. This year I had the class only in my own grade—the second. Almost every child in the room joined, making twenty members. I had daily periods for nature study and language, and every other Friday we used these two periods for the Audubon class. The children were always anxious for the Audubon Fridays to come. They used often to ask, 'Is tomorrow Bird Day, Miss Beth?' and if I answered in the affirmative, I heard 'Oh, goody;' and 'I won't forget to wear my button,' and 'I wonder what bird it will be,' from every side. Rarely ever did we have an absent mark on Bird Day. After we had used all ten of the leaflets you sent us, we had lessons on some of the other birds, or, instead of a regular lesson, we went for a bird walk. I divided the class for these walks, taking ten children at a time. How excited they would get over the birds they saw. Nearly always they could identify the birds themselves, sometimes I helped them, sometimes my bird book helped me and sometimes we had to write in the notebooks, unknown. I will not try to tell you about all the good results of our Audubon class that I have noticed. The most important thing I think is that a few more children have a keen interest and a true love for their little brothers of the air. Last year a favorite pastime of a neighbor was shooting birds for his cat, and I think he was no more particular than his cat as to the kind of birds he destroyed. His little daughter was a member of the Audubon class and this spring I notice our neighbor's cat has to catch its own birds. Perhaps if the little girl can be an Audubon member another year, there will be no more cat. A mother of another little member of the class used to delight in birds' plumes, breasts or feathers of some kind on her hat. Her spring hat this year was trimmed in ribbon. I have heard several bird lovers say that they have noticed more of our common wild birds about this place than there were last year, and they believe the Junior Audubon societies in the schools have brought about this happy state. When school closed many of the mothers came to me and said that they wished to thank me for what I had done for their children along the line of nature study, especially of birds. They said that they thought the Junior Audubon class a splendid thing for their children. And I think it is equally good for the teachers."

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THE coming year the work is to be done on an even broader scale. The children in Alaska will receive instruction on bird study. The United States Bureau of Education is cooperating heartily with the Audubon Association in this undertaking. A generous member of the Association has provided funds for placing in the hands of all the children in all the schools of Alaska a series of colored pictures of Alaskan birds and literature bearing on their habits and value to mankind. An agent of the Association is now on the ground making a study of local conditions, and one of America's most successful artists is engaged in making beautiful colored pictures of birds to be used in that territory. This is a highly important field for service. As the marshes and shallow grassy lakes of the Northwest are being rapidly drained, the area formerly occupied by many nesting waterfowl is thus turned into fields of yellow grain, and the breeding range of these birds is constantly forced farther northward. Alaska will ultimately be their last chief stronghold in America. Hence, the very great necessity of instructing the coming generation about the vast importance of conserving the wild bird and animal life upon which the natives and white inhabitants alike must depend largely for their meat supply for long years yet to come. This educational feature of the Audubon movement is today only in its infancy. It will grow rapidly year by year until tens of thousands of children are annually receiving this beneficial instruction and the sum total of the influence on the next generation will be both beneficial to the children and constructive for the country.

In America we have too long neglected the subject of adequately protecting our bird life and doubtless as a result in many sections we are suffering today from bitter scourges of insects. Too long the careless and thoughtless have been allowed to wander aimlessly afield and shoot the birds which caused the winds of prosperity to blow. We must teach the children to avoid the errors which we have made. It is our duty to the child, for he has the same inherited right to this knowledge that he has to stand out in the sunshine under God's blue sky and drink in the breath of life.



PEER GYNT'S CABIN AND OTHER LOG HOUSES ASSOCIATED WITH THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF NORWAY: BY CATHERINE D. GROTH



LOG cabins are probably the most primitive expression of man's desire to protect himself against the elements, aside from caves and stone huts. The earliest wooden dwellings the world over were of logs. But while in most countries they were abandoned as soon as other materials for building homes were found; in Norway, that fairy tale country of forests and mountains, the log cabin has remained through the centuries the favorite type of architecture. The Norseman of Saga days—king, chieftain or serf—lived in log houses. And quite frequently the Norwegian of today does so too. But alas, as a rule, the modern structure has no more in common with its architectural ancestor of Saga days than the man of today has with the Vikings.

The log cabin is indigenous to Norwegian soil, and in its different modifications and improvements may be recorded varying changes in the customs and habits of the people. In those lonely and solitary valleys where the primitive log houses still exist, many ancient traditions still hold sway.

In Norway, at least, one cannot deny that architecture and life are in direct relation to one another. Whether man unconsciously hits upon some material improvement which, in turn, changes his view of life, or whether his changed way of thinking makes him discover new improvements and carry them out,—one cannot always say. In these Norway log houses, burnt by the sun into marvelous tints of rich red brown, set in the midst of dark green forests, one sees the imprint of a strong, sturdy folk, heavy and stolid at first, but gradually developing into a finer, more generous and noble race, with an eye for beauty as well as for utility.

Those who have traveled in Norway, if they have been out of the beaten track and have walked on soft thick moss and heather, across barren mountain tops or through pungent pine forests, will remember coming, some evening, when the sun was still high and all nature strangely quiet, to a little log chalet looking strangely picturesque from the outside. And they will remember when the door was opened, how they entered a large room whose proportions instinctively appealed to them, where the white wooden floor was strewn with sprigs of fresh juniper, and where an armful of green birch filled the fireplace, ready to burst into a pungent flame when a match was set to it.

And there, perhaps, they acquired their first fondness for log



PEER GYNT, WHO WAS A GREAT HUNTER AND FISHER IN NORWAY, AS WELL AS THE HERO OF IBSEN'S PLAY, LOVED TO LIVE OUT IN THE WOODS AMONG SIMPLE PEOPLE: IN THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY HE HAD BUILT FOR HIMSELF IN FRON, NORWAY, A LOG CABIN OF WHICH WE HERE GIVE A PHOTOGRAPH: SOME INTERESTING LEGENDS OF HIS LIFE IN THIS SIMPLE CABIN ARE HERE TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.



THIS ILLUSTRATES ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF THE LOG CABINS EVER BUILT IN NORWAY: IT IS WITHOUT A CHIMNEY OR WINDOWS: THE ROOF IS OF SOD, AS IN ALL THE OLDEST CABINS: IT PROBABLY DATES BACK TO THE SIXTH CENTURY. TYPICAL INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE VERY EARLY NORWEGIAN LOG CABINS, SHOWING THE LONG TABLE AND BENCH.



THIS IS, SO FAR AS WE KNOW, THE ONLY PICTURE THAT HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY NORWEGIAN LOG CABIN SHOWING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE "MAIDEN'S BOWER" AND THE ROOF COVERED WITH DAISIES.

FURNISHING OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY LOG CABIN IN WHICH IS SHOWN THE DETACHED CORNER FIREPLACE: THE TAPESTRIES ON THE WALL ARE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CRAFTSMANSHIP.



THIS GIVES US A VIEW OF THE INNER COURT OF A GROUP OF OLD NORWEGIAN FARM BUILDINGS, THE LOG CABINS STILL CARRYING SOD ROOFS, WITH ARCHITECTURE SCARCELY VARYING FROM THAT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

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cabins. At least that was how I grew to like them. And when the woman of the house set before me a huge bowl of thick cream and a batch of *fladbrod*—that thin, crackerlike bread which comes in round loaves of about the thickness of an eggshell and which is delicious when broken into bits and moistened with cream—and I heard the wind blow up against the walls, and the fire was lit and its warm glow filled the room, I felt that a log cabin was the coziest place on earth.

A COUPLE of hundred years ago log cabins were the only structures seen in Norway—with the exception of the stone buildings in the cities, of course. In the course of time, they have naturally been largely superseded by the board constructions similar to those of other countries. Recently, however, log houses have become popular again, but not as homes of the people. Lumber—especially whole logs, comes too high nowadays, and the luxury of the beautiful log buildings is reserved for fashionable houses and hotels. Not only are log houses much more attractive than the ordinary frame house of clapboards and shingles, and offer many more opportunities for tasteful decoration, but they are said to be more sanitary than other dwellings, cool in summer and easy to heat in winter.

In Norway they are all made of heavy pine logs. The bark is carefully taken off and then the logs are hewed square and of the same size from one end to another. It takes some experience to notch them at the ends so that they fit exactly. The logs are usually either stained or oiled, and their rich yellowish or brownish color is in harmony with almost any surroundings.

The old-fashioned Norway log cabin had a sod roof. It is hard to express the poetry those words should convey except to those who have seen the sod-roofed cabin. I have come across roofs that were a riot of wild pansies—where the exquisite gaudy colors nestled down into a soft moss or shone out through a veil of delicate grass, and I have seen wonderful roofs where wild rose bushes hung over the eaves. One of the illustrations shows a daisy roof, and the effect of the white starlike flowers topping off the dark brown structure is exquisitely picturesque. Some roofs produce only pasture grass, and the story runs in Norwegian folk lore—that a lazy man led the cow on the roof, the cabin was built against a hill—instead of taking her to pasture. I have no doubt but that the story is true, for I have often seen a couple of white kidlets, gamboling on the soft green housetops, while the mother goat, grave and ruminative, was tethered to the chimney.

☞ Sod roofs are just as water tight as others—if they are laid cor-

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rectly. A board roof is first laid on a house, and this is covered with a layer of birch bark. On top of this comes a layer of sod, with the grass turned down to the roof, then a rather thick layer of earth, and finally another layer of sod, this time with the grass up. The result is a most exquisite and poetical covering for the house.

NO one knows when the first log cabin was built in Norway, but it must have been about fifteen hundred years ago, at least. At first they were windowless, chimneyless things, then they gradually became light and airy, acquired chimneys and floors, and developed into one-and-a-half, and then into two-story houses, becoming the homelike abodes of enlightened people. Their development and transformation—extremely interesting in the way it touches the customs and habits of the people—is easy to understand, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Sandvig, of Lillehammer, Norway. Born in the country, he had, from his boyhood, a passion for the old homes of the peasants, and even as a child it pained him to see them set aside or torn down to make way for the nondescript buildings of clapboards which appeared in their stead. It became his ambition to collect—before it was too late—the most typical examples of the different log cabins, so as to save for posterity, and at the same time trace the development of, the old Norwegian home.

Dr. Sandvig had no money, so he had to earn enough to support not only himself, but his ambition, and through ceaseless efforts he finally succeeded. The State bought his collection, and rewards and decorations have been showered upon him. And it must be admitted that the little village of bygone homes at Maihaugen, Lillehammer, in the famous old Gulbrandsdal, the most historical of old Norwegian valleys, forms a fascinating chapter of the history of civilization in Norway, with reference, of course, to the Norwegian peasant.

The oldest type of cabin is the *aarestue*, an example of which illustrates this article. This house is not very old—dating only from fourteen hundred and forty, while other types of houses had been perfected before that date. But just as today some people prefer old-fashioned things, the builders of that cabin, even at such a comparatively recent date, preferred to erect a windowless, chimneyless cabin like the ones their ancestors, old chieftains, had lived in, in Saga times. The house has one story only, and a narrow passageway, somewhat like a closed-in veranda, runs along the facade, which one must cross to enter the house. The threshold is inordinately high, and the rather narrow door makes access to the large room rather difficult. The room is in semi-darkness, but even in the dim light one is struck by the well-proportioned and spacious simplicity of the

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square, solid walls, and by the symmetry of the huge rafters and beams.

In the center of the room is the raised square of stones—this is the *aare* or hearth, and on it the fire was made. Right above the hearth, in the roof, is the *ljore* through which the smoke escapes and the light comes in. It is somewhat like a modern skylight, but as glass was unknown when such cabins were originally erected, the wooden frame was covered with the transparent membrane of a sheep's stomach. This membrane is translucent, and gives a soft, mellow glow to the room when the light shimmers through it. The *ljore* was opened when a fire was made, in order to let out the smoke. It was opened with the aid of a *sjaastang*—a sort of wooden pole—and this pole and the fireplace were the two sacred spots in the room, says Alheld Schou, an authority on old Norse customs. "It, the *sjaastang*, is the sacred center of the room, and every traveler must grasp it as he enters." Eilert Sundt says that this custom—or rather sacred tradition—really grew from the fact that when a man was suddenly ushered into the center of a room, in the spotlight, as it were, and all the members of the household were seated around the walls, at the long tables staring fixedly at him, he was apt to be embarrassed and instinctively clutched the *sjaastang* to steady himself.

While, in the Sagas, love at first sight is by no means uncommon, the men were expected to remain faithful to the women they chose, as is shown by the following phrase which the suitor's friend pronounced as he grasped the *sjaastang* at the maiden's house and pleaded for his friend. "My friend (then followed his name) wants to have and keep your daughter, not for one year, or for two years, but for ever and ever."

If the father approved of the suitor, he bowed to the friend and said: "Let him come."

LONG benches run the whole length of the walls, and now, long tables,—most of them from the fourteenth century—stand in front of them. But it appears that in Saga days the tables were brought in only at meal times. At other times, as they were collapsible, they were hung on the walls by huge iron hooks well out of the way.

In Saga days the women ate at separate tables, but later on this custom was done away with, and the wife had the seat of honor opposite her husband. At first the seat of honor was in the center of the table,—as it is to this day in France; later on it was transferred to the head of the table.

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The wall back of the seat of honor was always hung with woven blankets and tapestries. These were executed by the women, who not only spun the thread, but dyed it and wove it into the gorgeous coverings. The patterns are often extremely delicate, and the color combinations are striking. When one looks at some of these tapestries and considers that they were not executed by professionals, but by amateurs, by women who sat at the loom when no other household duties occupied them, one is truly astonished, so great is their beauty.

Carved wooden dishes were used for food and drinking horns and wooden mugs for liquids. And says Alheld Schou, "when one looks across the room, one may easily imagine its aspect at the Yule Tide, when the fire flamed on the *aare* and the mead horn and the beer jug passed from hand to hand, and the guests drank to each other across the fire, while laughter rang out from those sitting along the benches."

When one reads about houses without chimneys, where the smoke must go out through a hole in the roof, one is inclined to think that the rooms must be unfit for habitation. This is not always the case, as I found for myself during a trip on foot through the Norwegian mountains. In one place I came across a chalet where the fireplace was not in the center, but in a corner of the room, and the smoke had to find its way up under the roof from the corner to the center, and escape through a hole there. The room was not half as smoky and uncomfortable as one would think it would be, and the old Norsemen, who were used to it, probably did not mind it at all.

However, as the years ran on, the Norsemen learned how to build chimneys. They also discovered that it was possible to have more than one story to a house. But before attempting to build one entire floor on top of another, they made a compromise of having the second story covering only part of the first,—a house of a floor and a half, as it were. The earliest example of such houses were probably found in the tenth century. In the eleventh century it is mentioned that the Norwegian King Olaf spent the night in such a house, in Gulbrandsdalen. Dr. Sandvig has collected two houses of that type—the only two left in Norway—but they are of more recent date, one having been built in the fourteenth, the other in the sixteenth century.

While the *aarestue* had no window at all, these *ramlofstuer*, as they are called, have two or three very beautiful ones. Glass had reached the Norwegian peasant by this time, and he had sense enough to make use of it artistically, cutting windows into the center of the walls. These wide windows let in a flood of light which fills the room and at the same time leaves the large corners in very effective shadows.

The fireplace of today which is usually placed in a corner diagonally opposite the door, consists of a raised square of stones, and the two



A TWO-STORY LOG CABIN BUILT IN NORWAY IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE: WHILE THE DETAILS OF THE STRUCTURE ARE ABSOLUTELY PRACTICAL IN PURPOSE AND ESSENTIAL TO THE STRUCTURE THEY FURNISH A DEFINITELY STRIKING ORNAMENTAL EFFECT.

INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CABINS: THE TAPESTRIES DATE FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, BUT THE TABLES, THE LIGHTING FIXTURES AND THE CABINET ARE OF THE EARLIEST TIMES.



SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A LOG STOREHOUSE OF THE EARLY PART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: THE UPPER STORY IS THE GUEST ROOM.

INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT TWO-STORY LOG CABIN IN NORWAY: THE FURNITURE IS OF THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. THE CASEMENT WINDOW IS EVIDENTLY OF A FAIRLY MODERN DATE

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sides nearest the walls are continued upward, so as to form a chimney when the hood is put over the fireplace. The chimney is independent of the house, as it were, not leaning against the wall, but rising straight up through the room. The fireplace is almost always situated about a foot or so away from the wall. When beggars came to the house they were seated behind it—in the heat but out of the way.

IN every old house the furniture was arranged according to ancient traditions. To the right, when one entered, for instance, was a little wooden pail, filled with whey. A wooden ladle hung over the edge, and anyone who entered had the right to help himself to refreshment. A little beyond the whey was the corner cupboard, often very beautifully carved or painted, and then came a sort of box with two holes in it, which hung on the wall. It contained a brush, made from swine bristles, and a rough iron comb. The stranger was supposed to polish up a bit before joining the family.

Here, too, long benches ran along the walls, and tables of one solid or perhaps of two pieces of wood, stood in front of them. Tapestries hung on the walls. In one corner, usually on the same side as the fireplace, was the bedstead. Or the bed might be in the adjoining room, which had the effect of an alcove. The old Norwegian bedsteads are most fearful and wonderful contrivances. Rarely are they more than four or five feet long, and often almost as wide. It seems that in the fourteenth, fifteenth and even sixteenth centuries, people in Norway did not lie down in their beds,—they sat in them. A person was propped up, so to speak, by four or five feather beds and as many more pillows under his head.

But there are also more extraordinary beds. Some look like boxes, and one kind looks like a bed made on top of a wide closet about three feet high. When the doors to the closet are opened, a second bed underneath comes to view. It seems that it was customary for the children to sleep underneath the parents, and if they cried too much, the parents calmly closed the doors on them, so as not to hear the noise. Sometimes there was a hole in the little door of the closet, but others seem to offer no ventilation.

Almost every cabin has an outside passageway. The stairs, too, are invariably outside. Dr. Sandvig said he had not been able to discover exactly why the old Norsemen objected to hall and stairs inside; but it is only recently that the latter improvement has been made, and even now, in out of the way places, one comes across outside stairways.

In some old cabins, the little room which composed the second floor was called the Maiden's Bower. This was built for the daughter

ROMANCE OF NORWAY'S ANCIENT LOG CABINS

of the house of marriageable age, though often used as a guest room. In olden days, among the peasants especially, it was not considered proper for girls and boys to be seen together. They say this was largely because a boy did not care to have people say that he was engaged to a girl when he was merely paying her a little attention, to find out perhaps if he would like to be. To spare the feelings of the shy Norwegian youth social etiquette demanded that every Saturday night the young maiden old enough to receive attention should spend the evening in her Bower, there to greet and entertain her friends or her lover. Her callers could climb the outside stairway unseen by the family, and in case they stayed late, the sleeping children and old folks were not disturbed by their departure. As a rule, however, the visits were short, as Saturday night was the one reception time of the week, and most of the boys wanted to make as many calls as possible. Sometimes several boys might meet at one girl's Bower, and this was, of course, very much to her credit. The door was always open, on Saturdays, and anyone had the right to walk in, unless a girl was reported engaged, in which case only her fiancé had access to the Bower.

Sometimes there were large parties and fêtes, and then it was customary for the guests to bring along a ration of porridge; it was not an ordinary porridge, but a very carefully prepared delicacy of whipped and boiled sour cream, served with a huge lump of butter in it. After the reception was over Saturday nights the maiden slept in her Bower, though at all other times she was expected to conform absolutely to the regulations of the family life downstairs. This quaint custom still obtains in some of the more remote Norwegian valleys.

WHILE all these old houses are haunted with traditions, the cottage that belonged to Peer Gynt, the hero of Ibsen's drama, is naturally most romantic of all. His cottage has two stories and was built at the end of the sixteenth century. Peer Gynt was a real person, and lived sometime during the seventeenth century at Fron. He was a mighty and powerful man and very wealthy. But he was peculiar; inasmuch he had a beautiful house and land, he preferred to live in this little cottage, and he liked to wander off for weeks at a time, being out in all kinds of weather. This had given him the habit of half-closing his eyes, to *gynte* as they called it, and on account of this mannerism he was dubbed "Gynt."

Peer Gynt was a great hunter and fisher, and when he returned from his expeditions he had the strangest stories to tell. The most wonderful things happened to him, some of which Ibsen has recorded

ROMANCE OF NORWAY'S ANCIENT LOG CABINS

and embellished. Sometimes he would meet with long bridal processions and hear wonderful music, and a beautiful girl, with flowing golden braids and soft green dress, a *huldre*, would speak of love, too.

Sometimes he would pretend to listen to her, but he would always escape at the last moment. The *huldre* are weird underworld people, and yet have farms and chalets just like human beings. The girls are always fair and young, given to enticing mortal men into the underworld. And once there, escape is impossible.

The *huldre* women, although more beautiful than other women, have one defect—a cow's tail, which they always try to hide, but which usually manages to trail on the ground below their skirts. And that gives them away.

When Peer Gynt was out alone, the *huldre* often set their traps for him. Once he was out fishing, for instance. The water was full of fish; it looked almost as though he could pick them up with his hands. But not one would bite. As he sat there, cross and aggravated, he heard someone giggle back of him, in the woods. It was a *huldre*. And Peer understood that she had prevented the fish from biting. So he promised he would give her this and that and many things if she would go away. But she stayed and laughed in his face. At last he said, "Well what do you want?" "I want to be your sweetheart, Peer." "Very well," said Peer, "come tomorrow and we'll talk it over. I want to fish just now." So she went away and he caught lots of fish and the next day he stayed home.

Another time Peer had just come home to his cottage. It was a stormy day, and he was poking the fire when he heard someone knock at the door. He opened, and found a beautiful girl with large blue eyes, who asked for something to eat. Peer was going to give her something when he caught sight of the cowtail trailing behind her feet. "Ah, now I've got you!" he shouted, taking a ladle of hot soup and throwing it over her, while with a shriek, she picked up her tail and fled away to the woods.

After that Peer had a row of little brown crosses marked over the door—they can still be seen—to frighten the *huldre* and trolls away. And every Christmas Eve he painted the crosses with a mixture of blood and tar.

THE living part of Norwegian farms is made up of groups of small houses, most of them having only one story, and having probably not more than two or three rooms. These houses are grouped around two courtyards, so to speak, the outer court being formed by the stables, the pigsty and the barns, and the inner court formed by the dwelling houses. When a house grew too small, the old

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT

peasants never remodeled it but built a new one next it, leaving the old house to stand empty or else using it as some kind of a storehouse. Some farms have as many as twenty or thirty old houses grouped around the yards. Aside from the dwelling houses, the most interesting building is the *stabur*, or the storehouse. It has always two stories and the upper floor protrudes over the lower one. Sometimes this projection is one of the closed passageways mentioned before—other times the room itself projects.

While other houses are either built on the ground or on stone foundation, the *stabur* always stands on posts, and the little staircase that leads up to the door is a foot or two away from the threshold, to prevent mice and rats from getting in. On the first floor are stored provisions—flour, corn, meal, bread and smoked hams and meat. All the bed linen and feather beds and blankets and clothes are stored on the second floor, where, strange to say, there always stands a bed. Here the honored guest is asked to pass the night. By permitting him to sleep in the storehouse, the subtle compliment is paid him that he is a man in whom one may have confidence, a man to be trusted with the treasures of the house. It is also a delicate way of letting him see the prosperity of the family, and of judging of its financial status.

In the remote Norwegian valleys where the rush of modern life has not yet penetrated, the stories of the past still abound,—links between the bygone days and present ones. But the old log houses are fast disappearing, and to future generations, a trip to Maihaugen and its calm and massive old homes will seem like a page out of some quaint story book.

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT.

WHEN waning summer brings hushed autumntide,
And quails break Sabbath with their whistling sweet;
Then flame the crimson poppies in the wheat
Where all the land is fragrant as a bride!
The glory of the harvest and its pride—
Forevermore they flutter in the heat:
Music of autumn do their lips repeat;
They share a rapture and a joy world wide!
The wheat is old as Egypt, and its croon
Breathes songs of bursting barn and granary.
Only the poppies with their dancing keep
Sweet memories of romance and of June;
And echoes soft of springtime's verdant sweep
When April touched the world with witchery!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY- SEVEN



THE present chapter is devoted to the consideration of an important phase of architectural activity: namely, the planning of additions, alterations and repairs to old buildings. The subject will be approached with trepidation by all who appreciate its seriousness, for considerable harm may be done by creating a misconception of his duties in the mind of one entrusted with the repairing of an ancient structure. Misgivings of this nature lead me at the outset to avoid the word "restoration," lest I might seem to condone much that has been done in its name.

Similar distrust of himself will probably assail the architect who undertakes responsibility for a beautiful historical building. He will realize the significance of the demands made upon him and the importance of his trust. If he happens to be an antiquarian or archæologist, he may have an uneasy consciousness that archæological and antiquarian interests are a sign of decadence in any age, and he



THE RUINS OF THE WEST FRONT OF KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY.

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may doubt whether his work possesses the vitality necessary to success. He will discover in the work of the artists of any great period no trace of doubt as to the superiority of their work over that of their predecessor, and he will feel how different it is with himself. He must appreciate that he is merely a trustee whose duty it is to hand on to future generations, unimpaired, all the historical interests, the natural and artistic beauties of the building entrusted to his care. And at the same time he must see to it that the work is strong, stable and well adapted to fulfil present requirements.

His task is really more hopeful and perhaps even more wholesome if he is required to render the building constructionally sound while adapting it to fulfil modern demands of comfort and convenience, and not simply to preserve it as a museum specimen whose active life is over.

If he is an architect *per se*, he must necessarily realize that his first

business is to determine *what* is beautiful and what is not, and that his next is to decide *why* one thing is beautiful and another ugly. Moreover, he will have discovered that too great an interest in the historical side of his art tends to distract his attention from things of primary importance, and also to weaken his power of design. So he will probably question whether his knowledge is full enough to insure his taking into account everything of the least historical significance.

It is difficult to formulate rules which may be followed with safety in making repairs and additions to ancient buildings, but possibly the following will be found helpful. First, never try to make the new work look old or



THE WEST FRONT OF KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY RESTORED BY BARRY PARKER.



THE WEST FRONT OF KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY AFTER BEING RESTORED BY BARRY PARKER: THIS PART WAS PROBABLY ORIGINALLY A STABLE WITH LOFT OVER-HEAD, WHICH APPARENTLY HAD NOT BEEN USED FOR A LONG TIME PAST: IN THE ORIGINAL STATE THERE WAS NO GLASS USED IN ANY OF THESE OPENINGS, SO FAR AS ONE COULD TELL FROM THE FORMATION OF THE STONEWORK.

A MOST INTERESTING
VIEW OF THE REMAINS
OF THE PRIORY BEFORE
RESTORATION WHEN
FIRST DISCOVERED,
WITH THE ACTUAL WALL
IN EXCELLENT CONDITION
AND HALF HIDDEN UNDER
MASSSES OF TRAILING IVY.



SECOND VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT
OF THE RUINS OF THE PRIORY:
THE SERIES OF ARCHES ARE
APPARENTLY THE OPENINGS IN
THE BASEMENT OF THE BUILDING
WHICH TOOK THE PLACE OF
WINDOWS AND LET IN LIGHT
AND AIR FOR THE ANIMALS:
THE CENTER ARCH WHICH IS
CUT TO THE GROUND WAS
UNDOUBTEDLY THE ENTRANCE-
WAY: THIS PICTURE WAS
TAKEN AT THE BEGINNING
OF THE RESTORATION.

THE
RESTORA-
TION OF
THE OLD
PRIORY
WAS
MADE
BY
BARRY
PARKER.



AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF THE PRIORY AFTER RESTORATION, THE
WALLS PRACTICALLY UNTOUCHED, BUT THE OLD ARCHWAYS CONVERTED INTO BEAUTIFUL WIN-
DOWS AND THE VINES AGAIN TRAINED BACK OVER THE STONWORK.

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like the old. Second, never do anything in the new work which falls short of the most beautiful and practical you can conceive, from a mistaken idea of loyalty to the old style or period.

It is good for us sometimes to picture to ourselves what lifeless and meaningless piles our cathedrals and churches would be if their builders, in each succeeding age, had felt obliged to do their part of the work just as the first builders would have done it, instead of each doing what he conceived to be better than his predecessors, and availing himself of his greater knowledge of construction and materials.

In *repairing* a building, our respect for the historical interest of the old work may often lead us to leave parts of it intact and rest content with something that falls short of our modern ideals of beauty and convenience; but in *making additions* to an old structure we must never be hampered in our striving after practical and æsthetic perfection by a fear lest the new work be out of keeping with the old. The most harmonious additions to old buildings always frankly declare themselves such, and often differ from the original entirely in style.

Restorers of one school hold that if they can recover the original design they may reproduce it with no restrictions as to the extent or character of new work used to replace old. They ignore the fact that the result of such restoration will be neither a new work of art nor a relic of the past, and they hold that it matters nothing how completely they befog those who try to trace their history or to study the work of past ages.

Restorers of another school hold that the slightest repairs to an old building should be done in such a way that any student may discern exactly what is new and what is old; that therefore, for example, stonework should be repaired with brick or tile, and brickwork with stone or tile.

Without proclaiming allegiance to either school, I would suggest that we should alter old work as little as possible, whenever practicable making necessary modifications in the form of definite *additions*, and never replacing any old work with new except where this is constructionally necessary, or where it is requisite to fulfil the purpose of the building, or to insure the health and comfort of those who are to inhabit it. We must remember that we cannot *preserve* the old work by *substituting* new. We should then never replace with new any old decorative features—such, for example, as moldings that perform no useful function. If we wish for ornament we should add new where none exists; we should direct our efforts toward the preservation, not the replacing of the old.

Perhaps the most fatal error a restorer can make is to try to secure

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effects which time alone can give. Only artificiality can be the result of this. I recently went over an historical building in Wales which was undergoing repairs at the hands of His Majesty's Board of Works. The Clerk of Works showed me with pride a doorway, the new stonework of which he had rubbed with files, chipped and broken with hammers and dirtied with soot until it was almost impossible to distinguish the new stonework from the old. This is merely one instance of an attitude toward architectural restoration that is even less justifiable where less obvious.

I knew an able designer of stained glass who, having to design new windows for an Early English church, strove to forget his knowledge of the human figure and to draw it as a thirteenth-century glass-worker would have done. He made it his aim to do nothing which the draughtsmen of that period were unable to do, forgetting that he could not reproduce the delightful naiveté, directness and freshness of their work by sacrificing the opportunity to express his own feeling for beauty in his own way.

While sympathizing with the ideals which have prompted the rebuilding of St. Mark's Campanile at Venice, I doubt whether its rebuilders were guided by a true artistic instinct when they reproduced the appearance of the old tower as exactly as they could—unless it was because they felt that the form the old tower had assumed, after many additions and modifications, was the most beautiful which could be conceived of. As a new tower was desired in place of the old one it should have been the aim to make it as beautiful as could be, using in it such old parts as were still intact, to which historical associations and the people's love might still cling.

To anyone entrusted to work upon an old building, I would commend the most drastic searchings of heart, to discover whether or not he is a mere votary of a passing fashion. Let him realize that much which seems to him to possess no beauty may be pronounced by future generations to be the glory of the building he is dealing with. Many of the grossest acts of vandalism in the past have been those dictated by fashion.

Revival follows revival. At one time all the work of the Middle Ages is thought to be barbaric, and public taste cheerfully condones almost any destruction and abuse of it. Then arises a cult which recognizes none of that beauty which springs from symmetry, balance and proportion, and to whom the whole influence of the Renaissance is anathema. At one time the picturesque alone appeals; at another only that which is symmetrical is allowed any claim to be considered as architecture.

He who tends toward such extremes or feels too strongly the influ-



VIEW OF THE PRIORY, SHOWING HOW LITTLE THE OLD PART WAS CHANGED AND HOW DEFINITELY NEW IS THE ADDITION. NORTH END OF THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE PRIORY COMPLETELY RESTORED: WHEN DISCOVERED IT WAS WINDOWLESS AND FLOORLESS, THE RUIN OF A PART OF THE STABLE.



PART OF THE OLD PRIORY COMPLETELY RESTORED WITH
THE GARDEN BROUGHT UP TO THE SOUTHWEST WALL.
THE SCIENCE ROOM, WINE-GATEHOUSE AND BARN OF
THE PRIORY, ALSO THE NEW STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE
UPPER ROOMS OF THE GATEHOUSE



SHOWING THE INTERESTING WAY IN WHICH A MODERN ADDITION TO THE WEST FRONT OF THE PRIORY IS INTERWOVEN WITH AN ANCIENT WALL AT THE LEFT AND A BIT OF THE OLD STONE FOUNDATION AT THE FRONT. SOUTH END OF THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE PRIORY RESTORED, SHOWING ONE OF THE OLD STABLE-ARCHES MADE INTO A WINDOW.



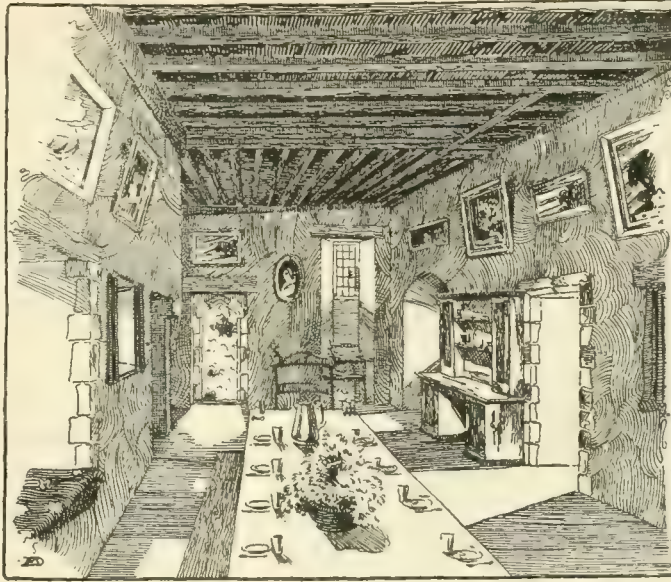
NORTH END OF THE DINING ROOM SHOWING THE
OLD TIMBER ROOF AND THE NEW CASEMENT WINDOW.
VIEW OF THE SOUTH END OF THE DINING ROOM SHOW-
ING PLASTER WALLS AND BEAUTIFUL OLD TIMBER ROOF

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ences of certain phases of beauty and is dead to those of other phases is ill-fitted to undertake the care of ancient buildings. Catholicity of taste is necessary. There has always been good and bad taste; it is not simply, as some suppose, a matter of your taste and my taste, both of equal value. Therefore, he who tampers with an

old building must be possessed of the ability to see when work is in good taste, even if it makes no appeal to his special temperament. However, it is more usual for an architect to be commissioned to adapt an old building to modern requirements than to repair and leave it to tell its tale of the art, manners and customs of a former age.

King's Langley Priory, illustrated here, was little more than a ruin when I was asked to create out of it a new home for an established school. Part of one of the gatehouses remained and was in use as a shepherd's cottage; how much else existed the accompanying plans, sketches and photographs will show. Another part of the building was also inhabited, but what is now the drawing room had for long been unused, and seemed never to have been utilized for any but its original



DINING ROOM OF THE PRIORY, RESTORED.



MODERN FIREPLACE IN PRIORY DINING ROOM.

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purpose, which was probably the stalling of oxen, mules and horses. The beautiful timbered roof was intact though in sad need of most careful repair. New windows had to be cut in the walls and the positions of others changed; chimney stacks had to be strengthened, floors laid, the surrounding soil removed, and new wings were added to give the accommodation required. The necessary staircases were placed so as to interfere as little as possible with the old work, and the outside staircase was erected at the gatehouse with the same thought in mind.

It is difficult not to feel a little envious of those so fortunate as to receive their early education amid the influences and associations of such a place as this Priory. How real will history be to them! When they read of Edward the Second's favorite, Piers Gaveston, or of Edward of Angoulême, son of the Black Prince, these will not be mere names in history, but real men who lie buried in their own school

grounds. The first three Edwards and Richard the Second will all lose their remoteness for pupils who read of their occupation of a royal palace much of which must have stood within their school's domain; and of "Richard the Second with Ann his queen, four bishops and as many earls, the Duke of York (Edmund of Langley) several lords and fifteen ladies" keeping Christmas there in thirteen hundred and ninety-two. Games played in the pleasant field must surely gain an added zest from the knowledge that a church once stood there, which Sir Gilbert Scott said when he saw the foundations exposed in eighteen hundred and thirty-one,

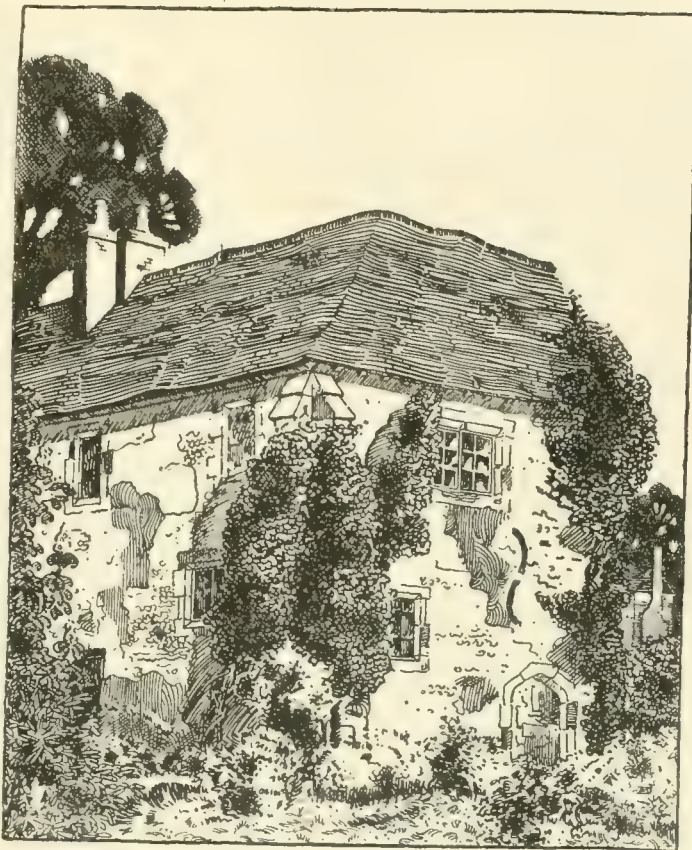


THE PRIORY GATE, RESTORED.

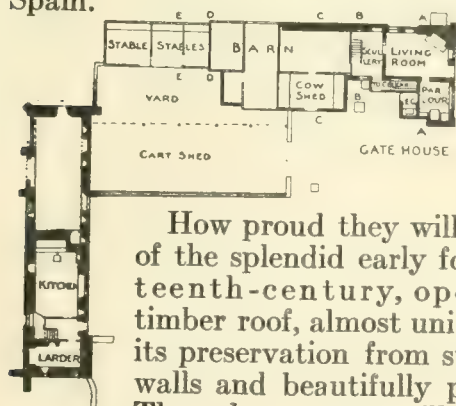
A NEW IDEA IN RESTORING OLD BUILDINGS

must have been almost as fine as Westminster Abbey. Rooms which for centuries were the quiet haunts of friars and pilgrims must possess influences that no modern school could have.

"Old John of Gaunt" (so real a personage to us all) must stand out even more vividly for those who live where he "kept company with his brother Edmund of Langley and the King" in thirteen hundred and ninety-six, and where Edmund was born and buried with his wife Isabella, daughter of Pedro the Cruel of Spain.

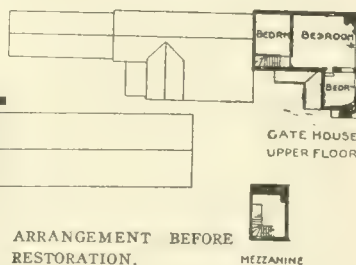


THE SOUTH END OF THE RUINS OF THE PRIORY.



How proud they will be of the splendid early fourteenth-century, open-timber roof, almost unique its preservation from such walls and beautifully proportioned windows! Then how near will be

PLAN OF PRIORY.

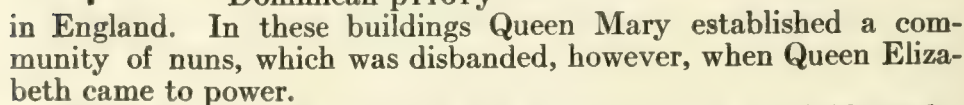


ARRANGEMENT BEFORE RESTORATION.

in the completeness of early times, with its thick portioned windows! brought home to them

The image contains the following architectural drawings:

- BLOCK PLAN:** A plan view of the priory buildings. It shows a 'GARDEN' area to the left, a 'PRIORY' wall running vertically, and an 'OLD WALL' at the bottom. The buildings are labeled 'STABLE', 'BARN', 'GATE HOUSE', 'YARD', and 'CART SHED'.
- SECTION EE:** A cross-section of a small building with a gabled roof.
- SECTION AA:** A cross-section of a two-story building with a chimney.
- SECTION BB:** A cross-section of a building with a steep gabled roof and a chimney.
- SECTION DD:** A cross-section of a building with a gabled roof and a chimney.
- NORTH ELEVATION OF GATE HOUSE AND BARN:** A front elevation of a long, single-story building with a central arched entrance and a chimney.
- SECTION CC:** A cross-section of a building with a steep gabled roof and a chimney.
- SOUTH ELEVATION OF BARN AND GATE HOUSE:** A front elevation of a long, single-story building with a central arched entrance and a chimney.
- ELEVATIONS AND BLOCK OF THE PRIORY BEFORE RESTORATION:** A title for the set of drawings.



610

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SCHOOL: A NEW IDEA IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION: BY RAYMOND RIORDON



THE industrial training of children should have as one big thought in the foreground—character development. That skilled labor might result from industrial training, that industrial training might lead to later vocational training, are to be conceded. Goodness is not character. And men are rare who can be useful to a community and do not know how to use their hands. Industrial education has been the cure meted out for the deformed, the undesirable, the deficient. Industrial education should be the preventive. The cure is doubtful; the prevention is sure.

The son of the workingman has to go to work and soon becomes a drudge; the son of the man of means gets no chance to work and thus becomes a parasite. Both are, undoubtedly, the result of our public-school system. The United States is criminally negligent in caring for her wards—the children—when it comes to education. And through education, but beginning with the babe, is the only chance for the regeneration of a race already showing moral decadence.

We are taught responsibility. Parents do not understand responsibility. They try very hard—many of them—to do all possible for the child, after the child is born. The time to do for the child is during the youth of the parents. And there is no way the youth of the land can be made to understand this, save through the public schools, save through industry—unselfish occupation—during the adolescent period. Sex preachments have never prevented anything. Self-protection is not possible through being *told how*; self-protection comes from *knowing how*. The only way to learn is through doing. Mastery of self, muscular control, mental morality through the centering of thought on helpfulness toward others,—these attributes are possible only through constant and unselfish occupation during the formative years. This country does not possess a conscious citizenship.

This age has kept us so very busy perfecting and marketing horse power, that man power has been greatly neglected. In consequence, the man who might be willing to work, doesn't know how; and the man who happens to know how, rates his earning power with the developed mechanical force and his demands being met, has meant a resultant decrease in accomplishment at an increased cost of effort. *The increase of foreigners, who do the so-called drudgery, has taken from the hands of the male population of this country, the source of their forefathers' strength—the strength on which was founded the nation.* Great

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nations have been and are the physically industrious ones. To the fact that the great mass of the German people toil with their hands, live next to the soil, is due, without doubt, their preëminent position among civilized countries today. On the other hand, nations whose light has been kindled by their wits, find the flames soon flickering, if not extinguished. The Romans, 'tis true, and the Spartans, were most physically fit; Belligerency, however, gets but so far, then like a whipped dog, slinks back and bows its head to Justice. The nation that lives by its wits, the nation that climbs through its armies' activities, is doomed. From the soil emanated life, and recognition of Justice. Justice decrees that each shall labor in order that his neighbor's neck may not ever be under the yoke.

"Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world." Law should mean peace. But war, rapine, murder, inhumanity—all have become legalized through brains. Poor Justice would well be blind that she might not see the shame of law. Moral law needs no policemen, no jail, no courts; moral law bespeaks manhood, helpfulness, Christianity. And the makers of the code of moral law must be the children.

Education is a matter for constant change; *education is progress*. Education must meet conditions that are at hand, yet act as a preventive for recurrence of such conditions. Education should mean happiness, and there can be no happiness without *successful performance of a task*. Law is a result largely of custom, of precedent, and must be. Therefore, new custom, new precedent must begin with the child.

THE education of children should have as a second big aim—civic improvement. Good citizenship should not consist in merely obeying the law. The civil law is but an ill-advised way for creating and sustaining government. No good government can exist unless sustained by moral law and it should be the function of education to insure moral training to the young of the state. There is not a government in existence today where the people rule, and a nation cannot be truly great unless people do rule. Were the people to rule today, not in this country alone, but elsewhere, there would be anarchy because education has not prepared the children for civic improvement, for civic understanding. Education should mean self-reliance, fortitude, daring, self-control, endurance, self-sacrifice. Education is too much a matter of quantity—a peck of mathematics, a pound of history, a ton of English, a gallon of geography. Education should not begin at seven and end at eighteen, or twenty, or thirty. Education is for always. And to make possible

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the two aims stated—character development and a conscious citizenship—is the duty of the administration department through industrial training.

The principal of a school, having understanding, and no intermediary but the superintendent, freed from special supervisors (the ruination of independence in teaching and honesty of thought and expression) allowed absolute sway in his building and the community neighboring the building, given the authority to select his own teachers and plan the curriculum for the individuals coming under his care, such a one could make a public school do what it should for the children of the people.

There are few such principals, if any; there has been no precedent governing the training of teachers along these lines. Therefore, to reach the desired aim, the beginning with such a work must be made through a system stamped with Federal and State approval, if not coming directly under their jurisdiction. The success of such teaching would be assured when the public schools were made self-supporting, or partly so.

I personally am positive that any school in any locality could through self-maintenance create a new citizenship. I personally am positive that private schools maintained by our Government—Federal or State—could become self-supporting institutions and not only develop a conscious citizenship, a clean coming generation, an economic race, but could also train boys and girls to develop specifically the resources of their States, each State to be strengthened through local flavor. At the present time, we seem to seek new lands to conquer, when all is yet to be done at home.

With the above thought in view, a plan has been submitted to Congress, outlining a National School and embodying the ideas necessary for the formulating of a new type of public instruction. In addition, it is suggested that another fund supposedly available—the George Washington bequest for a National School—might be kept in mind, as well as the Lincoln Memorial appropriation upon which the idea of the proposed school is now based. And even if the Lincoln Fund could not be used, surely some action should be taken to prevent the George Washington bequest from being brought to light for the further exploitation of experimental work. Higher education has proven itself inadequate in supplying the nation with a *race of men*. Its product is largely useless and is looked on askance by the business man today. And like this product, so will be its progeny. It is now time that the child received attention, in order that the coming race practice the virtues of industry, helpfulness, subordination of self.

A NATIONAL LINCOLN MEMORIAL SCHOOL

PROPOSED NATIONAL SCHOOL UTILIZING LINCOLN MEMORIAL FUND.

UNIVERSAL belief in the non-partisan action of men fighting for a bi-partisan cause, is surely a test of greatness. Both Lincoln and Lee have stood this test. Arlington, our National cemetery, once Lee's home—peaceful, beautiful, truly *in memoriam*, stands a lasting monument to Lee. In his garden lie at rest, not his enemies, nor the enemies of the South, but guests in death of the host against whose cause they struggled. Forgiveness, forgetfulness of strife, eternal peace! And now we would honor Lincoln—fittingly record the living greatness of this great American. A generous Government—inoculated with the guilt of the age, extravagance, is ready to spend two million dollars that Lincoln may stand named in marble or in bronze. Indeed the vast sum appropriated shows again that we are inclined to rate our dead financially—Lincoln, the greatest, needs a greater sum than ever expended, that he might be sufficiently honored by the Government he served, the Government he saved.

But will a palace of stone, a pyramid, a building of any grandeur reflect such a man as was the war president? Lincoln was an unassuming, simple, nature-loving creature, molded by God Himself, and a perfect creation because he was never embellished by the false tinsel of society—forgetfulness of his kind, egoism, indolence. Our tailor architects never had a chance to hide the man. "I am only right, when those I serve are benefited," thus might have said Lincoln. Can anything other than life itself stand a memorial to such a man?

"The noblest motive is the public good"—Lincoln lived by this thought and why not let his memory live also by the same thought? Our schools are the salvation of this country. They might be much more—its sanctification. But today the public schools are conducted and based on too much sentiment and precedent. Attack the schools and the Little Red Schoolhouse orator begins; attack the courses of study and you become the object of a fusilade as furious as if the very Constitution of the United States were involved.

The proof of anything is always product—results. The boys who pass through our schools are not capable of earning a living, are less capable of rising above the commonplace, have no basic idea of citizenship, and are weaklings physically. This in spite of vast changes in curriculums, in spite of splendid gymnasium equipments. We do too much for the child. His entire education should be a course of *learning through doing*. Froebel worked this idea out appealingly in the kindergarten, and we have accepted his methods; but so far we have not dared to make all our work conform with this sure, and the only sure, principle of education—learning through doing.

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The public schools should not be a place to exploit the oratory of Jones, the high jumping of Brown, or the drawing of Smith. The public school should reflect the community; but it does not. The first fifteen years of child life is the only time when training can be made permanent, yet we do not begin to give much thought to the child until he is in the high school. And then, what thought? At just the wrong age we have our boys and girls together in school; at just the wrong age we crowd the mind when the body ("There is but one temple in the Universe and that is the Body of Man") should be allowed to develop, to grow to prepare itself for functions of sex. The present three years of high-school life should be given over largely to freedom of action and thought. This does not mean lack of systematic training—but it does mean the harnessing of power so that it will pull forward, not backward.

AS nearly as possible the actual building, and most assuredly the maintenance of every public school should be the work of the children and parents using the building. And the parents should not only be pupils at the school, but the best ethical teachers in the school. The modern school is institutionalized, is burdened, therefore, with inspection, with supervision; individuality is crushed out of the teachers, and we reflect what we are. The "best" children are the best bookworms, or the best behaved, or the best anything that causes least trouble or annoyance. The *best* pupils should be those who are most law-abiding in practice, and practice is rarely obtained at school. In districts where men and women are laboring people, they are stigmatized with help from the charitable organizations, church visiting guilds,—what a shame to make people paupers. The mere fact that people are in the laboring class should make their neighborhood the happiest, the brightest and the most law-abiding. For contrary to the popular whim, but recognized as the greatest truth by the wise of all ages, work is the one source of happiness that faileth not. What knowledge could more conduce to their welfare and to the welfare of the communities in which they live? What could we teach our children more essential than this? There is just one agent that can tap this fountain of happiness and public weal, and that is the public school. Until a standard for this sort of schooling—the schooling that inculcates love of work, unselfishness, desire for usefulness, self-support, is set, the public schools will never come out of the mire; the country will continue to retrograde, and we shall be drifting into another civil war. And where shall we get our Lincoln? Do we Americans realize that the few bright spots—seemingly so because they awaken a new idea in our latter-day education, are

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little items culled from Germany or Switzerland, or other foreign countries? We need borrow from none, for we are richest; but unused power brings about decay, and we are allowing the foundation of the nation—the public schools—to rot and wear away from lack of chinking and spring house-cleaning.

Near Washington, D. C., a tract of land might be purchased,—a tract as rough as real estate men have left it—and on this tract should be timber and water. We already have Annapolis for our Navy; West Point for our Army—fighting schools; caste schools whose graduates tend toward an American aristocracy: but we have no National School for peace, no National School where children, the wards of the nation, are taught civic honor, civic pride, honesty, virtue and governmental purity. We cannot reform the disrupting dishonesty of our present system of Government in practice; one can't reform anything where the adult is concerned; one might begin with the child. This generation may not benefit from the Lincoln National School; but it is the country's future we are aiming to assure.

Each State and each of our civic possessions should send its quota of children to Washington. Selection should rest in some definite authority, but the boys sent should not be picked boys, the requirements demanding only that the boys should be healthy in mind and body. Selection should be a matter of eugenics. These boys should be about ten years old and should be in school twelve months each year.

Upon their arrival in Washington they should be set to work, building their home-house first, then other necessary buildings; but all these buildings should be planned by them, under guidance, of course. The first building might be a log building. If gravel is on the place, then a cement house should follow; if clay, then a building of bricks, after they have made the brick. The buildings planned of stone should wait until some of the boys have spent some time at the quarry from which the stone is to be taken. In brief, not a place to rest their heads, not a table from which to eat, except what they provide themselves.

IMPOSSIBLE with children? Not at all, even at the right age—ten years. Guidance is everything. Now we do not wish to wait until these beginners grow up before we send out to the States in charge of groups men to look for new pupils, before we have—in other words—the normal department of the School. Ultimately, the large portion of the boys should spread the gospel of independence through their teaching, while others will do so through their citizenship. A normal department should be inaugurated in the beginning

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with fifty pupils. Young men of fifteen or twenty should compose this group and should be molded largely on industrial lines. The teachers should provide the guidance and instruction for the younger boys and at the same time instruct the normal pupils in both theory and practice. The latter could do the heavier work while training the younger. The pupils should learn at first hand of the various occupations of our people by being at the centers of such occupation and actually entering into such work. "Books must follow sciences, and not sciences, books."

The boy who at the receptive age sees miners at work and helps them, is in the quarry and knows how and why, even at the press, picks and packs fruit, will before we know it, be devising ways and means for the bettering of laboring conditions, will vivify life with the genius that creates, will be active in mind and body. And in my mind the only safe genius is the guided one who develops genius through doing for others.

Washington with its marvels in architecture, art, natural history, libraries, affords a fertile field for research, and all of its buildings should be used as they are, no effort being made to supply the Lincoln School with costly equipment and impediment. Employees of the Government will be rendering real service when they turn about as teachers—but without extra pay.

The reaching out of the various branches of Government service—the Geodetic Survey, the Reclamation Service, the Agricultural Experimental Stations; the use of public documents now covered with mold; the unifying of this vast school the Government now maintains, but without cohesion and without big results; a better citizenship, a better country, would enable the Lincoln National School to regenerate education, but with the easy gradual revolution of the world upon its axis.

The School should merge into a university which should be a national one, and which should reflect the nation through good citizenship and active coöperation in governing the country. From the Lincoln School should flow ideas and plans for the building of school-houses—their suitableness, their simplicity, their decoration.

There are so many ramifications to a plan of this sort, that it would take reams to discuss it fully, but one can easily foresee the possibility of a *living memorial* if such a school were conducted as planned—to make good citizens. And a good citizen labors, helps, does his own dirty work, believes in his Government, and is happy.

State branches would next be in order, and such branches, especially with their normal departments, would revolutionize education as it is generally understood. It will be hard for each "M. C." not to arise

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and praise his normal school and the splendid education of his State. But the facts stand that our education is at fault, else why the prevalence of graft, of poverty, of imprisonment, of social scandal; why the fatal apathy toward public affairs, the universal absence of conscious citizenship, the appalling lack of worthy national ideals. Let us face the truth; our education is routine, superficial, uninspiring—in short, a failure. Consider the possibilities of manhood as exemplified in the man we would commemorate, and then look around and ask if our public schools are doing their duty. The interest on the fund appropriated by Congress for a Lincoln Memorial would be sufficient—properly invested—to carry out on a proper and fitting scale the Lincoln School as projected. The school would have to be kept free from politics; it would have to be economically managed, and indeed such management should include returns from pupils' labor—at least in the way of self-support.

The plan for a National School would be incomplete—indeed futile in conception—if it did not care for the nation's fundamental strength—woman. Girls' work along suitable lines of domestic endeavor could readily be conducted, and the merging of the school work and life of the boys with that of the girls be effected at the proper—not as now at the wrong, period of life.

The question arising in dealing with the race problem, the chance for a false stand on State's rights—all the many problems connected with a plan of such scope, can be easily handled if the scheme is allowed to thrive. Men of wealth throughout these United States would do more to support this idea, once its practicability were proven, than they are doing now in the giving of libraries, founding of colleges and keeping them from foundering.

To recapitulate—a tract of land near Washington—say one hundred and sixty acres, a boy from each State in the Union, a young man from each State in the Union; fifteen teachers, largely men and women capable of doing with their hands, but necessarily none the less skilled with their heads; free access to the Government buildings; assurance of coöperation from Government employees; tools for building and for farming; tents for temporary shelter, and these borrowed from the army; an allowance of fifty thousand dollars for salaries, maintenance of one hundred persons, necessary buildings to start; ten thousand dollars for field and extension work; an understanding that the School is not an orphanage or a Governmental industrial home but a vast national attempt to recuperate our lost manhood, our passing resources, our waning integrity—and the results will abundantly repay the outlay. *Lincoln will be honored.*

AMERICA'S PAINTER OF SHEEP: THE ONLY PUPIL OF GEORGE INNESS, SR.: BY JEANNE BERTRAND



PRACTICALLY every country has first acquired its reputation for a definite individual art through its genre painters. When we think of the great simple art of such Dutchmen as Rembrandt, Holbein, Frans Hals, Dürer; what France has done in the flower of her art with Manet, Monet, Rodin, Cezanne; of Germany before the days of the Secession art; of Italy's art in convents and churchyards; we realize very fully that the art which must of necessity make a nation famous, is that undeniably associated with phases of life in which the mass of people are interested and familiar. England has had very little genre art since the days of Hogarth. Her paintings and her sculpture have been in the last decade most formal and conventional; in other words, British art during the Victorian Period has presented to the public what they wanted most to see,—court ladies, sentimental rural love scenes and groups of children in which light and dark hair was always evenly distributed. Thus art may add to the glory of the country or the humor of the onlooker.

Here in America we have been true to art traditions, in so much as we have painted for our own art world and critics those subjects which most inherently interested them; first landscapes, as we began to realize through the medium of George Inness that our American landscapes were worth painting; next portraits, as we came to the conclusion, with the aid of foreign countries, that our women were beautiful, and later on the more intensely human men began to realize that at least one good result of our immigrant population was to be found in the picturesque scenes of our metropolitan streets, and then these were painted and much admired. Perhaps we should not have appreciated these scenes quite so quickly if Daumier and Steinlen had not already opened our eyes to the interest of Paris and Munich streets. In any case, we have realized from what our artists were doing that what we wanted them to do were landscapes, portraits and metropolitan scenes; because art always has and always will express the interest of the nation.

But as yet we have scarcely an example of old world genre art, if we except Horatio Walker, who is really a Canadian, and John A. S. Monks, whom we have not known as widely and as sympathetically as his art deserves. It is an interesting story, the way in which John Monks decided to become this particular kind of a painter which America needs in her art history, and has lacked so completely. There was no background here for Mr. Monks' ideal of painting and he had

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not traveled abroad where he could imitate the enthusiasm of the French, Dutch and German artists to reproduce on canvas their rural scenes.

As the American people had very little interest in rural life, in fact, were somewhat ashamed of it always—seeming to feel that not to like the country was to be aristocratic—we naturally had no painters of rural scenes. The Hollanders loved their gardens and their animals and their back porches and all the beautiful colors of their vegetables and flowers. This is almost equally true of the artist of the Provence. Always whatever has made for the comfort, health and happiness of France has been of interest to all her people, including her writers and her painters. But in America we were ashamed of our New England orchards and our old-fashioned houses and most of all of our kitchens and stables. Our pigs were to be scorned and our chickens to be ignored. As for painting them, I think our New England grandmothers would have thought we were crazy. Whoever could imagine such a thing! The result is that some of the most picturesque and charming scenes in the history of our growth as a nation, have never been depicted,—a definite loss to our museums and to our art galleries.

AND so we find with surprise and pleasure a man whose interest in art has always been in the genre phase of painting. From the beginning of doing exactly what he wanted to do, he has painted sheep. He has taken care of the sheep, he has lived where they were in the winter, he has been their shepherd in the summer. In the beginning of his career he shared the shepherd's hut. Whatever was essential in order to become absolutely familiar with this chosen subject for his canvases he was willing to do, indeed, enjoyed doing, because it brought him closer to what seemed to him one of the most interesting phases of life. Jean François Millet felt this same way about the people and the animals that he painted. He knew the French peasants, he knew the barnyards, the gardens, the doorways, the fields of Barbizon. He lived amongst them, and there was no joy, or tragedy or pathos in the lives of these folk that he had not lived out with them.

While a very young man Mr. Monks was an engraver; he was interested in his profession, and yet after a visit to Boston to a friend who was a painter, he was seized with such a desire to handle brushes and to create beauty on canvas that when he returned home to Meriden, Connecticut, where his business was located, it was only to turn the key in the door of his workshop. Once back in Boston he decided that he would be a landscape painter. For a few years he met and worked with various artists, failing to accomplish anything



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN
A. S. MONKS FEEDING A GROUP
OF FAVORITE MODELS.



"SHEEP BEFORE THE STORM," FROM
A PAINTING BY JOHN A. S. MONKS.



"AT PEACE," FROM A PAINTING
BY JOHN A. S. MONKS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORGE
INNESS, SR., AMERICA'S FIRST
GREAT LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF SHEEP

very special, beyond his joy in the work. He was always a faithful student and a tenacious worker. The study of an old willow tree made from the yard of an artist with whom he was working, eventually led to the beginning of his success. This tree was painted over and over again. It seemed to Mr. Monks that it would never show all the interest, and grace and charm of the original tree. To him the tree had a personality which he felt he must put into the picture. It chanced one day that George Inness visited the studio, where Mr. Monks had been painting his tree. Catching sight of it, he said, "Show me that, who did it. Send Monks to my studio and tell him I want to see him."

One can picture how gladly and nervously the young artist responded to the call. "I am the young man that painted the willow tree," he said, "you wanted to see me." "Get your brushes and easel and place your work beside mine," said the great master of American landscape. "I will teach you all I can." And so they worked together, not merely as master and adoring pupil; but as friends; both rather quiet, the elder man indeed reticent. Once when these two friends had been separated for a short time, the younger man returning found the master painting in the fields. Hurrying across the meadows he met Mr. Inness standing quietly, almost with embarrassment, and was greeted with a simple, "Well, how are you?" But the close comradeship with so vital a personality as the elder Mr. Inness brought about an interest in genuineness and a sympathy with nature, which eventually enabled Monks even to leave his master and start away to find his own field of expression. It was then that he began to paint sheep.

In the black and white reproductions which we are showing this month, of course, we can only give the outline of these intimate, sympathetic genre pictures, leaving to imagination the brilliancy, the exquisite harmony of color. Painting out of doors, studying all the beauty of nature, as well as all the interest and complexity of domestic animal life, has awakened in this painter a knowledge of the wonder of out of doors, a poetical appreciation of the hills and pastures where he has strayed as a kindly shepherd, that give a value to his pictures, which perhaps he would never have found had he sought solely to become a landscape painter. For it seems in life that some of the most satisfying experiences are brought about when we are searching earnestly and honestly for a goal quite unrelated to the achievement which eventually is ours.

One phase of Mr. Monks' work is interesting to record,—that while through an intimate life with these favorite animals he must have grown to know every phase of their nature, all their discords and diffi-

WILD DUCKS

culties, all the minor ways in which they resemble the human race; yet in his pictures we find them presented always in the gentle, gracious mood. It is as though through his love for these animals Mr. Monks could only let us see them in their quiet, happy, peaceful scenes.

Not only has he painted sheep indoors and out, at play, sleeping in sunshine, in twilight; but he has modeled them most interestingly in clay. And although he began painting the sheep of the New England hills, he has since painted them all over the country,—North, East, South and West, each with their separate characteristics, for sheep vary as people do in different localities; but always they are presented with kindness and with the devoted friendship, which must win for things loved, the interest and the appreciation of the public.

WILD DUCKS.

I HEARD the wild ducks passing in the night,
From shadowy skies their call came dimly down,
And the soft magic of their yearning flight
Swept the dull spaces of the sleeping town.

Into my chamber came the breath of spring,
Pregnant with promise from awakening buds;
Into my heart came fancies, billowing
With the glad rhythm of sun-loosened floods.

I saw the wind-blown crocus on the hills,
With the fresh starring of anemones,
Heard the thin laughter that the brown brook trills
Under the shelter of low-stooping trees.

A car clanged distantly. Across the way
A drowsy watchman waked with sudden fright.
On the dim court a soft enchantment lay.
I heard the wild ducks passing in the night.

ROSE HENDERSON.

A MODERN CRAFTSMAN IN WROUGHT IRON: WORK THAT RIVALS THE INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES: BY C. MATLACK PRICE



IN the days of the Renaissance artists and artisans found a wide field of expression in wrought iron—a branch of the metal worker's craft that is now rarely developed. Iron is not so friendly to work with as copper or brass or the more precious metals, and most craftsmen lack the courage and perseverance that led the workers of former days to seek the beauty and interest that lie dormant in this uncompromising, sturdy metal. Nowadays we rarely see equaled the lovely gateways, railings, hinges, knockers and door pulls whose intricate traceries of leaves, flowers and scrolls grace the churches and homes of old Bavaria and tell over and over again the story of patience and care and skill that went into their making. Except for rare evidences of life in the efforts of a very few workers today, the craft is as dead as the men who practiced it long ago.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in Italy wrought iron was extensively used for screens in chapels and tombs and for grills in windows and doors. In the work of this period and the following century great skill was shown in handling the material, and there was a keen feeling for appropriate design. The art also found excellent expression in Spain during the Renaissance, as well as in the various periods in France and Germany. Much of the early ironwork in New Orleans was the product of Spanish or French artisans, and the best and oldest houses farther north showed the skill of the English and early American metal workers.

The advent of cast iron marked the beginning of the end of fine wrought work, and the smiths who fashioned the beautiful grills and railings of the Colonial period soon became extinct. The results of casting iron cannot be compared with the products of hand-fashioning, for, as in any imitation, the result is base and lacking in appeal to either artist or craftsman. Cast ironwork cannot be other than blunt and spiritless; the iron contracts greatly in passing from the fluid to the solid state, so that any fineness or delicacy of ornament is quite lost in the process, no matter how carefully the mold is made.

Through the medium of wrought iron, however, at least one modern craftsman—Mr. Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia—has achieved remarkable results. The resolve to make the practice of this craft his lifework is perhaps one of the reasons for his success in it, for this metal demands of the worker long study and practice in order to attain

A MODERN CRAFTSMAN IN WROUGHT IRON

proficiency in handling it. In a medium so stubborn, the worker must be both designer and smith, for every hammer stroke is an integral and important part of the actual design, and the work of the designer does not end with the conception of an idea or putting it on paper. If he would see it carried out as he desires, he must blow the forge and wield the hammer himself. Most often the smith is too much artisan and too little artist, but Mr. Yellin's work shows evidence of a rare combination of both attributes. His efforts are directed against the modern acceptance of easy, slipshod methods in craftsmanship, and the products of his hands must surely carry his point, were any question raised as to the desirability of reviving the fast-dying standards of metal work. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he has a peer today in his chosen work, which with him is also a creed and a mission.

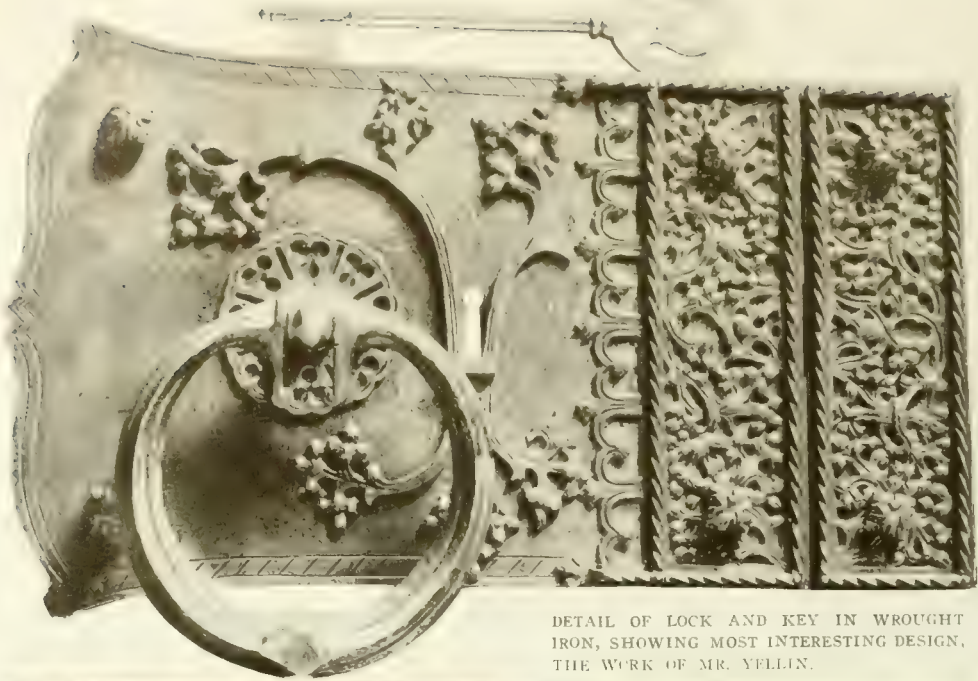
Generally speaking, Mr. Yellin prefers to employ only what is known as Swedish iron, as it is more ductile than any other and is most suitable for the more delicate portions of the work. In addition to a use of this iron as a raw material, he has also succeeded in fashioning many interesting and ornamental forms from various irons of "stock" section, such as "channel" and "angle" irons.

MR. YELLIN admits that even wrought iron, if lifelessly and mechanically handled, without taste or spirit, is a "dead" material, lacking not only intrinsic beauty, but also whatever merit it would possess if it frankly expressed its character. It is this quality of *character* which is such an essential feature in Mr. Yellin's work. The very spirit of the fire that forged it seems imprisoned in the graceful forms of the iron, and the ring of the hammer on the anvil seems almost to echo in the ear. There is a crispness about the detail and clean-cut sharpness about the outlines that bespeak the virile craftsman who though the "lyf" be short has "lernerd" the craft.

Mr. Yellin deplores the modern tendency to cover all ironwork with paint, for even one coat covers all evidences of hand work, dulling the sharp outlines and filling the deeper interstices of the design. A piece of painted wrought iron simply resembles cast work, and the practice is quite as stupid as would be the painting of a fine piece of oak paneling. The craftsman who loves the material in which he works—as all true craftsmen must—naturally does all in his power to discourage anything which will make it other than a frank expression of its own texture and his own handiwork. Mr. Yellin, feeling with a true pride of craft that his work is not necessarily done when it leaves his hand, has therefore invented various transparent preservative fluids which he uses on his ironwork. His endeavor to further an appreciation of the inherent beauty of the material should go far to supplant the cur-



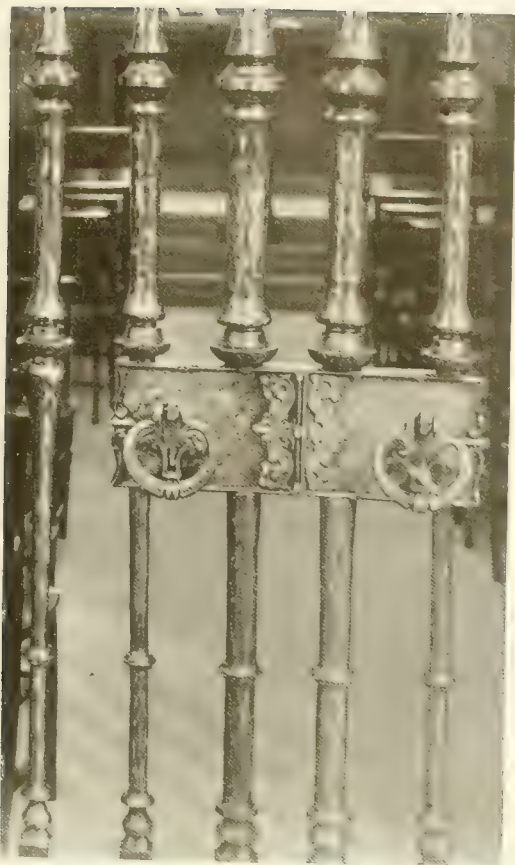
A PAIR OF PARK GATES IN WROUGHT IRON, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY SAMUEL YEL-
LIN: IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THE INCISED DECORATION ON THE FLAT BARS AND
FLANGES, ALSO THE GRACEFUL FLOURISH OF THE LEAF LEVERS AND THE STRUCTURAL
INTRODUCTION OF THE SCROLLWORK, BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW THE LOCK PLATES



DETAIL OF LOCK AND KEY IN WROUGHT
IRON, SHOWING MOST INTERESTING DESIGN,
THE WORK OF MR. YELLIN.

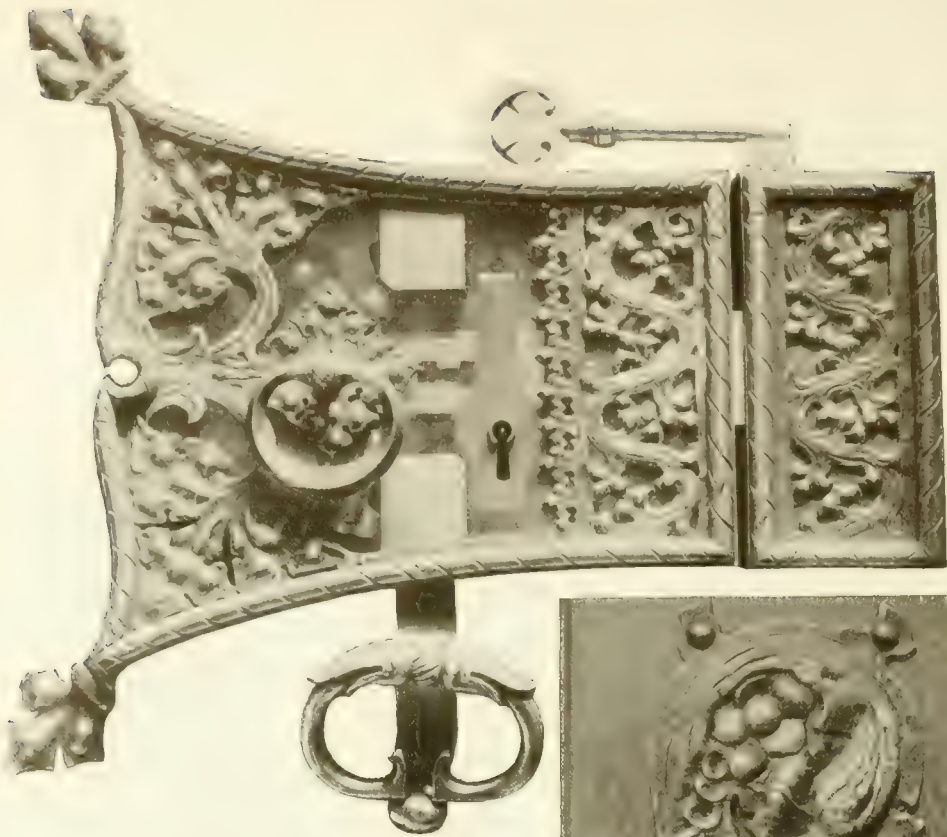


WROUGHT-IRON FITTINGS FOR A DOOR, HINGE AND BOLT, THE WORK OF MR. YELLIN.



DETAILS OF A CHANCEL SCREEN
 DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MR
 YELLIN: THIS ELABORATE PIECE
 OF WORK SEEMS SO BEAUTIFULLY
 WROUGHT BOTH IN DESIGN AND
 TECHNIQUE THAT WE FEEL IT
 WORTH CAREFUL STUDY: THERE
 IS A STRICT ADHERENCE TO
 STRUCTURAL PRINCIPLES AS
 WELL AS MOST EXQUISITE TREAT-
 MENT OF DETAIL: THE TEXTURE
 IMPARTED TO THE PANELS FORMING
 THE BASE IS PARTICULARLY IN-
 TERESTING AND INCIDENTALLY
 WOULD BE QUITE LOST UNDER A
 COAT OF PAINT: THE DIS-
 POSITION OF THE LOCK AND ITS
 ORNAMENTATION, ITS RELATION
 TO THE WHOLE ALL PROVE MR
 YELLIN A RARE CRAFTSMAN OF
 MODERN TIMES.





THE ABOVE STUDY OF A WROUGHT-IRON LOCK AND KEY BY MR. YELLIN IS SINGULARLY INTERESTING IN THE RELATION OF DETAILS AND IN THE EXECUTION OF THE WHOLE: IN THIS WORK THERE SEEMS NOT TO BE THE SLIGHTEST DETAIL WHICH IS UNWORTHY OF THE MOST CAREFUL STUDY AND FINISH: THE BACKGROUND, AS IT WERE, FOR THE WORK IS INHERENTLY BEAUTIFUL AND THE SPACING IS WELL MANAGED: THE VERY NAILS ARE FASHIONED TO LOOK IN PLACE AND EVERY FINAL INTRICACY OF THE KEY IS WROUGHT AS ONE NOWADAYS ONLY EXPECTS A CRAFTSMAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES TO HAVE WORKED: AT THE RIGHT WE GIVE AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF MR. YELLIN'S DOOR HANDLES, A BEAUTIFUL IDEA FOR A MASSIVELY CONSTRUCTED DOOR, AND EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE FOR A FINE OLD GARDEN GATE SUCH AS ARE BEING PUT IN THE STONE WALLS THAT SURROUND SOME OF THE RICH MODERN ESTATES: MR. YELLIN'S WORK HAS APPARENTLY COME INTO EXISTENCE JUST THE TIME WHEN THERE IS A RARE PLACE FOR IT IN MODERN BUILDING: ONCE MORE WE ARE PLANNING BEAUTIFUL ENCLOSURES FOR FINELY DESIGNED HOUSES, AND THERE IS A DEMAND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR EXCELLENT CRAFTSMANSHIP IN IRON, COPPER AND BRASS



A MODERN CRAFTSMAN IN WROUGHT IRON

rent practice of applying paint to ironwork, and should further stimulate a keener feeling for higher standards of craftsmanship in wrought iron.

As a decorator this craftsman shows a comprehensive knowledge of constructive principles, and admirable taste and reticence in the disposition of ornament. While it is interesting to note that the motifs in the designs are inspired entirely by the natural growth of plant forms, the point of paramount importance is that in every case the ornament is studied in reference to the material in which it is executed. Although this is the most elemental principle of applied decoration, it is one which is constantly disregarded by craftworkers. Burnt leather work often appears on wood, and details of wood carving are inappropriately transferred to some utterly foreign material.

Here, however, the ornament is in exactly that happy mean between delicacy and strength which is the natural growth from the malleability of the iron when hot and its hardness and rigidity when cold. Mr. Yellin has not attempted florid arabesques or frivolous rococo work—his feeling seems rather to lean toward an almost Mediæval primitiveness in the decoration of the locks, and in the screens and more monumental work there is a tendency toward the splendid precedent of the Renaissance.

It is safe to say that no other work approaching the quality of these locks is to be seen today, or is even being attempted by any other metal worker; the several examples exhibited by Mr. Yellin in the recent architectural exhibition in Philadelphia were unique in the craft technique of modern times.

THE sincerity shown in the execution of these locks is manifest in the faithful attention to detail in all the work. The keys are the vehicles for little quaintnesses of design, and conform in character to the decoration of the locks themselves. In all the work there is manifested a wise use of construction and of ornament. It is as rich as befits a stern and rugged metal, and while there is no attempt to imitate the sumptuousness of carved bronze or the delicacy of the silversmith, yet none of the pieces is severe or unimaginative. Each is a work of art and perfect illustration of every tenet of that high order of craftsmanship taught by William Morris. For all are both useful and beautiful, well designed and well executed, and in no instance does one quality predominate.

In the fittings for a glass door Mr. Yellin has struck a more modern note. His rugged, yet finished craftsmanship, however, speaks with no less strength in this more sophisticated expression than in the massive locks. There is the same reserved feeling for pure design

A MODERN CRAFTSMAN IN WROUGHT IRON

and the relation of the design to the material in which it is carried out.

The detail of the park gates shows the master metal worker in still another vein, in a design which combines a certain flamboyant grace with the necessary expression of strength. The iron has been bent into free and supple scrolls, with leaves formed by beating the metal out thin. This pair of gates resembles in character German ironwork, and serves to illustrate further Mr. Yellin's versatility and his complete mastery of his material. Note the incised decoration on the flat bars and flanges, and also the graceful flourish of the lathe levers and the excellently structural introduction of the scrollwork above and below the lock-plates.

In the intricate design for the chancel screen Mr. Yellin seems to have been inspired by the artificers of the Spanish Renaissance. An adequate appreciation of the values of this wrought ironwork depends upon a study of its design not only as a whole, but also in detail. There is a sense of general proportion in the whole and relative proportion in its parts that indicate a genius for design quite as much as does the disposition of the ornament in the locks. There is a strict adherence to structural principles which has made the design of the several parts logically appropriate to their several functions in the construction. The treatment of the entablature is excellent, for the moldings are properly light, and the frieze is adequately handled, both structurally and decoratively, with its alternated spindles and oval rings. The broken pediments suggest more perhaps than any other feature the character of the Spanish Renaissance, and the same excellent proportioning of the parts with their structural necessities frankly revealed is as evident here as in the lower part. Note the *texture* imparted to the panels forming the base—a texture, incidentally, which would be completely lost under a coat of paint; note also the disposition of the locks, which are similar to those shown in a larger scale.

As a material for objects that demand strength with not too great a bulk and some decorative interest, the remarkable ductility and malleability of iron in a red-hot state should commend it to craftsmen. It may readily be drawn into bars of any caliber, separate pieces may easily be welded together under the hammer, and repeated hammering, drawing out and annealing give it only greater strength and toughness. It is remarkably adaptable to the construction of screens, grills, hinges, andirons, fire-sets, knockers and all forms of ornamental metal work. In its hot plastic state it is possible to attain a high degree of refinement in modeling, and its great strength makes it possible to beat it out into ornaments of extreme thinness.

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS: PART FOURTH



IT has always seemed to me that father possessed the sixth sense, what I call the sense of proportion, which in a measure is only another way of saying that he knew himself. Yet unlike Goethe, he was not a mere onlooker in life, he actually lived with everyone and in everything about him as much as he could. Often I have felt that he was too sensitive and conscious of the influence and criticism of others. Sidney Lanier has said that an artist is he who walks alone amid a thousand friends. If this is so, and I feel that it is not, father was not an artist in any sense. On the contrary, sympathy was one of his strongest emotions; his own life was most real to him, as were the lives of his friends. His capacity for joy and pain was great, his pleasures many and his sufferings acute. On the other hand, father would never lose a battle for the want of a horseshoe nail; he never allowed what he always contemptuously called "things" to get the upper hand; without being irresponsible or negligent he would not let petty chores or tasks or the paraphernalia of living vex or prey upon him. Whenever I complained of lack of time because of the things I had to do he would tell me that his life-long friend, the poet Myron Benton, had said that when his wife died he would put on her tombstone "Killed by 'things.'"

Those who have this sixth sense are always democratic, and surely no one could be more democratic than father. The conditions we call social position or wealth never have influenced his own conduct or attitude toward anyone. The club, society, the smoking-room were not for him—he liked the people who were wholly themselves, who were often humble and picturesque, having strong personal traits. Country people, woodsmen, farm help and all those who made their living at first hand, from the soil or a trade; in short, those whom the economists call productive laborers, he liked both personally and in their manner of living. Young people, both boys and girls, he loved and always took a keen interest in their company. Many of our happiest days have been spent in picnics, trips on the water or mountains with parties of young people, father always seeming the youngest and jolliest of all. "Come to Slabsides" was an invitation often given and accepted, the rocks and woods echoing many a day with the laughter and voices of young folks.

Father had the keenest relish for fun, for wit, for play, for slang, even, provided it was free from smartness or malice. Once I remember his fun met an unexpected reception. In going for the family quart of milk every morning, father had to pass under some big chestnut trees, from which in autumn he would often bring home to me,

JOHN BURROUGHS' RARE HUMANITY

then a small boy, a handful of chestnuts. One morning he told me most graphically how sorry the squirrels were to see their chestnuts taken, how it was all they had to eat, how they sat on the limbs overhead and, crying in distress, pleaded with him not to take their nuts. This made me so mad at him, and so sorry for the squirrels, that I took all the chestnuts he had spent time in laboriously gathering from the fallen leaves, ran back to the tree and scattered them far and wide! My sympathy for the squirrels did not extend to my own cat, however, which I delighted to hold over the open well just to see her wild eyes and struggles, until father caught me at it and promptly held me over the well, telling me I then knew how the cat felt, an effective lesson. Never can I forget the picture of the two lost dogs that I saw when visiting the *Century Magazine* offices with father. Doubtless the dogs themselves would not have appealed to me half as much as did the picture, which almost made me sick with distress at their fate. So ever is the imagination more powerful than reality!

ONE of the treats of my boyhood was to go camping with father. His wisdom in all things relating to camp life, the universality of his interests, his love of all nature and of all woodland sports made him an ideal camper. Of his camping in Canada, the Adirondacks and in the earlier days in the Catskills he has written in his books. With me he generally went into Woodland Valley, or as we called it "Snyder Holler," in the nearer Catskills. Here in one of Larkin's upper fields we could look over the forest to Slide Mountain, a mountain father always loved and venerated, going often to gaze at it when his strength did not permit climbing. Wittenberg we often climbed together. Father was always finding something of interest, either interviewing a porcupine, greeting some forest bird, finding a rare flower and telling where and when he had seen it before, or noticing some animal or insect. One evening in camp he was going to the spring thinking, he said afterward, of a partridge when, as if in obedience to his thoughts, a grouse jumped out of the bushes, and ran in the path ahead of him, a curious incident that completely startled him, used as he was to partridges.

We would roll two stones near each other, building our fire between them; then if a sheet of iron was to be had we put that over the fire, resting the edges on the stones, thus making a really good stove on which we fried our trout and bacon. Father loved to go berrying, picking wild strawberries, billberries, raspberries or blackberries, whichever was in season, a habit he had formed on the farm when there was no cultivated fruit. On these camping parties we took with us two real army blankets that father got in Washington during

JOHN BURROUGHS' RARE HUMANITY

the war, and now after fifty years of hard service, frayed and smoke-scented, the very sight of them recalls the camp-fire, trout stream and bed of balsam. When one is lulled to sleep by the many-voiced trout stream there is nothing more delightful than a properly made bed of boughs.

Father has often said that he would have made a good doctor, a statement that I believe is true; in fact, his study of the needs of the body, the "human engine" as he calls it, has been so careful and so relentlessly carried out that today, in his seventy-fifth year, he declares that he works easier than ever before. Though not as strong as regards mere muscle, he is otherwise stronger and in better health than ten years ago, a condition mainly due to following that Greek saying "Know thyself." And with the strength of knowledge has come the strength of denial; he has not only learned what not to eat, but learned not to eat it—often when we have had most tempting baked apples for supper he has looked at them longingly, saying he could eat every one, but must not, turning to his hot water and oven-dried bread, a rigorous discipline that he carries out in all his living. On our trip to Jamaica in nineteen hundred and two, the only really big trip we have taken together since I have grown up, father was wretched most of the time, suffering, without knowing what was the matter with him or the cause or cure, all the time from autotoxæmia. In fact, nearly every year he had this, thinking it was malaria, doctoring accordingly, getting up all kinds of insect orchestras in his head from the enormous doses of quinine he took, until one winter he discovered the true cause. Since then the "malaria," and its accompanying neuralgia, chills, sore throat, fever, etc., rarely returns.

JAMAICA in nineteen hundred and two was father's first glimpse of the tropics. Though it is doubtful if he could have seen a tropical land under more kindly circumstances, the barbaric splendor of it all both repelled and fascinated him. "Oh, how one would tire of this everlasting August," he exclaimed, "nothing tender, nothing to love or take to heart; all formal, stiff, covered with thorns or ticks; no spring, no autumn, nothing delicate or subdued; no chance to throw oneself in the lap of Nature without being pricked or bitten." We tramped together through much of Jamaica, and the sight of a graybearded white man on foot was a real novelty to the swarms of negroes. Often, especially on market days, they walked with us for miles, father always asking them the most intimate and personal questions, which they answered with astonishing freedom and candidness. One unusually bright colored boy, after tramping with us for miles, told father, after several abortive attempts to express his

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idea, that such good company made the road seem short, an entirely original saying on the part of the boy and one that pleased father much. In a drugstore in Port Antonio, Kellogg, who was with us, for fun told father's name to the colored girl at the soda fountain, and to our surprise and pleasure she not only knew of him, but had read much of his writings. A little girl in the same city, where we spent a day, insisted that father was Santa Claus, refusing to believe he was not, a belief that quite touched his heart.

In the mountains father found many of his bird friends who were spending the winter months amid the coffee and tree ferns. The native solitaire, or "shine eye" as the negroes call him, a dark bird with a white circle about his eye, shy and elusive, with a note like our thrush, attracted father very much, his watching and listening being rewarded both by hearing and seeing this rare songster of the tropical mountains. The "doctor" a big, swift humming-bird with a long streamerlike tail, the brown mango humming-bird that we saw gathering spider-webs for nesting material, the banana quits, the dignified pelicans, the wandering tattlers that we saw on a lonely, cocoanut-rimmed beach, as well as many others, were new and most interesting to father, but he soon learned to know them well.

NO wild creature, from hawk to 'possum could come to Riverby without arousing most keen interest on father's part. And our visitors were many—we raised the young of woodchucks, wild rabbits, a marsh hawk, and had for pets red and flying squirrels as well as a raccoon and several skunks. There is a saying among country folk that a skunk can be safely carried by the tail, a saying that some naturalists deny. Father determined to try the question for himself, his courage being equal to the task. Every time that I caught a skunk about the house I let father have a try at him. First we carefully shut up the dog, much to the latter's disgust; then the skunk was gently lifted on a pole and dropped into an empty barrel, the trap being opened over the edge to liberate him. In a few minutes, or as soon as the skunk had become used to the barrel, father would reach in, clasp him firmly by his plumelike tail and raise him aloft, always being careful not to let the animal get his front feet on any near object. This we repeated over and over without accident, proving beyond a doubt that the skunks of Ulster County, at least, *can* be safely carried by their tails. We had wild ducks, too, and many of the bird visitors became almost like pets, father putting up nest-boxes, in winter scattering chaff or fastening suet to the tree in front of his study window, where he could watch them eat.

It is inevitable that anyone at all known to the public should

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receive many letters from strangers. Though father does not receive as many as some public men, those that do come are very often most interesting, often humorous, sometimes pathetic, rarely abusive. The writers are often impatient and insistent for a reply. A man in the West once wrote to father at length, and because he did not get an immediate reply (father was sick at the time) he wrote again in a most bitter and sarcastic tone, as if he had actually received a reply to his first letter, in order to make the sarcasm stronger. As soon as he was well enough, father answered both his letters, explaining kindly the reason of his slowness. The man was then really apologetic. More often the letters are from people who have seen or been told of some happening in nature, generally something that had taken place several years before and which was often unusual, if not impossible or even ridiculous. One letter came from a retired minister in New England who told two yarns about a pig and a cat, both laughable and impossible. Father answered, telling him his opinion of the stories in a rather fun-making and jocose way, to which the minister replied with savage, sarcastic abuse. Father again wrote, patiently telling him to take his story before any of the authorities on comparative psychology, naming a half-dozen, and if they did not tell him that he, father, was correct he would walk to New England with peas in his shoes and apologize. Rarely did a letter contain nature observations of real value; more often the writers simply related what they had heard, or else were themselves inaccurate or prejudiced. One little girl wrote from a Western school to ask if birds had sense, a question that tickled father mightily, especially as the little girl wanted an answer to steal a march, as she said, on the other scholars, who were to have a bird discussion.

All human activities, from chemistry to whaling, hold great interest for father, either in an emotional and intellectual, or in an entirely intellectual way. Music, painting and sculpture alone appeal to him from a purely emotional standpoint.

This day, April twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and twelve, he is working on an essay of a philosophical nature, the earlier hours having been spent in glancing over the newspaper, dictating letters, walking to the post office and playing with his grandchildren. This afternoon doubtless he will read, work in his garden, cut wood or go for a walk of several miles, and in the evening he will read. If I can be permitted one wish, it is (since I know he is "both an honest and a humble angler," as Izaak Walton says) that the east wind may never blow when father goes a-fishing.

(Concluded)

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL SYSTEM AIMED TO DEVELOP CHILDREN'S CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY: A WESTERN IDEA: BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH



It is often said that the American boy and girl surpass the boys and girls of all civilized countries in their ability and eagerness to learn and do things, yet that they are lacking in their capacity to think logically, consecutively and deeply. The fact that they are clever, apt and mentally agile, yet timidly hesitate to force their minds into new channels, that they are without the desire to penetrate to the root of any matter, is due entirely to our present public-school system of education and not to any inherent weakness of the children. All originality has been steadily crushed out of them and all self-expression discouraged, nay, even severely punished at times. A ridiculous insistence upon the child's learning all lessons by the exercise of memory and by reciting them by rote with but a feeble understanding of what it was all about is responsible for recognized lack of mental virility.

Education should mean the developing of life power, should be a help to the understanding of oneself, an awakening of dormant powers with a knowledge of how to use them. How seldom does this knowledge of education shape the public-school ideal of our land! How rare is the public school that includes manliness and womanliness in its curriculum, that graduates a boy or girl with as full knowledge of self-development as of ancient history or so-called sciences, that confers degrees of personal honor and integrity as well as B.A.'s or Ph.D.'s! Is it asking too much that, as someone has said, the degree of M.S. (Master of Situations) be added to balance bookish scholarships!

I. H. Francis, Superintendent of the Schools of Los Angeles, is one of the illumined educators who believe that educational limitations are not inherent in the children, but the result of our kinds of system and the teachers. He is, therefore, in accordance with his convictions, devoting himself so efficiently to correcting the evils of the present educational methods, that the schools under his management are rapidly being accepted as models for the wise simple training of children. He has instituted reforms that will no doubt shape the whole public-school system of America. So important an authority upon education as Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston, editor of the *Journal of Education*, who has several times traveled the width of the continent to work with Mr. Francis, in a recent address upon "Efficiency in Education" made the following announcement: "I believe that Los

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Angeles is ahead of all cities in the United States in progressive school work, and I know what I am talking about because in the last eleven weeks I have visited the schools of twenty-nine States, making studies of educational matters. These schools of Los Angeles are fine because they have got away from the routine which has wrecked so many children. By the system installed in the public schools of Los Angeles the boys now willingly stay in school. There are twice as many boys in the schools under the present efficient management as in any other city in the country with the same population. The boys are carefully led up to school work and are kept contentedly there because of the superiority of the methods practiced."

Mr. Francis says of the need of such reform in our schools: "We have in the past been asking the pupil to recite what he has just read from the pages of a text book that should never have been published. The lesson begins on page ten and ends on page twelve, and except for these pages begins nowhere and ends at the same place. Since passing the pupil through the grade rather than passing the grade through the pupil is the thing to be desired by him and too often by the teacher, principal and superintendent, and since this is accomplished through satisfactory recitations, the *recitation* in turn becomes the important activity of the average schoolroom. *Thinking* is of minor importance. The time, energy and life wasted in recitations in the American schoolroom would serve as the comedy of the ages were it not the tragedy."

THE basis for the reform which Mr. Francis has inaugurated, is to create in the child ability to think in a way that is essentially his own, thus doing away with all committing to memory or routine thinking, to develop social- and self-responsibility; to stimulate interest in useful knowledge; to aid the boy in finding out his possibilities and then to give him sympathetic guidance and help along these lines. Mr. Francis feels that much experimenting is generally necessary on the part of the pupil before he is able to find out his real bent, and therefore different courses have been laid out to furnish ample opportunity to test various interests and talents. When the adolescent youth begins to inquire, reason and judge, he must have material upon which these qualities of mind may work, so in the intermediate schools he is allowed to try his powers in various courses until his preferred bent is discovered, and then he is given the best obtainable instruction in the direction chosen, that he may early reach efficiency along the lines best suited to further his development thus awakening his interest in his own progress. The value of such an opportunity for boys cannot readily be estimated.

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THE intermediate schools of Los Angeles offer three distinct courses, and the high schools between forty and fifty. Of the three intermediate courses, the industrial course aims to lay the foundation of industrial life for the boy and to give a general preparation in home economics for the girls. The commercial course undertakes to give the pupil an earning capacity in clerical work and in accounting. The other course is for those who wish a general culture, one which leads through the high school to the university. There are seven fully equipped day high schools offering classical, literary, scientific, commercial, manual and agricultural courses. Each of these schools has good courses in music and art, and each offers preparatory courses to the normal school and university.

The ideal toward which Mr. Francis is working has its roots in the kindergarten, which he believes is a prophecy that some day the nursery shall be an integral part of the public-school system. His plan is to give much attention to the six years of elementary training which assumes responsibility for the physical, mental and spiritual development of the child between the ages of six and twelve. "Because of economic and social conditions," says Mr. Francis, "and principally because of the folly of educators hiding behind the gray old fallacy of conservatism, this age limit too frequently reaches thirteen, fourteen and even fifteen, thereby robbing the individual of the most sacred thing in all the world—his latent pride and confidence in the efficiency and power of his own personality. Fortunately the boy, for it is usually a boy, finds some sort of devilry in which to give expression to this personality, and thereby retains a portion of it which his good sense may later lead him to turn into legitimate channels." The three years of intermediate work which comes next is of utmost importance as "the base of society always has been and always will be, more important than the apex, for the simple reason that it acts as a support to the apex."

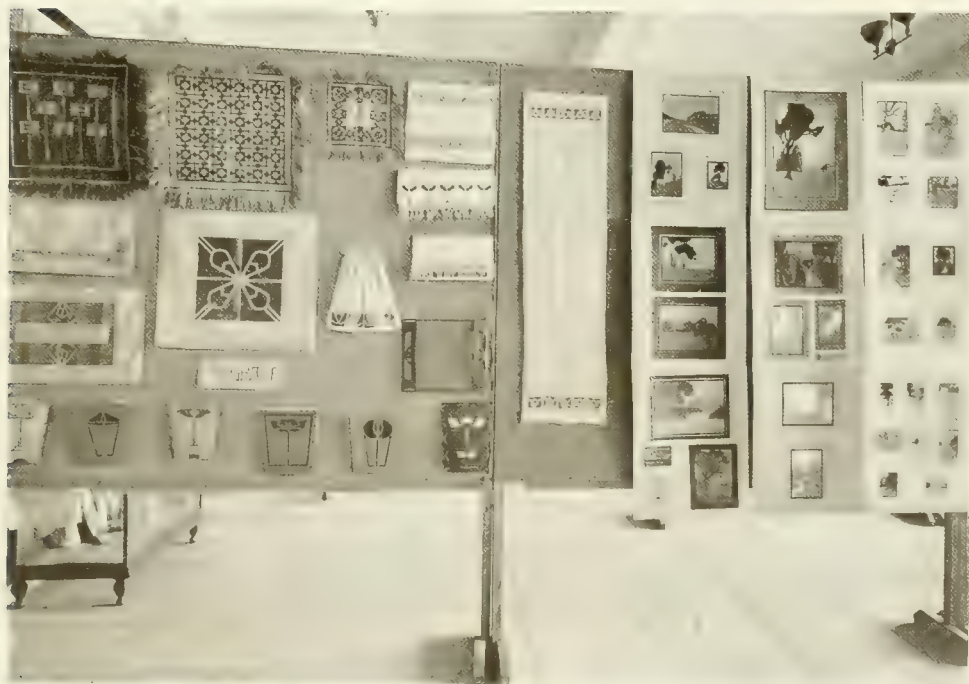
These intermediate schools offer every opportunity and encouragement for the development of self. "Too much is being attempted *for* the child and too little *by* him. Too many safeguards, restraints, too much protection, advice and guidance will not produce a race of men and women with the mettle of our fathers and mothers. They developed character within themselves through early sharing the responsibilities of life. Somewhere below the university and below the high school we must lead the individual to recognition of the fact that the world owes him just what he is worth to the world, and he owes himself just what he is worth to himself." Five years in the high school following the crucial intermediate schools will bring the child to the age of twenty. "A good average age to begin the business of life."



LAND FOR SCHOOL GARDENS HAS BEEN LOANED MR. FRANCIS THAT HE MAY
 WORK OUT HIS PLANS FOR MAKING GOOD GARDENERS OUT OF SCHOOLCHILDREN:
 THESE TWO SCENES GIVE ONE SOME LITTLE IMPRESSION OF THE SUCCESS THAT
 CHILDREN HAVE HAD AND THE JOY THEY EVIDENTLY TAKE IN THE WORK



THE CHILDREN IN MR. FRANCIS' SCHOOL ARE NOT ONLY TAUGHT THE VALUE OF MANUAL TRAINING IN A GENERAL WAY, BUT THEY ARE ALLOWED TO WORK EXTRA HOURS IN PRACTICING THEIR FAVORITE TRADES, AND THE FURNITURE THEY HAVE CONSTRUCTED AND THE RUGS THEY HAVE WOVEN POSSESS A RARE DEGREE OF TECHNICAL SKILL.



THESE SAME SCHOOLCHILDREN ARE NOT ONLY WEAVERS OF RUGS BUT OF LINEN AND COTTON GOODS: THEY ALSO EMBROIDER FROM THEIR OWN DESIGNS, THEY SKETCH INTERESTINGLY AND THEY ARE TAUGHT TO MAKE THE COMFORTABLE LITTLE HOME FITTINGS WHICH ADD SO MUCH TO HOME BEAUTY.



THE GIRLS HAVE A SPECIAL COURSE FOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE TRAINING IN THE LOS ANGELES SCHOOLS AND LEARN NOT ONLY TO SEW BEAUTIFULLY BUT TO DESIGN CLOTHES AND TO FIT THEM: THEIR PREFERENCE SEEMS TO BE FOR THE MAKING OF LITTLE GARMENTS, WHICH WOULD INDICATE A VERY GENUINE HOME INTEREST.

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Every encouragement is given to every pupil in every grade to attend an agricultural high school for Mr. Francis believes that every boy and girl should possess some knowledge of the soil. At a number of the schools the experiment has been tried of portioning a piece of ground into tiny plots and giving a plot to each child. Various plans have been tried as to the best way to conduct lessons in practical gardening. At the Twentieth Street School a lot one hundred by one hundred and fifty-five adjoining the school was divided so that all the children had tiny gardens in which they were permitted to exercise their own wishes as to what should be planted and how it was to be planted. All seeds were furnished either by the Government experimental stations or by the Los Angeles school board. Some children placed borders of flowers around the whole bed, some devoted the whole space to vegetables of various kinds, some concentrated their efforts to one or two vegetables such as lettuce or radishes; proudly and thriftily selling the produce to family or friends. The piece of land one hundred by one hundred and fifty-five was so portioned that each of the twenty-two rooms was allowed a space of fourteen by seventeen feet. This in turn was divided so that each of the forty-eight children, in each room, obtained a tiny bit of land two by five feet. The energy, skill and joy with which the children attacked their garden work was inspiring to witness. They dug, watered, raked, planted and weeded like an army of industrious ants, taking such a genuine interest in the labor that with almost no exception they cultivated gardens of their own at home, weeding and tending them before and after school hours with the same thoroughness they exercised over the school gardens. It was astonishing to see the originality displayed in these tiny gardens, and the amount of lettuce, beets, carrots, potatoes, onions and flowers that these children farmers got out of the soil was almost unbelievable.

Each child has a little "garden book" in which is set down the date of planting, the depth, distance apart and date of the seeds' first appearance above the soil. These books are made entirely by the youthful authors and gardeners and are models of neatness and exactness. In some cases they are decorated with drawings of a jar, hoe, spade, flower or some such ornament, suitable, according to their ideas, to adorn the cherished book. The children were often permitted to work in their gardens at odd hours without the presence of the teachers; this developed an understanding between pupils and teachers that was seldom violated by the mischievous tricks liable to crop out in any boy or girl, such as pulling up the hated rival's turnips, pinching back the tops of his onions, or breaking down his nicely made edges or paths.

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THE land used by the various schools has in every case been loaned to the schools by interested owners, who often fenced it at personal expense. One large field that was too encumbered with tin cans, junk, rubbish of all kinds for the little children to put in order, received its initial clearing by a gang of convicts, loaned by the city, who labored with unusual zeal to clear and plow the field and get it ready for the swarm of little ones impatiently waiting their chance to dig and plant. Hand in hand with practical instruction in seeding, conservation and fertility of soils, run all unconsciously lessons in nature study, so that a vital, uplifting interest is developed in the child for the beauty as well as for the bounty of the earth.

The methods of school gardening as outlined by Mr. Francis have been tried with equal success in Portland, Oregon. The recent school garden contest held in the large armory there, attracted universal and lively interest and showed what the well-directed energy and persistence of six thousand children can accomplish. One boy with a bit of ground thirteen feet square, divided into four quarters by paths bordered with flowers, had grown every vegetable for which it was possible to receive a prize. Another boy thirteen years of age whose garden received the second prize for best display, announced that after he had finished the high school he was going to the agricultural college and take a course in scientific farming. "This year I have been studying my soil with a view to growing in the future only what is best suited to it," said this Lilliputian farmer, who had conducted his small experiments in intensified farming (his farm was but one foot square) with such whole-souled devotion and interest that he had been able to sell many a bunch of lettuce, spinach and radishes, netting quite a sum toward future needs and experiments. Besides the individual displays, were replicas of school gardens, samples of all that had been grown in one hundred of the gardens. This school contest and exhibition aroused State interest, and every school in every district received a genuine stimulus toward the establishing of garden courses. At the close of the exhibition an auction of all the produce was held, the proceeds going to the School Garden Contest Fund, as a nucleus for the next year's exhibition.

The photographs accompanying this article all illustrate work of the Los Angeles schoolchildren, who because of the wise guidance of Mr. Francis are trained in the use of their hands as well as of their minds. An examination of the work shows a deftness of hand and originality of mind that would be praiseworthy were it the work of "children of a larger growth," and it is surprising indeed to realize that it is all the work of mere children. The neatness of sewing, exactness of cabinet joints, grace of pottery designs, cleverness of

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poster drawings (with now and then fascinating touches of humor) show that the children of the public schools are receiving the all-round development of faculties that is the only true education.

This system of public-school instruction includes besides the regular manual training, trade schools, admitting pupils according to physical development irrespective of academic attainments; continuation schools which are open before and after school hours giving additional help in manual work, music, art, mechanical drawing, etc., and night schools of all grades and for all classes of people; special schools for the unsocialized individual who refuses to adjust himself to the regulations, formalities and conventionalities of the schoolroom. There are also the vacation schools. These are intended to occupy the time of the younger children (who would otherwise be on the street) in music, folk-dancing, play, gardening, language work, etc., and also to furnish regular academic work for those who wish to make up subjects in which they have failed.

Those who have seen the demoralizing effect of vacations upon street children, and indeed upon all children, will realize how deeply this remarkable man has entered into the fundamental needs of human nature. Such a thinker in a community is a blessing as well as an education to both parents and children. Mr. Francis has a sympathetic and magnetic personality. He impresses his ideas and convictions without effort, the old-time resistance to advanced methods seems to melt before his earnest and hearty common sense, and more often than not he receives ready acceptance and coöperation from parents, teachers and children.



PLANTING THE SCHOOLYARD FOR THE HAPPINESS AND CULTIVATION OF CHILDHOOD: BY HALVORSEN HOUGH



BARREN ugliness, scars of abuse, heat, gravel and tar walks would be a constructive formula for a schoolyard of the type that until recently has been universal, except in those blessed little spots tucked away in green corners of the earth where even the traditional brook is found. It has been the happy province of the school garden to make the desert blossom, and with that blossoming to bring opportunity for developing character by contact with green, growing things, the actual beautifying of property and the fostering of a wholesome respect for the same. It has furnished also delightful setting for childhood activities, and direct lessons in the science of agriculture and horticulture.

Every work of improvement, however, brings its problems and the problem of the school garden is not alone that of soils, fertilizers, plant foes (bugs, worms, weeds, scales, damp and drought), of varieties and arrangement, but of such practical questions as, Who shall assume the burden of responsibility? How shall we bridge the vacation period? What shall be the basis of selecting children to work in the garden and when shall they do their work? Shall the freedom of the open be granted as a reward to the child that has done well, or offered to the child that declines prescribed work indoors, as an inducement to keep in school, and when in school to keep busy?

Teachers, already crowded to the verge of distraction with the details of registers, marks, examinations, bookcases, requisition blanks, special exercises, not to mention such incidentals as class work and parents, may not welcome the intrusion of still another care. The children on the other hand, cannot select, order, finance, prepare and plant without supervision, instruction and actual physical assistance.

Different localities will find their own ways of solving the problem, either in the women's clubs, the mothers' associations or other groups of citizens, and each school garden may always count upon a reasonable amount of help from teachers and janitors, whose natural pride in the building will make them ready assistants. One way of solving the problem is shown by the accompanying illustrations of the Tracy School at Lynn, Massachusetts.

Garden-making offers excellent opportunity for making virtues of necessities. Practically all garden sites have landscape features impossible or inexpedient to remove. The long, high, severely virtuous fence that separates the schoolyard from the neighborhood backyards is indispensable. Its value, however, is anything but æsthetic. It



A VIEW OF THE GROUNDS OF THE TRACY SCHOOL, LYNN, MASS.: TWO CHILDREN WHO HELPED TO MAKE THE GARDEN ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

A FLOWER PATH RUNNING ALONG THE SCHOOL FENCE AT THE EASTERN BOUNDARY: THIS FLOWER-BED IS PLANTED WITH DAHLIAS, HOLLYHOCKS, FOXGLOVES, LARKSPURS, HARDY CHRYSANTHEMUMS, SINGLE PERENNIAL SUNFLOWERS, GOLDEN GLOW, PETUNIAS AND SWEET ALYSSUM.



THE LITTLE SCHOOL GARDENERS WEEDING AT RECESS: THIS DEEP STONE WALL IS COVERED WITH WOODBINE AND NASTURTIUMS: HARDY PERENNIALS GROW IN A RIDGE AT THE BASE

THIS IS THE SOUTH WALL OF THE SCHOOL WHERE THE CHILDREN HAVE PLANTED BOSTON IVY, WITH A NARROW BED OF CROCUSES, HYACINTHS AND TULIPS IN EARLY SPRING, AND GERANIUMS LATER ON.



THIS PLOT OF GROUND IN THE SCHOOLYARD IS CALLED THE OASIS: THE CHILDREN HAVE PLANTED IT WITH CANNAS, GERANIUMS, HELIOTROPE AND PETUNIAS.

AN EASTERLY SECTION OF THE SCHOOLYARD AT LYNN: HERE THE CHILDREN HAVE PLANTED FOXGLOVE, CANTERBURY BELLS AND SHASTA DAISIES, WITH A FILLING IN OF MONARDILLA AND OTHER MODEST FRAGRANT TREASURES.



TWO PLOTS IN THE SCHOOLYARD WHERE THE CHILDREN HAVE LAVISHED SPECIAL ATTENTION NOT ONLY IN THE CARE OF THE PLANTS BUT IN THE SELECTION OF THE VARIETIES WHICH WOULD FORM THE MOST INTERESTING ARRANGEMENTS.

CHILDREN GARDENERS FOR THE SCHOOLYARD

can be made the shield and buckler of the garden that nestles at its base, and softens and graces its cold, formal lines, and many a stately, sturdy hollyhock, foxglove, dahlia and cosmos owes its length of days and stem to the friendly shelter of the fence. Perennials often start into spring growth two or three weeks the earlier for its protection, and seeds for all the annuals can be tucked into their soft earthy quarters decidedly earlier here than in more open situations.

At the warm base of the south wall of the building itself, tulips, hyacinths, crocuses blossom when the snow is scarcely melted. In the open yard, a bed here and there, with a tree or group of trees relieve the bareness. The sturdier and more effective plants, cannas, grasses, nicotianas, are chosen for dignity in the garden; geraniums, petunias, verbenas, furnish color; heliotropes and mignonette contribute fragrance; and all the sweet alyssum possible is crowded into a foot-wide border that runs the whole length of the grounds. The cannas, dahlias and other bulbs are wintered in the cellar of the buildings, and the geraniums in the windows of the schoolrooms.

MUCH of the work, once done, is finished for all time, with easy patching up from year to year. The first cost involves the preparation of the beds by replacing the gravel with loam to the depth of a foot, well enriched with pulverized sheep manure and ground bone, which are the easiest forms of fertilizers to use, especially if the ground cannot be put in readiness the fall before it is to be planted. Almost any of the reliable firms for seeds and nursery stock will give special rates for such undertakings, and having selected the dealer, the next step is to make out the order carefully, choosing the hardier things as not only being better able to cope with the rigors of winter, but also less resentful of unprofessional and possibly clumsy ministrations. Some of the little hands that dig among the flowers have never held a seedling between the thumb and finger, and until trained, rarely strike a happy medium between leaving a plant to gasp with bare roots fairly upon the surface and burying the same forever beyond the light of day.

Then comes the planting, refining the soil until it is mealy, observing scrupulously the directions on seed packets and in catalogues, supplemented preferably by the experience of someone versed in gardening and able to discriminate between sun-loving and shade-loving plants.

The last sentence reminds the writer of a shady schoolyard where the magnificent elms along the street literally cast a damper over the ambitions of the pupils to capture the prize offered by a local horticultural society for the best school garden. In their zeal, the children

CHILDREN GARDENERS FOR THE SCHOOLYARD

fairly envied the arid, sun-baked yards of the other wards, for so many things flourish in sun and hardly a thing truly gorgeous will grow in shade. The principal was resourceful, energetic and philosophical. "If we cannot plant what we want to, let us want to plant what we can," she exhorted. With due ceremony, a lawn, soft and close and velvety, was induced to grow in the half-sunlight that filtered through the splendid spread of the elm branches. The boys brought wheelbarrow loads of native ferns from the woods and these flourished in the excessively shady corners. Heavy planting of shrubbery at the sides of the grounds gave masses of color in the spring months while the foliage was yet tender and unoffending and the gay tulips flared into bloom at the same time. A hedge of bright-berried shrubs was planted on each side of the main walk and across the front of the yard. The result was a spot of refreshing coolness, leaving little to worry about during the vacation months. The school was rewarded by a special prize for greatest improvement in school grounds.

Whatever the school garden problem, it can be solved, especially if a school is willing to begin in a modest way and have a landscape picture of one shrub and a few clumps of perennials with a scattering of annuals for immediate effect, and to keep up courage until the established things come into their own.





CRAFTSMAN HOMES PLANNED FOR GARDEN CITY LOTS

GARDEN cities in America are still few and far between; but judging from their success abroad and the earnestness with which their value is being discussed by our architects, laymen and the press, one may safely predict that we shall eventually adopt, under one aspect or another, this wise and beautiful plan of housing. In the meantime, working toward this end, the more vigorous-minded men and women of town and suburb are trying to knit their interests closer, to bring to the country the coöperative efficiency and social opportunities of the city, and to put within reach of the city worker some of the wholesomeness and joy of country life. Hence the constant demand for small homes about the edges of our congested centers, the building up of rural and suburban communities and the daily pilgrimage of the commuter.

In adjusting their lives and dwellings to these new conditions, it is to the architect, naturally, that our home-makers must look for practical help. And one of the most vital and engrossing problems before this profession today is that of designing, within the restricted limits of a small suburban lot, the kind of house that will meet the material and æsthetic needs of a family of moderate means and democratic ideals of living.

It is upon similar tasks that much of our own effort is directed. Recently we were asked by one of our friends to design a bungalow to be erected on a lot in Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island, where the Sage Foundation Homes Co. is developing

what may be considered America's first important garden city. This bungalow, No. 143, we are illustrating here, and while it shares the general characteristics of a Craftsman house it includes several unusual features which are worth studying.

In the first place the site for which this house was designed was a sloping hillside, a fact which determined to a great extent the nature of the building and arrangement of the rooms. As the exterior view shows, the foundation and walls of the first story are of field stone, which is also used at the side of the entrance porch and for the base of the pillars. The walls of the second story are of brick, and this is used for the pillars which support the roof over the rear sleeping porch as well as for the tops and sills of the windows which are laid in soldier and header courses. It will also be noticed that the brick is worked in with the stone around the window frames and is used for the riser of the porch step and for the coping of the low porch parapets, the blended materials giving a very harmonious effect and adding to the unity of the construction. The same effect is carried out in the wall around the garden in which brick and field stone are used alternately with decorative result, and topped with a coping of stone. The brick posts at the entrance are surmounted with square flower-boxes that give a friendly note of welcome to the approach. The porch floor is of cement, which can be blocked off in squares and painted red, if desired, in which case a red brick walk could be used.

For the pillars of the porch, hand-hewn posts of wood are used with chamfered edges, and wooden beams are employed in the pergola roof above. Beams and posts

CRAFTSMAN HOMES FOR GARDEN CITY LOTS

may be stained or painted the same color as the window trim to carry out the general color scheme.

V-jointed boards are used in the gables, and the louvers are made in triangular form to carry out the lines of the roof. The latter is covered with shingles and brick is used for the chimney, while around the sleeping porch at the rear a decorative wood balustrade is shown. The windows throughout are casement.

As the entrance is somewhat sheltered by the pergola, no vestibule has been deemed necessary, the door opening directly into a hallway, which is slightly separated from the large dining room on the right by a partition. On the left of the door is a convenient coat closet, and beyond that two wide steps lead up to the stair landing, which is pleasantly lighted by a double window in the side wall. A group of three windows in the front and two at the side give ample light to the dining room, and in one corner, between the partition and the china closets, is the fireplace, which is so constructed as to furnish heat and ventilation for all the rooms. Behind the dining room is a small passageway which leads on one hand to the kitchen and on the other to the maid's bedroom. The kitchen is conveniently fitted with plenty of closets, sink and drainboard beneath the windows, and the kitchen range is so located that the flue may be carried across to the main chimney.

The kitchen door opens upon a service porch which is made by excavating the hillside and walling it up a sufficient distance at the rear. About two feet above the top of this wall is the floor of the sleeping porch above, which rests on stone pillars and upon the solid wall of field stone surrounding the excavation for the cellar. The latter is lighted by a window on the right and communicates with the service porch.

Turning now to the plan of the second floor, it will be noticed that most of the partitions are directly above those on the floor below—always an economical feature of construction. On this second floor we find the spacious, well-lighted living room, a decorative feature of which is the inviting nook on the left, separated from the main room by post and panel construction. The rest of the floor plan is occupied by two good-sized bedrooms, each of which communicates with the bathroom, and a generous amount of closet space is provided. Glass doors from the bedrooms give

access to the sleeping porch which extends across the entire rear of the house.

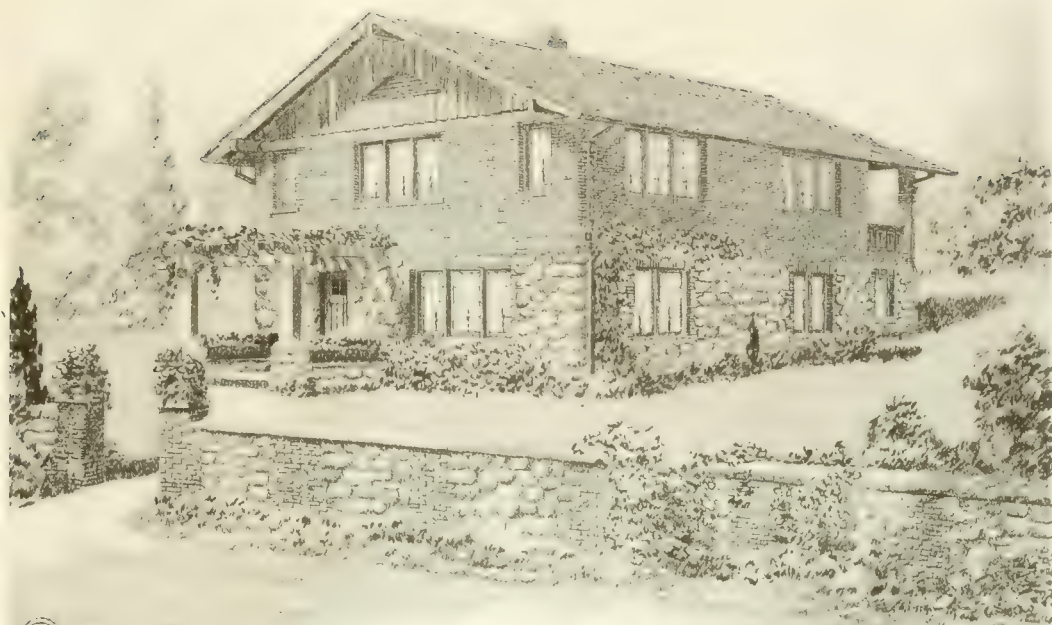
From the foregoing description and plans it will be seen that the house is divided practically into two portions, the lower floor being devoted to the service part of the house and the upper floor being for family use. The convenience of this arrangement will be readily appreciated for it is one of mutual comfort. Downstairs the maid has practically a little apartment of her own—the sleeping room, bath, kitchen and porch being sufficiently isolated from the rest of the rooms to give her a sense of privacy and at the same time being conveniently near the dining room and stairs. The second floor rooms, on the other hand, constitute an equally private suite, and the living room is large enough to fulfil all the demands of hospitality. At the same time, the household arrangements are simplified to such a degree that in the absence of a maid the mistress could readily assume the task of housekeeping.

As in practically all Craftsman houses, the arrangement of the staircase and partitions is such that the woodwork may be made a very interesting, decorative part of the interior.

THE second house, No. 144, is somewhat different in construction and design, although in this instance also field stone is used for the foundation and around the edge of the porch, cement for the porch floor, and hand-hewn pillars and wooden beams for the pergola. The walls are covered with shingles, which are sprung out to form hoods over those windows which are not protected by the porch roofs or overhang of the main roof. Here also the windows are casement and V-jointed boards are used in the gables, with shingled roof and chimney of brick. The field stone of the foundation is repeated in the irregular wall around the lawn, as well as in the risers of the wide cement steps that lead up to the porch.

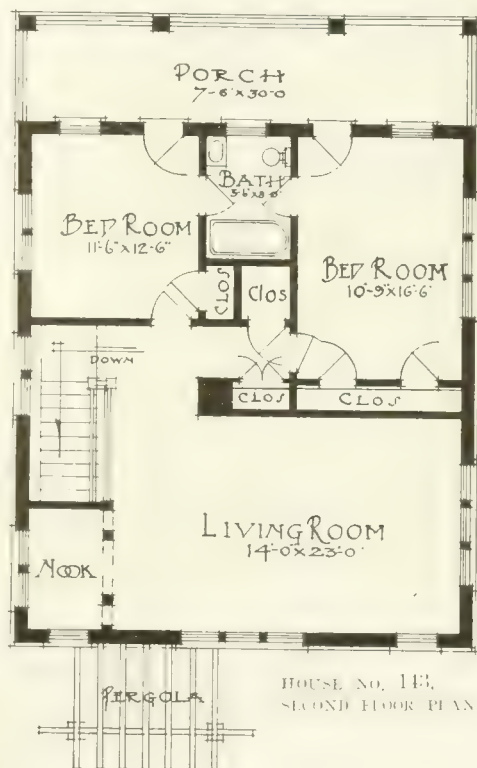
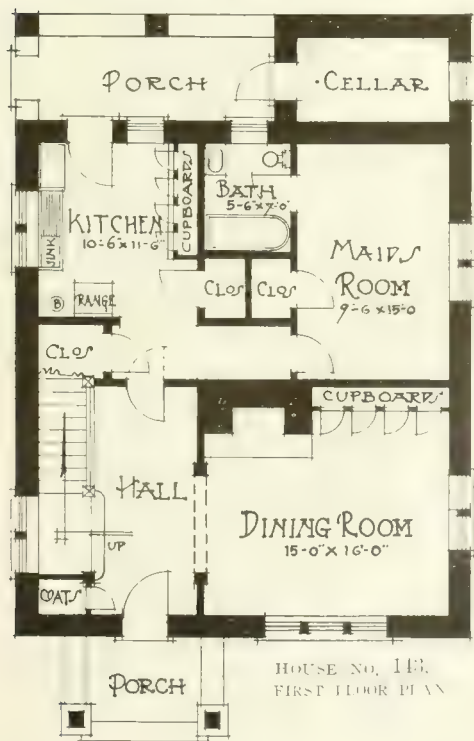
The entrance door, of typical Craftsman design, opens directly into the hall space between the living room and dining room, and in the opposite wall a coat closet has been placed.

The long living room on the right occupies the entire side of the house, with three groups of windows in the side wall and additional windows in front and rear. At the back a glass door leads onto the porch,



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN BRICK AND STONE HOUSE NO. 143, PLANNED FOR A HILLSIDE ON A GARDEN CITY LOT.





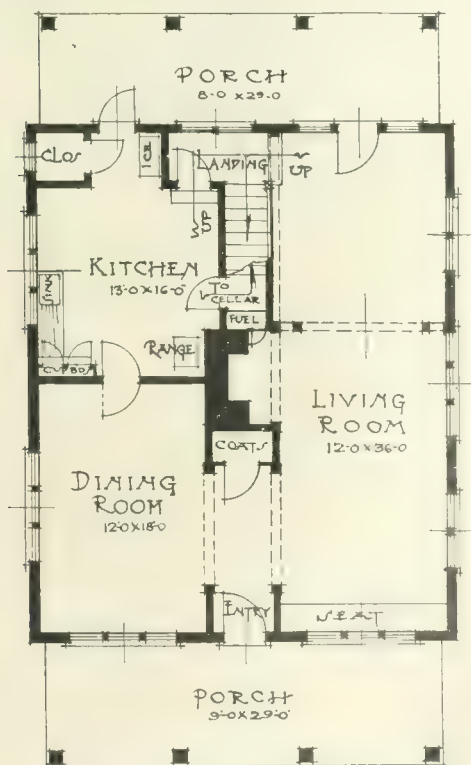
Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE NO. 144, PLANNED FOR NARROW LONG LOT.
LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE NO. 144, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND STAIRWAY.

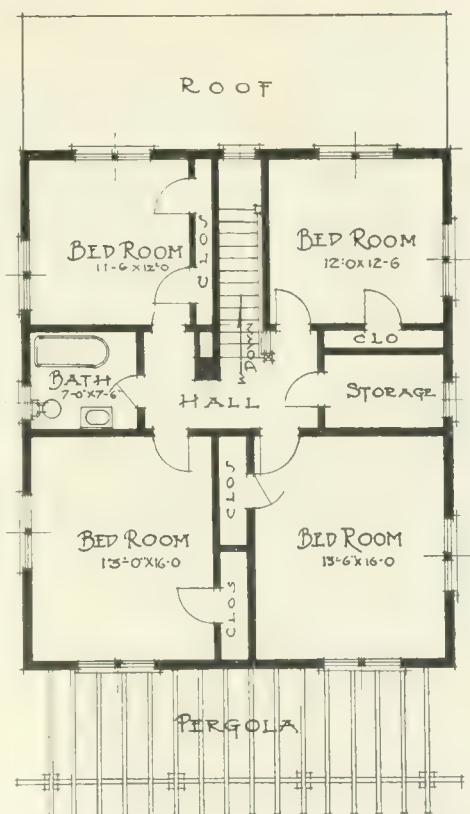
which—as it communicates also with the kitchen—may be used for dining purposes whenever the weather is warm enough. In the middle of the inside living-room wall is the ample fireplace, which is slightly recessed to form a nook. There is a convenient fuel closet on one hand into which fuel can be put from the landing at the top of the cellar stairs. This fireplace, being provided with a Craftsman heater and being centrally located, furnishes thorough heat and ventilation for the entire house with a minimum of piping, and the same chimney will serve for the flue from the kitchen range, which is located directly behind the chimneypiece.

The staircase can be reached from both living room and kitchen by means of two steps leading up to the wide, well-lighted landing—an arrangement that is always desirable when space permits. The kitchen is conveniently equipped. On one side of the rear entry is the ice-box, while on the other side a closet is provided, which will be useful for storing brooms, pails, garden implements, etc.

Upstairs the layout is very simple; good-sized bedrooms occupying the corners of



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 144: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 144: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

the floor plan and opening out of a small central hall. Each bedroom is provided with a closet, and there is also a large storage place on one side of the house, the bathroom filling the corresponding space on the opposite side.

If desired, of course, the roof above the back porch could be made flat instead of sloping, and converted into a sleeping balcony with a sheltering rail around the edge and possibly a roof above. In this case glass doors would take the place of the adjacent bedroom windows. In fact, many such changes could be made in the construction of the house to adapt it to the specific needs of the owner. If greater privacy were desired on the porch, for instance, a parapet of stone might be used around it, or latticework and vines might shield it from the gaze of passersby. The circular seat about the tree on the lawn as indicated in the sketch of the exterior suggests in what pleasant ways the garden may be made inviting.

The view of the interior of House No. 144 shows the fireplace nook in the living

PRACTICAL DAIRY PROBLEMS

room, and gives some idea of the pleasing effect attained by a simple but decorative use of the various structural features of the room. The chimneypiece with its open grate and copper hood, its long wooden shelf supported by the corbeled brick, and the slightly recessed arch above, the tiled hearth, the sturdy posts and beams add greatly to the friendliness of the room, and suggest how effectively the different colors and textures of the materials may aid the home-maker in carrying out a harmonious color scheme. A distinctive feature of the construction is the decorative panels of the staircase balustrade, which offer a tempting opportunity to the owner for introducing into the woodwork of his home some little individual touch, such as a family initial or symbolic device. It will be noticed from this interior view that the walls of the living room are wainscoted with paneled wood up to the beam that extends across the top of the doors and windows—an arrangement which adds always to the effect of unity. The small panes of the casement windows give a further decorative note to the walls.

PRACTICAL DAIRY PROBLEMS

AMONG the helpful little pamphlets which are being issued by the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University for the aid of farmers, is one entitled "Practical Dairy Problems," compiled by H. E. Ross, E. S. Guthrie and W. W. Fisk. The object of the bulletin, as it states at the outset, is "not to teach arithmetic, but to apply its principles to dairy work. The successful dairyman must keep close watch of every operation in his business. This applies just as much to the small dairyman as to the operator of a large dairy plant; for, while the total loss in a small dairy plant may not be great, the percentage loss is just as great as, and in many cases greater than in a large one."

Among the topics which are discussed (with practical mathematical tables, examples and their answers) are the following: Converting pounds to quarts and quarts to pounds; computing the pounds of fat in dairy products; computing percentage of fat, pounds of product or pounds of fat, having any two of these quantities given; standardizing milk and cream; value of fat usually lost in whey; computing fat recov-

ered during separation; comparative value of different methods for disposing of milk and its products; computing the average percentage of fat in the milk of a herd; computing the percentage of fat in a vat of cream after starter is added; estimating cheese yield of milk, using fat content as a basis of calculation; computing overrun in butter; butter yield of cream; value of salted vs. unsalted butter; computing the amount of cream necessary to make a cream-gathering route profitable; creamery dividends; computing the rate in a coöperative creamery; calculating the rate on the fat basis in a coöperative cheese factory; calculating the rate on a fat-plus-2 basis in a coöperative cheese factory; calculating the rate on the fat-and-casein basis in a coöperative cheese factory; premiums computed on a pro rata basis.

"In converting quarts of milk to pounds or pounds to quarts," the lesson reads, "it is necessary to know that a quart of milk weighs 2.15 pounds. While it is true that the composition of milk is variable, the variation in weight is not great enough to affect the practicability of calling the weight of one quart of whole milk 2.15 pounds. The weight of a quart of cream is not constant because the percentage of fat in cream is very variable."

Regarding the standardizing of milk or cream, the pamphlet states that this "consists in raising or lowering the fat content to a fixed standard. This is done by adding to the material to be standardized, milk or cream of a higher or lower percentage of fat. In standardization there are two classes of problems involved: first, one in which a certain fixed amount of milk is to be made up or a certain amount of standardized milk is desired; and second, one in which a certain amount of milk or cream is to be used and enough of another product added to make the mixture test a certain percentage of fat. In the latter case the amount of the mixture is indefinite."

Space is lacking to quote the many examples given which show how the foregoing computations may be made; but the above outline gives some idea of the value of the bulletin to dairymen. The pamphlet and others of the series can be obtained from the college, and the only expense connected with the reading course is postage, one cent being charged for each paper. A great deal of practical information is thus placed within reach of all who need it.



THE WAY A CALIFORNIA ARCHITECT HAS LINKED A HOUSE TO ITS GARDEN: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

BONDS of beauty and harmony should always link a house with the garden and the landscape that surround it.

There should be a kinship between the man-made structure and the great out of doors that proclaims the love of the dwellers within its walls for the nature world outside, and the delight in it. Western architecture seems somehow to offer fuller expression of this close relationship than that of any other part of the United States. Architects seem to have a freer imagination, or perhaps the builders coöperate with them in more friendly intimacy. The people of the West refuse to be shackled with the tight formalism that seems more or less to constrict the lives of Eastern people. The lives of the Westerners are freer, their imaginations more open, and out of their disregard for "style" has grown a distinct style of their own. They demand freedom always—freedom to think, live and dress as they like, but more especially is this desire for individuality manifested in their domestic buildings.

The house we are showing in this article is a good example of this progressive architecture of the West. There has been no

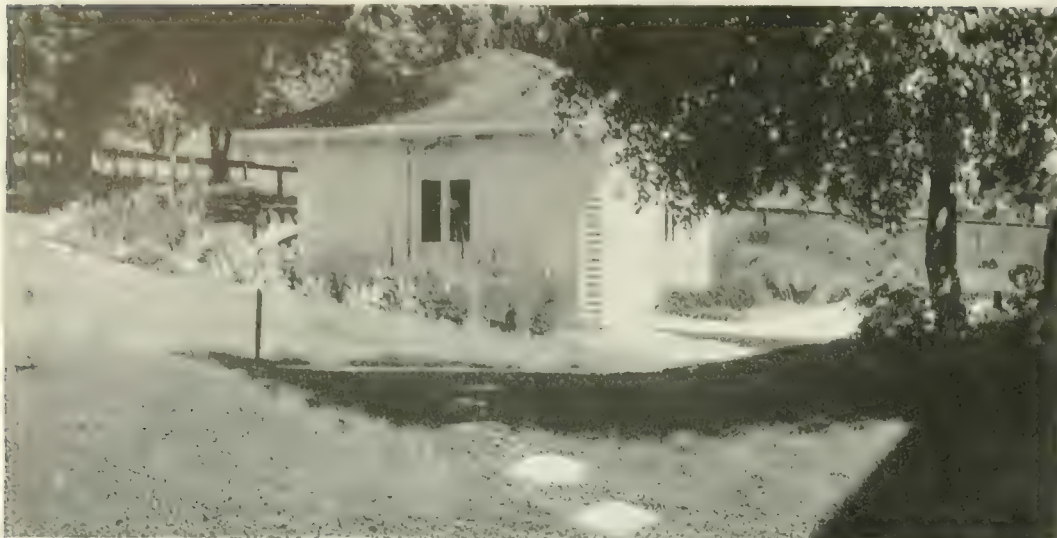
AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF WESTERN HOUSE BUILT IN THE ARROYO SECO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

need for economy in planning this home, yet the aim has been only for simplicity, charm and solid comfort. This requires no small degree of art. To achieve a harmonious whole, inherently simple and straightforward, demands imagination and individuality, welded together with skill and loving care.

The owner selected the site because of its extensive view, its quiet and its towering old oaks. The grounds, consisting of two acres, are on the bank of the Arroyo Seco, in Pasadena, California, just far enough from car lines and pavements to escape the discordances of city noises, and just close enough to nature to capture the rare morning chorals of the birds and the fragrance of sage, greasewood, artemisia, wild flowers and ferns that hide in the arroyo. The setting, with the green hills at the back, seemed to be especially suited for an old New England Colonial residence, and so this type was chosen. Instead of facing the street to the south, happily it faces the east, so that almost all the rooms get the splendid morning sun, wide sweeping views of the beautiful oak-strewn Arroyo Seco, and the distant purple masses of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

The house is painted white and the blinds green. The walks and driveway are also white, all contrasting delightfully with the

LINKING GARDEN TO HOUSE



THE GARAGE IS PLACED IN A NEST OF FLOWERS.

green lawns and clustering oaks, the gay flower-beds and the blue of the southern sky. The veranda is one hundred feet long and eight feet wide, and a twenty-five foot pergola at either end makes an extension of fifty feet. The veranda is charmingly furnished with wicker lounging chairs, couches, tabourettes and table, while grass rugs cover the cement floor and soft, gay pillows are scattered about on chairs and couches.

The interior finish, furnishings, decoration and workmanship show careful thought in every line and material. The entrance hall is in a striking combination of old

ivory and mahogany, particularly effective in the stair rail. The walls are papered with satin damask in shades of cream and tan, and the furniture is all of mahogany in Empire design, and is upholstered in tan silk velour. The living room is in white and gold and pink roses, with daintily upholstered Chippendale furniture. The mantel and hearth are of cream tile, the fire-box of white brick, and the andirons and rail are of polished brass, matching in color the gold frame of the mirror above the mantel shelf. The hangings are of blue and gold brocade.



PERGOLA AND TERRACE AT NORTH END OF THE HOUSE.

In the dining room the color scheme of the Japanese motif is delicate and effective. The ceiling is tinted silver-gray, showing a slight tinge of blue, and just inside the cornice is a frieze of oak leaves and acorns, symbolic of the trees outside the windows. The wall paper is in silver-gray and blue tones, and shows a forest design, soft and shadowy, which

LINKING GARDEN TO HOUSE

TERRACE,
OLD-
FASHIONED
GARDEN
AND
ROSE-
COVERED
PERGOLA
AT THE
SOUTH
END OF
HOUSE.



seems to melt in color and texture into two exquisite cut-velvet pictures which were brought from Japan. In fact, the room was planned to harmonize with these rare pictures. All the woodwork in this room is finished in ivory enamel and the electric fixtures are in gold and crystal. On the west side of the room are two double French windows of lattice glass which open onto a secluded veranda that dips into an old-fashioned garden and is screened by oak branches. The china cabinets in the dining room are of unusually good design, and the mahogany Chippendale furniture contrasts effectively with the ivory woodwork and soft gray walls.

In kitchen and pantry are exquisite daintiness, yet real convenience. Here everything is white and blue, even to the window hangings, and there is always a lovely bunch of flowers on table or shelf, which takes away the usual kitchen atmosphere of drudgery and gives the maid inspiration in fulfilling every task. In every house is felt the need for a small room for rest, seclusion, reading and study, and here these requirements are supplied in the "den," which is finished and furnished in browns and golds and has in it, in desk, table and chairs, a suggestion of the Queen Anne period.

The bed chambers are all charming, one, however, in silver-gray and lilac, with Louis IX furnishings, being most delicate and pleasing. One bedroom is equipped with a sleeping porch, which opens in the branches of an oak, and to sleep there is like nesting with the birds, bringing to mind Edwin Markham's "My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird." In every bedroom are personal and lovely color schemes in the finish and furnishings and draperies, and every casement



LOOKING NORTH TOWARD THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS
ACROSS THE ARROYO SECO.

LINKING GARDEN TO HOUSE



THE ENTRANCE GATE IN IVORY-WHITE WOODWORK.

frames a picture of landscape and garden.

The garden scheme is delightful, affording many secluded nooks under the oaks where one can be as much alone as if in the woods. As the home site is from three to six feet lower than the grade of the public road, terracing was necessary, and because of this the grounds are vastly more interesting and attractive than they could otherwise have been. Separating the grounds

from the road is a low slat fence, painted white, and over this pink Cherokee roses have been trained. Although this rose is a climber and several times larger than the wild rose, it is otherwise almost an exact duplicate, and seems especially adapted for rambling over the pretty white fence and hugging the quaint, old-fashioned gateway. Inside the gate is a brick platform with brick steps leading down into the garden.

On either side of this platform are two wood seats where guests can linger for rest and to enjoy the view.

Just below the rose-covered fence is an eight-foot-wide terrace planted with ornamental strawberries, a new variety that is becoming exceedingly popular for parkings and terraces. Throughout the year the leaves are green and glossy, spreading swiftly and forming a deep rich mat. In spring the blossoms spread a



THE HALL IS FURNISHED IN MAHOGANY AND IVORY-WHITE WOODWORK.

SUMMER SCHOOL, STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, ITHACA, N. Y.

THE need of systematizing agricultural instruction is being met in special schools and colleges, and particularly by the arrangement for summer study made by the State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., which opened recently for a six weeks' session. Realizing that before agriculture can become a part of elementary school work teachers must be trained to handle the subject, the College of Agriculture opens its summer school to "all persons who can derive benefit from the course and who are prepared to pursue the work." Furthermore, men and women who want practical knowledge to apply at once in the work of their own farms, gardens and homes are invited to attend.

There are forty-seven courses given in the Summer School and they include every phase of animal and plant culture, from the study of soils, garden lore and the principles and practice of animal feeding to tests in home economics and human nutrition. The work is scheduled so that one may either specialize or generalize, and is divided so that the courses may be followed for the first three weeks, the second three weeks, or the whole six weeks. The work of the forty-six resident instructors will be supplemented by special lectures and demonstrations by well-known educators.

Practice work is included in all of the courses, and the laboratories open to regular students throughout the college year will be available for the use of summer students. An important feature in the teaching is the practical work of handling farm animals, poultry, farm crops and farm machinery, testing milk, propagating plants and working in the school gardens. In addition to this definite instruction in subject matter, field trips will be utilized to show the possibilities of intellectual development in the study of out-of-door life, of wayside, forest and farm in connection with the everyday work of farm routine.

The regular University Summer Session is also open to students in the Summer School of Agriculture; the regular classroom and field work are supplemented by evening lectures on general topics; there are assemblies of faculty and students one evening a week for addresses and in-



THE PATHWAY FROM PERGOLA TO GARDEN

white-yellow polka-dotted cover over all. Joining the terrace is a narrow bed of tulips, iris and other bulb plants in many rare varieties. Then comes the graceful sweep and slope of velvet lawn, broken at intervals by curving, flower-bordered walks and giant oaks.

Back of the house, where the oak-covered hills come close, are beds of old-fashioned flowers, stepping-stones through the clover and lounging chairs under wide-spreading tree branches. The little white garage is in a nest of flowers such as our great-grandmothers used to love, and down below is the rose garden, where a hundred or more of the choicest varieties bud and blossom the whole year through. At the lower portion of the grounds, at the edge of the arroyo, a wild garden is thriving, with matilija poppies, mountain ferns and flowers, and in the open, sunlit spaces the pink Cherokee rose is allowed its own sweet way, covering the earth with fragrant mats of delicate pink petals and green leaves.

In this fragrant land of summer beauty, many of the plant dwellers in the wild woods and fields can easily be coaxed to enter the dooryard, as it were, where they can mingle in friendly intimacy with their kinsmen of the garden-bed and hot-house.

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

formal intercourse, and musical recitals will be given twice a week in Sage Chapel.

Tuition is free to residents of New York State; others will be charged a fee of twenty-five dollars.

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

A PLAN is now under consideration by which the Government will send out experts into every agricultural county of the United States to investigate soil conditions and possibilities, conduct experiments, give lectures on farm topics, etc. This plan should interest every one, for whatever benefits the farmer, benefits every other citizen either directly or indirectly. A few years ago such a system of "rural free delivery" of education would have been looked upon with suspicion, but people are realizing that the academic instruction in agricultural subjects is not enough—instruction must also be carried to the land itself. The great difficulty in such a project is to find capable men for positions of such vital importance, for it will require a working force of at least three thousand men.

These men must be practical farmers, men who can handle the plowshare rather than repeat by rote rules as to rotation of crops or the chemical properties of the soil. They must also be scientists, for even the most old-fashioned farmer is beginning to have faith in the scientist, and to look to him for help in fighting insect pests and for making ten ears of corn grow where one grew before. He realizes that in the hands of a scientist all soils are fertile and every tree bears fruit. The scientist has driven back the sea and claimed the land for his own, has dried up lakes and turned them into farms, and has made the desert green with waving grain. "Science," says Hall, "is the most precious achievement of the race thus far. It has made nature speak to man with the voice of God, has given man prevision so that he knows what to expect in the world, has eliminated shock, and, above all, has made the world a universe coherent and consistent throughout."

Secretary Wilson announces that seventy-one instruction trains were sent out last year that covered areas aggregating over 40,000 miles, reaching millions of country people. Counting the local farmers' institute as an extension agency, then

the total of those reached by agricultural instructions amounts to from 15,000,000 to 16,000,000. These numbers include people from small towns and villages, and cover instruction in both agriculture and home-making.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College has announced a new department in addition to its regular courses, consisting of extension schools which will be built in districts where people can reach them without having to leave their homes for more than a few hours a day. They will be in session six hours a day during five days of a week, and will include practical instruction in dairying, fruit growing, poultry raising, soil technology, grafting, pruning, spraying, harvesting, marketing, etc. These courses to be attended by women as well as by men. At present only one of these schools can be held in a county, but if more than one county makes application the school will be placed where it can be reached by the greatest number of people. The expenses are to be divided—the college furnishing the instructor and paying for his transportation, and the local community supplying the room rent, lighting, heating and entertainment of instructor.

The Minnesota Legislature has appropriated \$1,300,000 for the teaching of agriculture, and a bill has just become a law providing for the consolidation of the rural school. If any four or more districts consolidate they can get State aid to the amount of \$1,500 a year on the sole requirement that agriculture is taught. In other States similar bills are being urged appropriating special State aid for such schools, so that farmers and their children can be personally taught how to get the best results from their land, how to avoid waste and the depletion of the soil.

The Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the Department of the Interior and the various State and county authorities, has prepared a plan where consolidated or centralized graded schools have been established, of donating or setting aside land adjacent to the schools for experimental planting. A course of agriculture is to be taught and actual demonstrations given of irrigation and cultivation with prizes for the best results. The Reclamation Service will furnish free of charge the water when needed and the State Experiment Station will supply seeds and instructors.

TRANSFORMING A BARN INTO A BUNGALOW



"THE BARNACLE": A LITTLE CALIFORNIA HOUSE MADE FROM A BARN.

THE BARNACLE: TRANSFORMING A BARN INTO A BUNGALOW: BY EUNICE T. GRAY

MY seaside cottage, the "Barnacle," is one of the most successful transformations that I have ever known. In the first place, my sister and I chose, as the site of our cottage, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, a coast village of unusual beauty and charm. The lots were situated on a gentle seaward slope covered with the sweet smelling Southern wood, rich-hued manzanita bushes, scrub-oak and cascara; two giant Monterey pines with strangely twisted low lying limbs, stood on the seaward side of our lots and a group of smaller pines at the east.

The house completed, faces the east, and the dining-room and living-room windows look out upon beautiful Carmel Bay; the view from the southern windows is the full sweep of the chaparral-covered point between the bay and a small inlet into which the Carmel River flows. This river, in summer, is a placid low-running stream between banks of sycamore and willow; in the winter, fed by the rains and snows it is a roaring flood of mountain wash, rushing through the rich Carmel Valley to the sea. Beyond the river are the foothills, green and wooded, and sloping down to the coast in the long rocky point, called Lobos.

where the rarely beautiful, roseate, abalone shells with their pearly "blisters" are found.

From the upper windows looking eastward we catch a glimpse of the cross of the historic church of San Carlos Mission, founded nearly a century and a half ago.

But in the beginning there was no living room or dining room, for the house like its name began as a barn. It was built four-square, a carriage house, horsestalls, barn-doors and hayloft, painted red and set on the barest corner of the four lots. It cost the sum of eight hundred dollars.

The original barn was twenty-four feet square, built of California redwood, with a shingled gambrel roof, and outside finish of board and battens which we had painted dull red. The lower floor was divided through the center by a partition, which



SHOWING THE RUSTIC GATEWAY AND FENCE.

TRANSFORMING A BARN INTO A BUNGALOW



LIVING ROOM IN "THE BARNACLE."

was made by covering the upright beams with heavy gray building paper, on the south side of which an enclosed staircase led to the loft above. Two windows, three feet high and two wide, faced west to the sea, and a door opened onto an uncovered west veranda. The north and south windows were long and narrow, three by one and one-half feet, placed in the exact center of opposite walls.

The upper room was lighted by two east windows and a double dormer window to the south, glass doors opened onto a semi-enclosed west balcony from which we could witness the marvelous sunsets over the bay.

Before the barn was finished we had an opportunity to rent it as a residence to a carpenter who was at work in the neighborhood, so we decided to furnish it simply and comfortably for his family for the winter. We had couches, rugs, linoleum and curtains from our town house which were past their first freshness but still in good condition, these we had shipped down by freight; dishes and kitchen furnishings we bought at the village store; bedding and rag rugs we industriously made, to keep the house as homespun and old-timey as possible. A new stove in the "horse division," a cupboard built of boxes and a work table constituted the kitchen; the carpenter built shelves and a table in the west end, and called it the dining room. The carriage house was converted into a cozy, comfortable living room, with rag rugs, a couch and cushions, a large circular table, two rocking chairs and two low hickory chairs with rawhide seats.

We hung the sides of the upper room with flowered chintz, soft blue covered with roses, the space between this temporary wall and the sloping roof made two long airy closets. We furnished it with cots,



SOUTH VIEW OF "THE BARNACLE" SHOWING BAY WINDOW AND SECOND FLOOR DORMER.

TRANSFORMING A BARN INTO A BUNGALOW

hickory chairs, dressing-tables made of boxes, patchwork quilts and dull blue rugs. Altogether it was a most attractive room and the wonderful views from the windows were never forgotten by the numerous guests who later occupied the quaint airy chamber.

For two years the new barn, which never housed a hoof or a wheel, was used as a house. We entertained jolly house parties of four to ten in number and the year of the earthquake and fire in San Francisco we found it a safe and quiet refuge from the distress and disorder of the city. The third year we abandoned all idea of building the larger house under the pines and decided to convert the barn into a bungalow. A three-windowed bay was added to the south side, and the second floor balcony, which was found impracticable in stormy weather, was enclosed and made into a tiny bedroom.

The little village had not yet a sewerage system, so modern plumbing was out of the question for that year, at least, but a bathtub was installed in a curtained recess of the living room and a sink and drip-board in the kitchen. The walls of the first floor were wainscoted to within three feet of the ceiling with white pine, waxed and shelacked. The upper portion was covered with linen canvas, and a plate rail was built all around the room. The effect was very artistic and the house was unusually light and attractive. These improvements cost \$90.

That summer we rented the "Barnacle" to vacationers through the entire season. They paid \$1 a day, and all expressed themselves satisfied with the simple arrangements and comforts of the cottage.

The following fall I bought out my sister's interest in the Carmel cottage and made \$300 worth of improvements. With this expenditure all traces of the original barn disappeared; the carriage-house entrance was replaced by pine paneling and three large windows. The "horse door," built in an upper and lower section, was taken out and a very proper door with a pane of glass and a lock and key was hung in its place.

The old staircase was pulled out and built into the northeast corner, which was now, by the construction of a partition, the front hall; the west end formed a kitchen twelve by eighteen feet. The sink was placed under the long window, and a door was cut on the north side leading onto a

covered platform which was used as a woodshed. The east end of the living room is now used as a dining room, and the crowning glory of this long, light room with its beautiful outlook, is a great red brick fireplace with a chimneysheff and a crane, and a wide hearth and niches on either side for the Chinese bowls and candlesticks. The chimney is not enclosed but rises solidly to the ceiling directly in the center of the house. It has been, indeed, the heart of the house, and when a group of merry friends are gathered about the roaring fire,

"Oft died the words upon our lips,

As suddenly, from out the fire

Built of the wreck of stranded ships,

The flames would leap and then expire."

And in those little silent times we experienced true comradeship.

The second floor of the house has received due attention, a bathroom with modern plumbing is the prime improvement, a second dormer was thrown out on the north side and the room finished with pine and divided into three bedrooms.

The rose vines climb over the pergola, and a hardy group of eucalyptus trees rustle their gray-green leaves in the ocean breeze, golden poppies and wild lilac have wandered in from the roadside, and mingle their sweet wild beauty and fragrance with pink geranium and sweet alyssum.

While our architectural methods, as the foregoing account reveals, were certainly unorthodox and unique, both the exterior and interior of our bungalow proved practical and homelike. And perhaps the results illustrated here may inspire some other home-makers to work transformations of a similar nature.

ANYONE who needs to make a little extra money each spring can easily do so by devoting a little space in the yard to calladiums, banana plants, or even cannas of peculiar shade. A small boy in our neighborhood finds ready sale for all the sprouts he has, although in this warm climate (Alabama) such plants stay in the open ground each winter and most of the lawns have them. He sells the bananas at a quarter each, the cannas at a quarter a dozen, and chrysanthemum plants at the same rate.

A start in these plants is all one needs, for they multiply rapidly if well fertilized and watered through the hot season.

COLOR DECORATION FOR WOOD

COLOR DECORATION FOR WOOD: ILLUSTRATED FROM PANELS BY W. F. CURTIS

IN an article published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for December, 1911, called "A New Idea in Interior Decoration," we took up the question of ornamenting wood, and we used illustrations which were loaned us by Mr. Curtis. In these pictures on wood Mr. Curtis kept to one color scheme, that of gold, ivory and the brown tones of the burning. In the series of panels which we are using in this article, Mr. Curtis has further developed his ideal of wood decoration and has included the natural colors of fruit and branches against a gold background. These panels would furnish a color note of rare beauty in a room.

They could be used where a room is ceiled in, in alternating panels, or else they can be used as repeated motifs in a frieze, either above a ceiled-in wood wall surface or plaster or even with Compo boards in appropriate colors. Or a single panel could cover the chimney-piece and furnish a note of color for the entire room, to be repeated perhaps in portières or cushions or chair coverings.

The wood which Mr. Curtis has selected for burning and decorating is tulip wood, because of its softness and smooth surface. First of all, he sketches his design and this is done with the most naturalistic technique, so that every leaf and branch and bit of fruit has the actual quality and beauty that one would find in the autumn orchard. Then the design is sketched on the wood. Later it is burned and then over-

laid with metallic water color, which Mr. Curtis finds most luminous and durable. The background in Mr. Curtis' panels is then washed over with gold, and gold is also introduced in the water colors in order that the fruit and the background may be intimately related.

An interesting idea which has come to us through our delight in these panels and through our never-failing enjoyment of the beauty of native woods and in the possibility of ornamenting them in the most natural way, is the decorative use of colored designs inlaid in wood friezes or panels. As, for instance, let us take a room ceiled in chestnut with a deep frieze of the same wood, treated in the simplest fashion, merely stained and polished to bring out what color is most native to the wood. Then

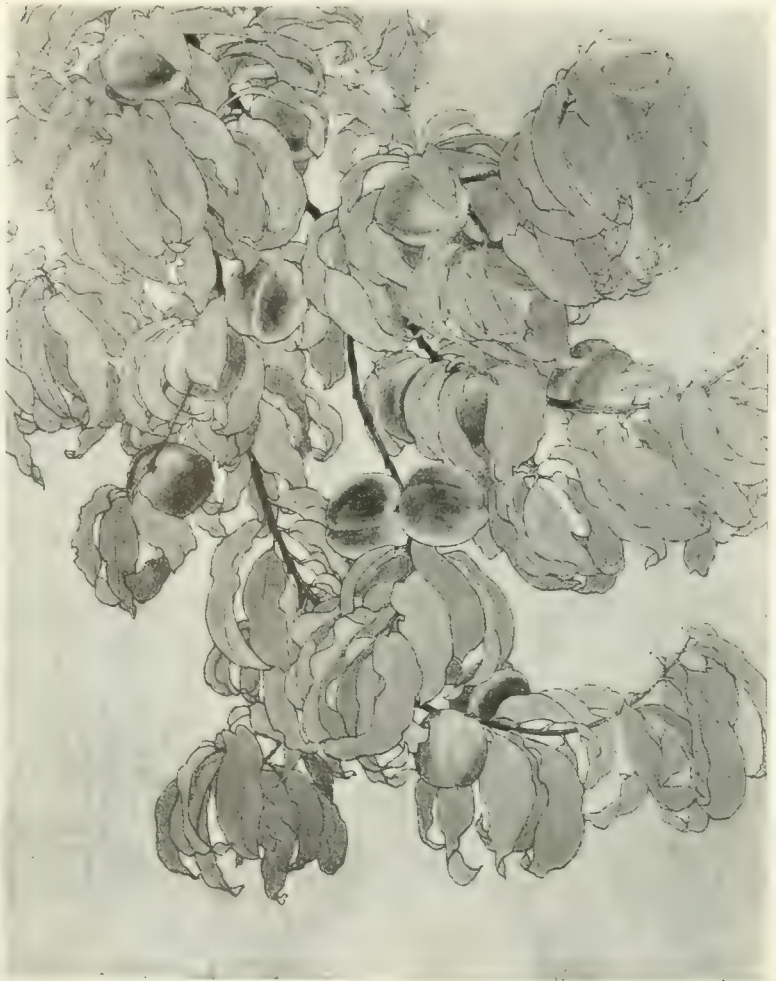


APPLE DECORATION ON WOOD PANEL.

suppose that we have a repeated design in this frieze of apple boughs, rich with leaves and hanging fruit, the design to be sketched on the wood and then burned in according to Mr. Curtis' method; then the water colors mixed with gold and overlaid on the burned design, the background left the natural color of the wood, with no gold except that which has been included in the water color to begin with. The effect would be very simple, very natural and yet rich with glowing color. In all instances, of course, it should furnish the keynote for the color scheme of the room.

If apples were used in the rich dark color of the Baldwins or the Winesaps, it would be essential to repeat all through the hangings, cushion covers, table scarfs, a note of the flaming red of the Baldwin or the deep red of the Winesap. If, on the other hand, a branch of peaches is used, or the pale yellow of apricots or of Bartlett pears, then through the room we would find the lighter notes, supplemented by the green of the leaves and the browns of the stems. Of course, the wood could be varied according to the location in which the house is built or the taste of the owner. Chestnut is suggested because just now, with the terrible chestnut blight that has gone over the country, it is a very easy wood to procure and also can be treated to bring out a beautiful grayish brown tone that forms a wonderful background for decoration and for furniture. But cypress would be interesting, or ash, elm, gumwood, birch, beech or maple. The cypress or the gumwood finish for a room is extremely interesting with the oak furniture.

Of course, very simple designs should be

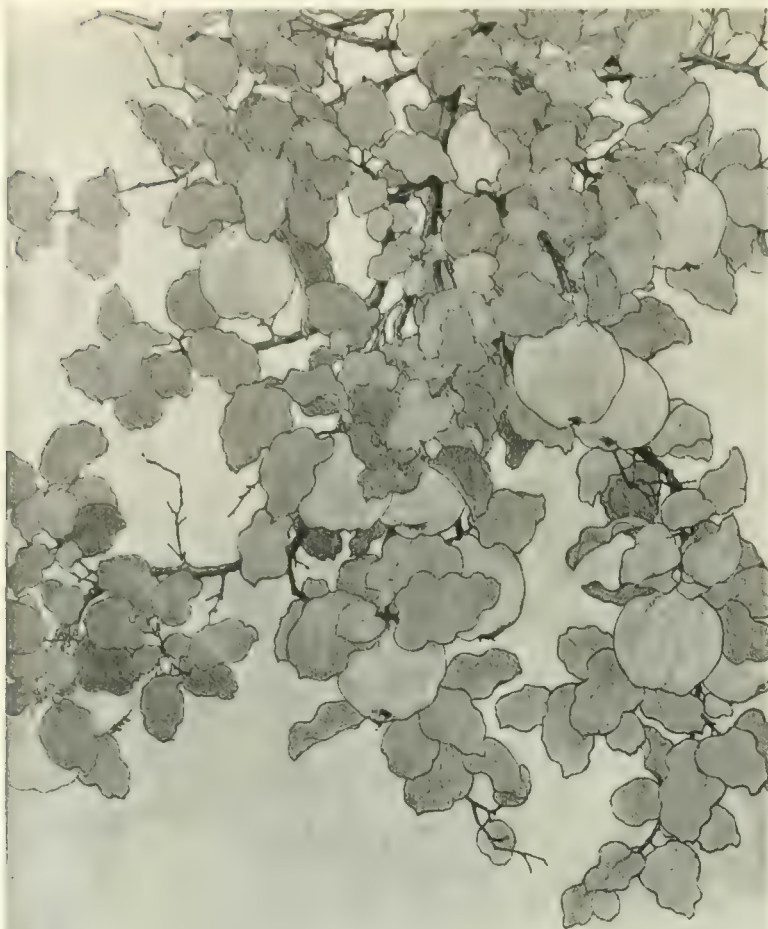


PEACH DECORATION FOR WOOD PANEL.

used for this sort of decoration, as the purpose is to attain color rather than elaboration. Also, in all decorative mural effects simplicity is essential to avoid an effect of confusion and restlessness. Designs simplified down to the effect of stencil work would be perhaps the most charming of all. These could either be repeated over the frieze or there could be a varied working design so that every section of it had the effect of freehand drawing, with some slightly new interest.

But the important point is that the decoration should be the first color note in the room and that nothing inharmonious should be brought into the color feeling to destroy the sense of harmony which is so essential where any really vivid tone is used. For this reason the idea of decorating wood panels or friezes would be perhaps more

COLOR DECORATION FOR WOOD



QUINCE DECORATION FOR WOOD PANEL.

satisfactory in the building of a new home than in the redecoration of an old one, because in entirely new interior fittings, schemes of colors can be carried out to a logical finish, without a sense of loss or a sense of inharmony which so often results where old furnishings and fittings are brought into newly decorated interiors. Of course, it might be possible to redecorate a room to suit the furniture. This would have to be very carefully thought out, and usually the scheme would have to be a little more delicate than is possible where the decoration forms the keynote.

Such tones as Mr. Curtis uses in his panels where he is working out symbolic ideas, with figures and faces, would perhaps be most interesting in a room where the color note must be furnished by the drapery,

rugs, etc. In these panels the design is always developed in a monochrome,—brown, ivory and gold. This furnishes a very beautiful color harmony with a plastered wall or the Compo boards tinted in tone. But where the entire decorations are new, where the furniture is new, the scheme already suggested would be most interesting and novel. Also a color decoration could be added to the furniture, whether of oak or chestnut or cypress. This is especially interesting in bedroom furniture, where a lighter note of color is so often desired, and where a more complete suggestion of cheerfulness is essential.

The pictures which we use as illustrations are reproduced from panels in color by Mr. Curtis, and in every instance the background is of gold. This use of gold is

perhaps most interesting where a single panel is used over the fireplace, or in one wide space on a wall. Of course, it might be effective in a very somber room to lay in a gold background for an entire frieze. This would necessitate quieter draperies and general furnishings than where the background is of wood and the color related to the design.

The whole idea seems to be very simple and can be handled very easily by anyone familiar with pyrographic tools, and we feel it a significant suggestion for the builders of new homes or the decorators of new interiors. As for the beauty of the idea, we cannot speak too strongly. It seems one of the most interesting suggestions for interior decoration that has ever come to us, although we have not ourselves as yet had an opportunity of testing it in our own

houses. Suggestions for color decoration in a room are well worth studying by anyone who intends some day to furnish a home. Before beginning the actual work of fitting up a room, or even deciding upon the scheme of colors to be used in it, it is well to have stored up in one's mind at least a general idea of what is good and what is unwise in furnishing. Most people have but a vague idea of what actually goes into the fitting up of a room, and are apt to start out with either a hazy memory of some scheme of furnishing that had once been admired, or a vague mental picture of a room that had never been reduced to real woodwork, wall coverings and draperies.

We are particularly interested in recording Mr. Curtis' work as an available suggestion for home decoration. His panels offer opportunity for the introduction of gorgeous color into a room, but a panel of this sort should be regarded as a jewel, not the setting. One placed in a room where the rest of the colors seem to culminate in splendor would be most effective.

The question of color decoration has very often been taken up in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, but we feel that it cannot be too well understood. There has been so much haphazard decorating of homes in America,—it has seemed so easy just to select whatever kind of paper looked best in the sample book and a pair of portières that looked well in the shops,—that the effort to relate rugs and wall coverings and draperies seems stupendous. It is really worth striving for, for even a little effort is repaid in ample fashion, and all the care that can be lavished on a home shows unfailingly in the result.



PEAR DECORATION FOR WOOD PANEL.

Some of the most beautiful and restful homes we have seen have been planned and furnished largely by the owners themselves. No one else is so close to the scheme as a whole and no one else can visualize so well the owners' ideal of a home. Someone else's plans and ideas can never fit your own exactly, and the way to express your personality and taste is to think the thing out yourself. The time and patience needed to insure the right relation of each part of the furnishing to the whole seem endless when one is in the midst of the work, but the reward is sure to come when the disorder has been straightened out and the color scheme is complete, each tone and shade in exactly the right relation to every other part of the furnishing. If your own effort, time and skill have gone into planning your home, then will the comfort of it be your own.

SOME ADVICE FROM A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN FARMER

WOMEN and girls who are seriously thinking of taking up farming as their lifework will be interested in some practical suggestions made recently by a woman who has won success along this line—namely, Mrs. Charlotte Barrell Ware. As a pure milk expert and head of a famous plant, the Warelands dairy, she surely speaks with authority. Mrs. Ware advises those who wish to take up farming to make sure of their ability to cope with the difficulties it entails before buying land. And to this end she says the best way is to hire out to a farmer and work for board and keep through a summer.

"If you know," she says, "what branch of farming you want to go into, see to it that your particular farm is strong in that line. Then move heaven and earth to get taken on. Let them put you in anywhere and everywhere at real work and consider yourself lucky to get the chance. An utter novice, always asking questions and getting in everybody's way, is not of immense service on a farm. The chances are that the farmer who pays you for your labor in food and lodgings will be getting the slim end of the bargain.

"How shall you find the farm? By writing to the secretary of Agriculture at Washington, and to the agricultural college of your State, and to your own State secretary of agriculture. These people can tell you where the newest, best methods are being tried out and where you will learn nothing which will have to be unlearned later on. It sometimes happens that an eager capable girl cannot persuade the owner of a big modern farm to bother with her, even at the modest wage of board and keep. If such should be your case, take courage from the story of a Simmons College girl. She begged acceptance as a working student in horticulture on a certain famous farm. They wouldn't have her about. She retired and considered. She had a fair facility as a bookkeeper, stenographer and typist. So she sent in a second application, this time for the post of secretary to the farm.

"The great farm of our day keeps its accounts as elaborately as any commercial house. As secretary she was taken on; and from her post in the office she made

excellent use of her eyes and ears, so that she soon understood the business end of the farm. Her free time she spent in the fields, asking unobtrusive questions, and as she had a working knowledge of botany she picked up no small amount of horticultural lore. Moreover, she was liberal with her offers of help. Whenever emergencies made an extra hand useful, she was only too ready to serve. So that by the time Nature shut up shop for the winter she had mastered enough of the details of the field work to start out in horticulture for herself."

Mary Bronson Hartt, who writes in *The Housekeeper* of Mrs. Ware's experience and advice, reminds the would-be woman farmer that she must have practical knowledge of every phase of the work and be ready for all emergencies—such as taking the place of the hired man if he leaves or becomes ill. Points like this should be considered and weighed before a woman decides on this career, for she will need, in addition to her knowledge and love of the work, plenty of pluck and capacity for endurance.

There is another important aspect that the prospective woman farmer will do well to take into consideration, and that is the desirability of specializing in her work. This practical suggestion is made by the *Springfield Weekly Republican*, which quotes the foregoing extracts and adds a few words regarding the various products that will yield good results if made the specialty of the farm. "In some localities," it says, "there is a constant market for eggs and broilers, and there is money in them, if the farmer understands managing the market and raising the fowls. Fine apples always command a good price, and a well stocked, well cared for orchard is a constant source of revenue, if one has apples that suit the market. Women who have good business sense can make and hold a market for jellies and canned fruit. Capability and business sense are the main requirements. Given them, almost anyone can make a good living."

As the same paper wisely remarks, farming, for the woman, is "pretty risky without either experience or genius," and Mrs. Ware's plan of trying out the work beforehand seems a most effective way for a girl to test her own capacity. The young enthusiast would soon discover if she was equal to the strenuous life of a farm.

A GARDEN GATE IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE



A PERGOLA GATE WITH ROSES.

A GARDEN GATE IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE

IN building homes nowadays we are not wholly content when the actual structure has been completed and the interior furnished for comfortable living. The demand for outdoor fittings is becoming more insistent as we learn to live more in the life-giving sunshine and in the comforting shade. We are learning to appreciate gardens that contribute fresh vegetables and succulent fruits to our tables, and we crave flowers that bring color and fragrance into the house. We want opportunity to work in our gardens or play in them, just as much as we want to be able to rest there and watch the plants grow. And so we are building pergolas with seats for resting, covered walks for loitering, and garden gates and trellised walls to form a bond between the house and out of doors.

From time to time in *THE CRAFTSMAN* we have published ideas for attaining outdoor beauty for American homes, and when someone writes to tell us that one of these suggestions has been the basis or inspiration for some structural feature that has brought comfort or beauty, or both, into the daily life of an American family, it gives us more pleasure than we can readily express.

In *THE CRAFTSMAN* for June, 1908, and again in "Craftsman Homes," we reproduced photographs of California gateways that seemed very charming to us. One of these pictures interested Mr. R. S. Hamilton, of Roswell, New Mexico, so much that

he built one very like it on the grounds adjoining his home. The picture we published showed a gate of rather more massive construction than Mr. Hamilton's adaptation; it was severely plain in design and suggested Japanese inspiration. The gate itself was hung from two heavy square posts, which were topped by an open pergola roof.

It may be that Mr. Hamilton's gate seems lighter because of the two panels of trelliswork that have been erected at right angles to the gate itself. The fence that encloses the garden to which the gate affords access is built like the gate itself, of flat wide pickets, with a wide rail at the bottom and a narrower one at the top. The placing of the trellises forms an entrance-way to the gate and also affords space for a long seat that invites to outdoor rest. Close beside one of the trellises and placed so that it is in full view of anyone on the seat is another trellis, covered with Brunner roses that blossom luxuriantly in the brilliant sunshine of New Mexico.

There are many lovely ways of using trellises in gardens, or on the house itself, and each home and its placing must necessarily suggest a different problem of achieving beauty. Mr. Hamilton's use of the trellises is rather unusual. Covered with roses or vines they would provide grateful shelter from the scorching sun of the Southwest, and even when bare they add a lighter touch to the heavier construction of the gate and fence and make them less severe.

SMALL FARMING IN DENMARK

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SMALL FARMING BY THE DANISH GOVERNMENT

DR. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, the American Minister to Denmark, recently in Washington on leave, has brought home some interesting accounts of Danish enterprise, which show how those energetic and progressive people have battled with adverse soil conditions and overcome natural obstacles until their land has attained an agricultural prosperity second only to England among the countries of the old world. A thorough study has been made of the "farmers' welfare" problem abroad by Dr. Egan and other American diplomatic officers in Europe, under instructions from the State Department. They have investigated both the methods used by the governments in putting farming on a practical and prosperous basis, and the methods of the farmers themselves through coöperative societies. They have also noted the general benefits resulting to each nation from such agricultural advancement.

Dr. Egan recently made a lecture tour through the South, for the purpose of spreading the information acquired abroad among farmers in this country who might profit by a knowledge of the way in which Denmark has achieved success.

"I was sent," he explains, "by the Department of State to expose to dairymen and farmers especially interested in dairying, the methods by which the Danes have become the most prosperous people agriculturally in Europe. When I say most prosperous, I mean by comparison.

"The wealth per capita of Denmark is comparatively next to that of England. This wealth, however, is equalized. There are no very rich people there. Every man is fairly well off, but the poorer he is the more carefully does he conserve his resources. Material well-being is as common in Denmark as education.

"For instance, the only means of living which the Danes have is agriculture. Denmark, like Julius Caesar's Gaul of ancient days, is divided into three parts—butter, bacon and eggs. Now, the Government, being dependent upon the farmers, does everything in its power to increase the number of small farmers, and this is done by making money as cheap as possible

for them. The State controls a great series of banks, managed somewhat after the manner of the *crédit foncier*.

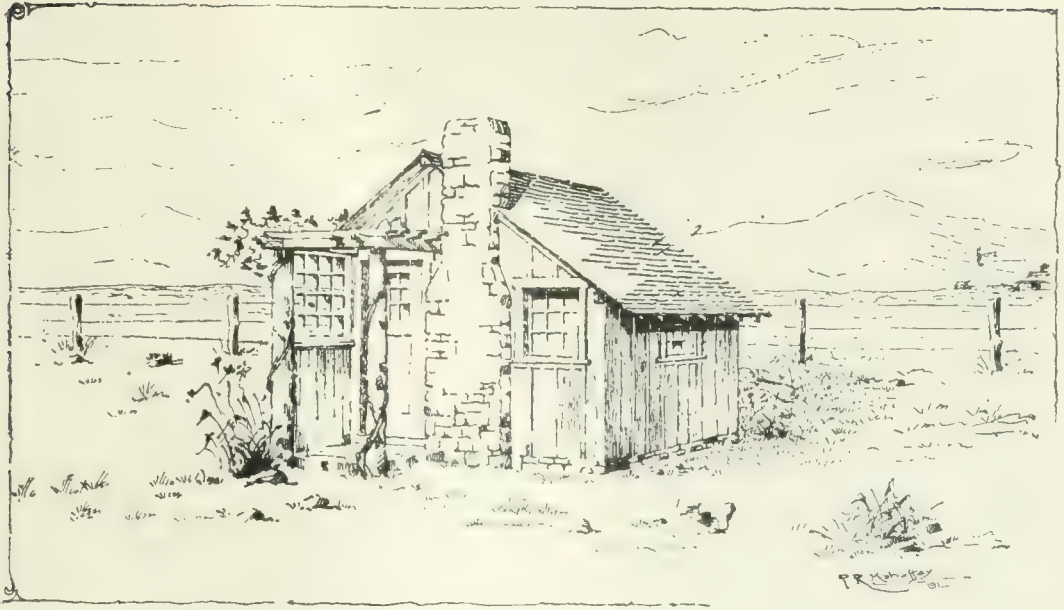
"An agricultural laborer in Denmark who has worked on a farm for five years, who is poor, and who has a character so good that two reputable members of the community will certify to it, may obtain from one of these banks a loan of about \$1,582 in our money. He obtains this solely on his character and ability and not by any material security he can offer. With this money he may purchase a farm of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 acres.

"This farm means live and dead stock on the land and the necessary implements for working it. The amount loaned by the bank covers probably nine-tenths of the value of the farm, not of the land, because land in Denmark is never sold merely as land. The farm is judged by the value of its production for, let us say, at least seven years in hard corn, which represents its ability to sustain dairy cattle and hogs.

"The tendency in Denmark was and is to the constant increase of the small farmers, but the small farmer was practically nothing as an individual. To control the British market for fresh butter and the colonial market for canned butter, it was necessary that they have capital; it was necessary that their product be the same in quantity all the year around and always the same in quality. To standardize any product, one must have an enormous quantity of that product and the power of controlling its quality. The Danish farmers, in order to do this, began to form coöperative societies.

"Today the Danish farmer buys nothing individually. He uses no seeds until they have been tested by experts furnished by the coöperative society. He buys his fertilizers, soya beans from Manchuria, cotton and meal from the United States, through the coöperative society.

"He never kills his own hogs, though there are 500 hogs to every 1,000 persons in Denmark, but sends them to the coöperative bacon factories, which were founded some time in the eighties, when Germany refused the Danish hog because of an outbreak of swine fever. The Danes instantly founded, with the assistance of the Government, large coöperative bacon factories. In order to make dairying possible, the farmers had to regenerate the land exhausted by the lack of scientific treatment."



AN EIGHTY-DOLLAR CABIN.

A WYOMING HOMESTEADER'S CABIN: BY PAUL R. MAHAFFEY

ON the prairies of southeastern Wyoming one finds architecture reduced to its simplest terms. Most of the homesteaders' dwellings can hardly claim the title of "houses"; they are merely shacks. And it was one of these shacks that I had the good fortune to secure when I left my home in Pennsylvania and came in search of health to take up a government homestead claim near Chugwater, Wyoming.

The cabin had been occupied by a homesteader who had already "proved up" on his claim and had returned to the East. The building was 10 feet by 12 feet, with a shed roof, 5½ feet high on one side and 7½ feet high on the other. The walls were built of 12-inch pine boards, placed vertically, the joints being covered with batten strips. The roof was of shingles. There was a door and one double-hung single-light window, which reached almost from the floor to the ceiling.

The inside of the shack was lathed and plastered, the plaster being off in a few places, and I knew that to move it from the original location to my claim—a distance of three-fourths of a mile—would shake off the rest of the plaster. Besides, the flat roof

was not satisfactory, for when inside the shack one always felt as though the roof were going to come in contact with one's head. So I decided to raze the cabin and rebuild, using the same material and what little additional material might be required.

For the foundation of my new home I chose four cedar posts taken from our firewood—which we haul eighteen miles from Goshen Hole. I filled in the spaces between these posts with field stone. The boards for the sides were put on as before, vertically, and the joints covered with batten strips. The windows were made of the two sashes of the double-hung window, in which I inserted hand-made muntins and small panes—an expedient which I adopted partly because the glass in the old windows was broken and the small lights were cheaper than large ones, but chiefly because I knew that this arrangement would add a touch of decorative detail to the house and give a cozy effect becoming to a dwelling of that size and type.

The long roof on the right hand is the roof of the old building raised to one-third pitch, thus giving ample headroom inside and still keeping a low sloping effect. For the short roof on the opposite side new material was of course required. For the interior, instead of using lath and plaster as before, I laid a durable brick-red building paper between the boards and the stud-

TO INCREASE THE FARM INCOME

ding, leaving the studding and rafters exposed on the inside. This made it sufficiently warm and at the same time gave a rustic effect which would harmonize with the general character of the little shack.

The chimney is to be of field stone, which abounds on the lower part of my claim, and the little pergola, with one side closed as shown in the sketch, is to be built chiefly as a windbreak and partly to give a friendly effect to the entrance.

The cost of a cabin of this sort is naturally very low, and in my case it was merely nominal, for I secured the shack from a personal friend who did not charge me anything for it, and I spent only about \$3 on extra materials. The original cost of materials was about \$42, and I suppose the value of the labor would be approximately \$35, making a total cost of \$80.

HORSE BREEDING TO INCREASE THE FARM INCOME

UNDER this title The New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University has issued a bulletin in its farm reading-course, and the subject seems to have been handled in such a practical way that we are mentioning it here for the benefit of those of our farm friends who may be interested. In addition to a number of illustrations and a tabulation of the different breeds (according to type, height, weight, uses, origin, registration, etc.) the pamphlet contains a discussion of the number of horses purchased in New York State, the places where they are reared, the cost and profit of raising a horse, the conditions favorable to horse breeding, the plan of coöperative breeding, procuring of stallions, stallion laws, uniformity of type and soundness.

Referring to the breed and type, the following advice is given: "Choose the breed that best suits the conditions, the markets and the tastes of the breeders. There is no best breed or type for all conditions. The lighter types naturally belong on land devoted to grass, to dairy industry, to fruit growing and to market gardening, where but little plowing and other heavy work is required and the necessity of reaching the market, the station or the creamery requires quick-moving horses.

"On grain farms, where there is much plowing and other heavy work to be done, heavy horses are needed. On general-pur-

pose farms the draft horse finds his true place. Draft horses can be reared with less risk than the lighter and more active types. They can be put to light work much younger and do not require so much training. Coachers, saddlers, and roadsters require a large amount of training before they can be marketed, if good values are to be obtained. This training requires skill, time and money, which should be taken into account. A well-bred and well-trained coach team will bring a good price, but the amount of skill, time and money required to breed and train such horses is too great for the general farmer.

"Furthermore, draft horses are in great demand in New York State for city traffic. They are the last to be affected by a business depression and the first to recover; they are the least affected by automobiles, motor cars and the like; they are not affected by fads, fancies or fashions, and always command a remunerative price. From this it would seem to be of advantage to the general farmer to produce horses weighing upward of 1,200 pounds, as the heavier they are, the greater the profit in their production."

One need hardly add that the bulletin in question will prove of value to all farmers interested in horse breeding who care to send to the college for it. And the fact that the papers in this course cost only a cent's postage apiece brings their helpfulness within reach of all.

A useful feature of these lessons is the "discussion paper," containing questions and spaces for answers. The questions which supplement the horse-breeding lesson are worth quoting here, for they give some idea of the practical way in which the subject is treated. "1. To what breed or class of stallions do you have access in your vicinity? 2. Which breed seems to be preferred by the farmers? Why? 3. Do the farmers in your vicinity raise the horses used on their farms, or do they buy occasionally? 4. How much money do you estimate is expended in your township for horses raised elsewhere? 5. Why cannot the farmers get together and raise the horses used in the State, and thus save the money that goes to the Western farmer in exchange for his horses? 6. Do you believe the 'farmers' coöperative plan' (not the company plan) herein suggested could be made to work in your vicinity? If not, why?"

SOME AMERICAN GARDEN POTTERY INSPIRED BY CLASSIC DESIGNS

(The illustrations used in this article were furnished by the Atlantic Terra Cotta Company.)

"LOOKING backward" still seems to be the motto of a good deal of our twentieth century activity, not only in architecture but likewise in the numerous crafts which are so closely allied to it. We find, for instance, that modern pottery and garden furniture echo in terra cotta, stone and concrete, the designs and forms of ancient Greece and Rome, and introduce among the shrubbery and upon the lawns of American gardens the classic pillars and pedestals, sun-dials, urns, vases and fountains that adorned those legend-haunted Italian gardens of long ago.

While some of us deplore this retrospective tendency of art, and would prefer, to the best imitation, a virile if crude expression of modern thought by our architects and craftsmen, we must admit that until such expression is forthcoming it is no wonder that American designers turn instinctively to a trans-Atlantic past in their search for beauty. As one firm of potters asserts, referring to its own work, "it is considered better to reproduce original antique Grecian and Italian designs than to follow the frightful American designs of

twenty years ago (still reproduced in cast iron) or the greatly overdone *Art Nouveau* school. Many of the original vases, etc., from which reproductions are made, were brought from Italy by the late Stanford White some years before the Italian authorities prohibited the exportation of antiques."

It would seem, then, that our pottery makers are justified, in the absence of local



WELL-DESIGNED TERRA COTTA PLANT JAR.

contemporary achievement, in drawing their inspiration from ancient and foreign sources and duplicating what seem to them the most beautiful of the old designs. But in selecting such designs, surely the most appropriate for American gardens are those which do not insist too strongly upon their classic origin or portray a history and mythology remote from the lives and thoughts of modern people. Rather, we think, the simpler forms and decorations should be chosen, those which all nationalities and ages can share—the well-proportioned columns, jars and vases of graceful outlines, ornaments in carving or relief of natural or conventionalized leaves and flowers. These will be welcome in almost any formal or semi-formal garden, and if well placed will harmonize with the surrounding foliage and blossoms of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, giving to the outdoor spaces those subtle architectural touches which link a garden so pleasingly to the house itself.

Believing, therefore, that the more unpretentious our garden pottery is, the more at home it will look in the gardens of today, we have selected for reproduction here



TERRA COTTA PALM JAR OF GRACEFUL PROPORTION.

BEAUTY IN THE BACKYARD

a number of designs which seem the least ornate, and which, for their beauty of proportion and the quality of decoration they carry, deserve a place among the good things of garden furniture.

The two illustrations shown here of vases made by the Atlantic Garden Pottery Company are simple and effective in design. This pottery is much harder and closer in composition than ordinary earthenware, and is very durable. In addition to the usual red it comes in a variety of different colors and textures, and as the colors are thoroughly incorporated with the "body" at a very high temperature (2,300 degrees Fahrenheit) they are equally enduring and do not fade, both the pottery and color being unimpaired by exposure to severe climatic conditions.

Among the tones used in this Atlantic pottery are two glaze colors—marble white and antique green. The first is smooth, impervious and slightly lustrous, being similar in texture to smooth but unpolished marble. The white has a faint cream tone in it and is most appropriate for use in a formal garden. The antique green, which has a smooth surface, varies from dark green to deep bronze. Its restful tones are suitable for either house or garden. There is also Colonial yellow, similar in texture to smooth limestone, and especially suitable for a formal or informal garden or for the house where a yellow color scheme is used. Pompeian red is another shade in which this pottery comes. This is a rather odd, warm, cheerful red which harmonizes with brick walls and walks in an old-fashioned garden and could be used with good effect near the brick hearth and open fireplace in the house. Its surface resembles that of smooth sandstone. Limestone gray is also used—a soft tone suggesting the mellowness of time and contrasting well with green and brighter colors in the garden.

The products of the Erkins Studios also show examples of the satisfying results obtained by carefully restrained design. This work comes in stone, marble and Pompeian stone, the latter being a cement composition resembling real stone and colored usually in gray and cream. Here also the source of most of the designs is European. Many of the pieces are actual replicas of garden fittings found in Italy and the famous museums of the Continent, and where a direct copy has not been possible the work is based on foreign models.

BEAUTY IN THE BACKYARD: BY KATHERINE VERDERY

THE fact that the windows of the city florists display in lavish abundance narcissi, daffodils, sweet peas and primulas, while blizzards rage without; that fruiterers present peaches and strawberries to fur-clad customers, is a condition of affairs not without its drawbacks. For by it is lost that enthusiasm with which the first crocus is greeted in the country, and the zest with which is devoured the early strawberry when eaten, warm and gritty, in the sunny patch.

It is ever the flower and the fruit whose seed we have planted and whose growth we have patiently watched and tended, that give the keenest enjoyment. And in the matter of flowers, at least, the city householder may share the pleasure of his out-of-town neighbor, by the expenditure of a few dollars and a little time and thought.

Twenty-five years ago the New York City backyard was often a thing of beauty. I remember such was the case in my grandmother's tiny yard in West 22nd Street. The lot was only eighteen feet wide, yet the backyard held its central grass plot, and a well-filled border of bloom two feet wide, running around three sides of the yard. There the graceful bleeding heart hung its long pink sprays, and mignonette and heliotrope and gay geraniums stood guard over pansies and forget-me-nots.

And this garden was not alone, for neighbors on both sides, to the ends of the block, possessed equally blossoming patches, making quite an enchanting chain of little gardens.

Nowadays one may look out of the back windows of many city residences to see only a line of asphalt enclosures, whose colorless monotony is unrelieved except on wash days, when perhaps pink or blue pajamas may lend a note of gaiety to the scene.

Today the almost universal exodus from town, which at the latest only awaits the closing of the children's school, makes less necessary the cultivation of the few feet of city soil, than formerly, when people—even people with children—remained in town during much of the summer. Therefore it is chiefly the early spring and late fall garden that I would urge, but that most em-

BEAUTY IN THE BACKYARD

phatically, feeling sure the experiment will amply reward those who try it.

If the asphalt has not been allowed to encroach on the old-time grass plot and border, the revival of the garden is a simple matter. In the early fall a little commercial fertilizer spaded well into the border, and sprinkled lightly over the grass plot, and this last resown, will prepare the garden for planting.

A number of roots of *ampelopsis* should be set close against the fence at the back and sides. This vine is of quick growth and is especially beautiful in spring and fall. It will ultimately cover the usually unsightly fence, and makes a charming background. Two or three *forsythia* shrubs may be planted at the corners of the border, as they produce a shower of dainty golden blossoms in April.

The planting of all bulbs for spring bloom should be done during the preceding October and November, up to frost. They should be planted to a depth of twice their own diameter, and from four to six inches apart according to their size. They should not come in touch with new fertilizer, therefore put a little sand (bird sand if no other is convenient) in each hole before placing the bulb. The best effect is gained by planting in clusters of a kind rather than in straight rows. The front edge of the bed should have the low-growing crocuses and snowdrops, and *Scilla sibirica*, mingled with plants of hardy yellow English primroses, which last are far too little grown in this country, but are to be had from at least one dealer on this side of the Atlantic. This collection will bloom from March through April. Back of them should be hyacinths, the single ones being far more satisfactory than the double ones; and in groups of eight or ten each, narcissi and daffodils, and the earliest varieties of tulips, such as the pink Cottage Maid, the red and the white Pottebakker, and the yellow Canary Bird.

Gardening catalogues, which all dealers gladly send on application, give accurate descriptions of color and time of bloom, and the varieties may be thereby selected according to taste and the time at which it is desired to have the best effect in the garden.

If the house is to be closed, say from the middle of May to early in October, the fall garden of the backyard has to fight against odds. But even so, plants of the latest blooming hardy chrysanthemums, set

out in the spring will usually be waving shaggy heads of welcome on one's return to town, and will receive in turn a more genuine thrill of appreciation than will their far larger and handsomer hothouse fellows in the windows of the florist.

Marigolds started in March from seed in a box in a sunny window in the house, and the little plants set out the latter part of April, will usually bloom gallantly in October and early November even if they have received no attention save that given them by Nature during the summer. If a caretaker is left in the house and can be persuaded to water the beds from time to time, much better results will of course be obtained.

And if it be the fate of the man of the family to remain alone in the city, and his taste turns at all toward horticulture, the small patch of earth may become for him a rival of roof garden and club. In this case, space must be saved for midsummer flowers as well as bulbs and autumn plants. And between week-end dashes to family and green fields, he may find relaxation and pleasure for an hour or two in the late afternoons, in the youthful sport of playing the hose, in feeling and smelling the good brown loam, in watching the miraculous unfolding of bud and leaf—in short, in thus “returning to the soil,” even if it be but the handful of soil of a city backyard.

RURAL BETTERMENT CONFERENCE

CITIZENS of Massachusetts who are interested in the betterment of rural communities were given an opportunity to study the subject in a practical way at the third annual conference of rural community leaders which was held during July at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. The conference was held under the direction of Professor William B. Hurd, head of the extension service at the college, and included speeches by prominent men and women, technical and general discussions, and many exhibits. The work was divided into ten sections: Clergymen's, agricultural education, librarians', civic betterment, sanitation of rural communities, county work of Young Men's Christian Association, county work of Young Women's Christian Association, home makers', rural play and recreation and town administration.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHY MIGHT ADD TO THE EFFICIENCY AND JOY OF SCHOOL LIFE

AMONG the high-school teachers I have known was one who taught a class in general history—a kind, elderly woman who had gathered a good deal of wisdom about many things. Through her we acquired a little historical information, useful and otherwise, most of which we have since forgotten; but there was one point that I shall always remember. She gave us a motto which she said embodied the true meaning and value of all education. And that motto was:

"Not facts, but the search for facts."

At the time we realized only vaguely what the words meant, but in after years they came back to some of us, and helped us to understand a little better the meaning, not only of education, but of life.

The same truth, in other forms, perhaps, is coming home to many of our parents and teachers and professors, and bids fair to bring about before very long a radical change in our educational methods. We are beginning to see that we have been handicapping rather than helping our young people by cramming their plastic minds with a lot of unrelated facts that have little or no bearing upon their future years, and which, instead of fitting them to do useful work and earn their own living, more often than not breed in them a distaste for work of any kind. We are beginning to discover that the right way to train them to become useful, healthy, happy citizens is to encourage them to develop their own faculties, their own powers of judgment, discrimination and initiative, so that they may be able to cope afterward with the harder problems of life. In other words, to let them gain their knowledge not from facts, but through the search for facts.

One of the many ways in which we can do this is by letting the children get their information at first hand wherever it is possible, instead of indirectly through text books and class recitals; by letting them go straight to the source of supply—and that is nature—instead of having the stream of knowledge filtered, boiled, aerated, bottled up and delivered to their more or less unwilling minds in a state of hygienic but insipid and uninspiring perfection, by tak-

ing them right to the spot where all the great scientists, all the men of art and skill and wisdom gain their knowledge, and letting them, with the help and light of past knowledge, sort out, classify, correlate and arrange their facts with a view to the bearing of those facts upon their own needs, hopes and interests.

Thus far we have given our children not only too many ready-made theories and opinions, but also too much indoor work. We have crowded them into ill-ventilated schoolrooms instead of taking them out and letting them learn their lessons in the fresh air and sunshine. In some kinds of weather and with some subjects, indoor study may be a necessity. But there are many instances in which the pupils could learn infinitely better, with greater interest and under happier, more natural conditions, if they could search for their facts out of doors. And a very practical and delightful aid to this kind of study lies in the use of a camera.

Suppose the teacher of a class in physical geography wants to demonstrate to his pupils the action of natural forces upon the surface of the earth. Instead of showing them more or less uninteresting diagrams and illustrations in a stuffy schoolroom, let him take them right out to the scene of action, where they can see nature actually at work. Let them take along a few small, easily manipulated cameras, which they have been taught previously how to handle, and let them get their own illustrations, compile their own text books. Let them study the formation of rocks, the various strata and lines of cleavage; the action of wind, rain and weather upon the soil; the work of streams and rivers, the formation of valleys and hills, of cliffs, slopes and flood plains; the making of miniature lakes and deltas; the carving and shaping, the crumbling and reconstructing of the surface of the land by the tireless forces of earth and air. Let them mark the gradual but mighty changes through which the country about their homes has passed; let them have the joy of discovering traces of the old glacial period, boulders, fragments of rock or mounds of stone that tell whole chapters of geological history. Let them take pictures of the most interesting and significant of these features, using these pictures afterward in scrap books or text books of their own, to illustrate essays or to decorate the walls of their schoolroom.

There are many ways, in fact, in which a camera would prove invaluable to the children—in botany class, for the study of growing things, tree forms and foliage. The various species of local flora and the characteristics of native plants through the changing seasons. Or think what interest could be found in the study, through actual photographic experiments, of the laws of pictorial composition, or the endless possibilities for beauty in tone values, in the harmonies and contrasts of light and shade, the subtle qualities of textures, the arrangement and balance of masses, the strength or delicacy of the myriad lines, forms, details, that go to make up the living world around us.

For those who wished to turn such experiments to practical use, the pictures of flowers and foliage, of landscape, animals or birds, could be made the basis for all kinds of applied decoration and design. The study of nature, with her wonderful variety of color and form, with her endless suggestions for the artistic use of natural things, would serve as an inspiration and a help in the beautifying of the children's environment, in the decoration of their own homes, in the devising of designs and color schemes for their rooms, their clothes, the many objects which they use every day. So they would learn, not to obey the dictates of a tyrannical fashion or copy blindly the classic periods of the past, but to work out their own artistic salvation, to gather wisdom from the woods and fields, and embody in their surroundings their own ideas of beauty and harmony.

In this way they would not only accumulate a great deal of very valuable knowledge, but would do it with genuine interest, with alert minds, with the enthusiasm of real scholars and explorers, tasting the joy and personal pride of original research instead of the dullness of mere book-learning. And in this kind of work they would be developing their own personality and facility for expression, and relating the facts which they gathered to the daily wants and pleasures of their own lives.

Moreover, it is through such methods as these that we should discover in a child the potential scientist, craftsman or artist, determining often the success of later years by such opportunity for original thought, by giving the pupil freer scope for his young powers and putting him early in touch with the great storehouse of nature,

from which all things in the last analysis must be drawn.

In using cameras in connection with outdoor class work, it would not be necessary, of course, for each child to have one, as in many instances the parents might not be able to afford it, or the school might not have funds enough. Several of the children could club together for the purchase, and take turns in using the camera. As to the developing and printing, this could either be done by some outside photographer, or could be made the subject of a separate class and done by the children themselves, which would add proportionately to their technical knowledge and prove a source of endless experimental joys.

AN AWNING DOOR

FOR a barn or shop or any common building that needs a double door for an entrance, the one-piece awning door invented by one of my neighbors deserves more than passing notice.

It is simply a plain, home-made shutter of solid planks neatly put together upon a frame of heavier timbers; but instead of being hinged at the side or made to slide in the ordinary manner, it has three stout hinges that fasten it along the top to the upper casing of the doorway. A piece of the framework running through the middle extends out into the house when the door is up, and on the end is a heavy boxed weight which partly holds up the door and takes the strain off of the side braces, thus making it easier to open and close.

So well hung and well balanced is this contrivance that the inventor can raise or lower it almost with one hand, though before loosening the pegs at the side, he puts a bracing pole under the awning at the outer edge to keep it from coming down too swiftly.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The article called "Grandmothers" which was published in the August number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* contained the reprint of a poem by Mr. James Oppenheim. The writer wrote to us that she had full permission from Mr. Oppenheim to use this poem. Since its publication we have learned that it was originally printed in *The Woman's Home Companion* for May, 1909, and that credit should have been given this publication at the time of its use in *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

"TAINTED MONEY" AND THE ROSENTHAL MURDER

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"TAINTED MONEY" AND THE ROSENTHAL MURDER

THE public and dramatic murder of Herman Rosenthal, a New York gambling-house keeper who was about to testify concerning police blackmail, became a matter of national importance when the rumor spread that the police "system" was behind the crime. Cynicism and indifference, those most ubiquitous and disheartening of all the obstacles to reform, gave place for a time at least to horror and indignation. Nor were these emotions allayed when the confession of another gambler led to the arrest of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker as the alleged instigator of Rosenthal's murder, and further confirmed the public in its suspicion of an unholy alliance for mutual gain between certain members of the police force and the professional criminals and law-breakers of New York City. Although so open and spectacular a method of eliminating an undesirable witness may be more or less peculiar to New York, probably every large city in the United States could contribute a chapter to the story of police rings that collect protection money from the vicious and the criminal. But nowhere else, presumably, do the profits from such alliances total up to as many millions of dollars as in New York. According to the statement of one of the gamblers involved in the Rosenthal case the annual tribute paid to the police by the gamblers of this city is \$2,400,000; and it will be remembered that in a magazine article published after he left office Police Commissioner Bingham estimated the city's total annual "graft" at more than \$100,000,000.

In this connection the following conversation on the subject of police graft between Mr. Frank Moss and a veteran police captain is as illuminating as it is depressing, and challenges the thoughtful attention of every American citizen. The dialogue is reported by Mr. Moss, whose long service as Assistant District Attorney and as counsel to the Lexow and Mazet investigating committees gives added significance to any evidence he cites:

"I said to him: 'Captain, Commissioners may come and Commissioners may go, but the Old Guard seems to hang on. You are always here. Will you tell me what kind of a Commissioner you men prefer?' He

said: 'We like a nice honest gentleman who does not know that he is alive.' I said, 'Explain that.' He answered, 'He makes a good front to the public and prevents public suspicion, while the insiders do the business behind his back.' I said, 'But why do you men take this dirty money?' He said, 'Wouldn't we be fools if we didn't?' 'What do you mean by that?' I asked him. He said, 'Everybody in New York works his job, even the ministers.' I said, 'Do you believe that?' He answered, 'I know it.' 'But,' I said, 'this money is so dirty.' He answered, 'We fumigate it. It is clean after we get it.'"

The evidently sincere cynicism of this police captain is the thing that here stands out with startling effect—"Everybody works his job. Wouldn't we be fools if we didn't?" At the worst this point of view—which is alarmingly prevalent—is born of the individual's inability to believe anybody less corrupt than himself; at best it is the result of honest bewilderment in the face of arbitrary and often insincere moral standards that public opinion contents itself with. This bewilderment disappears when we frankly recognize the economic basis of morality and test our conduct thereby. By this test our cynical police captain would learn that the man who "works" his job—that is to say, tries to get something for nothing—makes a bad bargain. All that is healthy in our civilization is based on a system of equitable exchange. The development of our own character no less than the welfare of the community demands that we shall give as much as we receive, that we shall fairly and fully pay our way. The gambler and the grafter try to evade this demand, and the result is evil beyond their imagining or understanding. In their hands "tainted money" becomes something more than a phrase—it becomes a source of moral contagion to infect and corrupt whole communities.

It is not far-fetched to speak of money, which is merely a token of exchange, as partaking of the nature of the thing it stands for. Wherever money stands for what is artificial and unnecessary it is unhealthy, and the unhealthy thing, when it is guarded and made to bear fruit, produces vice and crime. Money misused is bad for the nation, and breeds fungous growths. Progress depends upon right relations between human beings. Where there is commercial interchange it must be equitable. Democ-

"TAINTED MONEY" AND THE ROSENTHAL MURDER

racy cannot flourish where there is unfairness or dishonesty in the necessary exchange of commodities between man and man. The minute a man gets something for nothing an unreal and unwholesome condition is bred, whether that man is the son of wealthy parents who never forced him to work for his living, or a public servant who betrays his trust for profit. Just as what we call spirituality is merely the flowering of the physical, so true morality has its roots and its sanction in economics, and loses its bearings when it forgets its source.

Gambling is unethical, because it performs no service to the community, meets no valid need. For this reason it is demoralizing to the man who gambles, and the gambler's money is tainted money. But the taint is increased a thousandfold when that money becomes the token of official corruption, of the betrayal of the people's trust by the people's servants. And because the police force of a great city is under greater and more insidious temptation than any other branch of the public service, there is here peculiar need for the steadfast and unequivocal pressure of public opinion. When any man or clique of men in the police department becomes a leech on criminals and an instigator of murder a plague-spot has developed which if not dealt with promptly may threaten the health of the nation. Even now we find an influential Berlin newspaper declaring that "today it is a question among thoughtful Americans as to how long the sap of the nation will be able to withstand the ever-increasing poison of political corruption."

And the same foreign paper makes the short-sighted assertion that "it is as impossible to cure the American police of the disease from which they are suffering as to sweep away the ocean with a broom." As a matter of fact the disease, menacing as it is, will yield speedily as soon as public opinion expresses itself with sufficient vigor. But unless the honest citizens recognize their responsibility in the matter, all the letting in of light that the present investigation promises will leave us just where other investigators of the police have left us in the past. Within the last thirty years there have been at least three investigations of the New York Police Department, and each time the result was little more than the ruining of a few reputations. The present proceedings, however, are taking directions which promise results more constructive

and more permanent. Only indifference or cynicism on the part of the public, it seems, can now prevent a cleansing of the kettle of city politics. And when a problem is solved for one American city a long step is taken toward its solution for all.

New York's Police Commissioner, while admitting that "it is a matter of common knowledge" that gambling graft has been collected by police inspectors and others in the department, traces the trouble back through the police and through the courts to corrupt politics. The underworld, he points out, does corrupt election work for political parties which appoint the judiciary, and these judges in return for this service protect the gamblers. "Gambling," he declares, "can exist only because the gamblers can obtain what amounts to protection from the courts." He tells of courts refusing to consider evidence in gambling cases because it had been obtained by looking through a window, instead of by being in the room where the gambling was going on; of a case thrown out because the police officer could not swear that the money involved was actually United States currency, and not counterfeit; and of instances where the department has failed to secure convictions because the policemen could not swear that the roulette wheel which was captured upon entering the premises with a warrant was the same roulette wheel upon which he had gambled. On the other hand Judge Swann tosses the blame back upon the Police Department with the assertion that when gambling cases come before the courts the police always see to it that there is a missing link somewhere in the chain of evidence. In the four and one-half years that he has sat on the General Sessions bench, says Judge Swann, the police have given evidence before him to convict only one gambler. In all the other cases some link, not missing when the District Attorney went over the evidence, would disappear when the police witnesses gave their testimony.

But the question of tracing the guilt to any individual or set of individuals, important as it is, is only incidental. For any adequate remedial action we need public opinion fully awakened to the enormity of any partnership for profit between law-breakers and the machinery of the law, and to the monstrous nature of the evils born of such an unholy alliance. It is a situation in the face of which indifference is incredible and cynicism iniquitous.

BOOK REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEWS

THE VILLAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND: TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY R. JONES, WITH SOME ADDITIONAL DRAWINGS IN COLOR BY WILFRID BALL, R.E., AND JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.: EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

(The illustrations used on these pages are reproduced from "The Village Homes of England," by courtesy of John Lane Co.)

TURNING the copiously illustrated pages of this delightful volume, one is struck not only by the picturesqueness of the old village homes of England, but by the utter lack of stereotypedness which is one of their most salient characteristics. To American eyes, accustomed and resigned to the monotonous repetition that brands our town and suburban architecture, and the desolation that looks out from most of our villages and rural settlements, these glimpses of old-country dwellings hold strangely refreshing qualities.

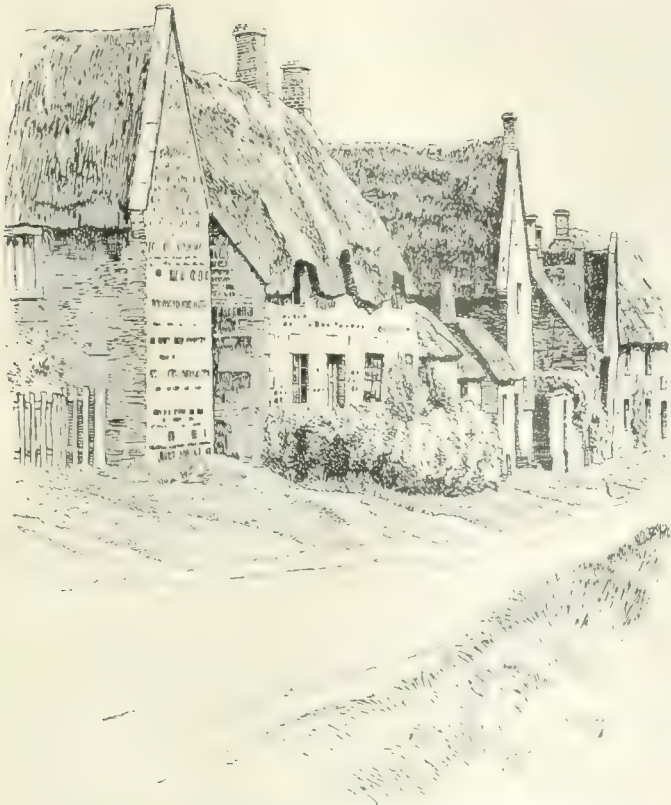
There is always, of course, the natural sentiment which draws our hearts toward

the little crooked streets, the rambling, thatch-roofed cottages and sheltered gardens of the motherland, where perhaps our predecessors lived out their simple, well-filled lives before their children crossed the Atlantic to find a new home and found a new nation. But apart from this, there is something about the material and spiritual aspect of these unpretentious little groups of buildings that appeals to our sense of architectural and æsthetic fitness. Each one seems so essentially a *home*, a place for the warmth and strength of real life and work, love and laughter; a place for little children to play happily, for grown folks to work sturdily and well, for old people to grow old gently and beautifully. Each house seems to have been built and added to and repaired always for some definite individual need. There is no sign of commercialism, nor is there any affectation in decoration or form. The atmosphere is full of the historic and the human; the quaintness and originality are merely the result—usually unpremeditated—of a practical though somewhat primitive use of local materials in a simple but unique way. The spirit of romance that lurks in the irregularly built, ivy-covered walls, that hides behind the little wicket gates and



OLD STONE COTTAGES OF SOMERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND, FULL OF A WILD, RUGGED, PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.

BOOK REVIEWS



OLD COTTAGES OF LYDDINGTON, RUTLAND, ENG. BUILT OF STONE WITH GABLE ENDS TO THE ROAD, AND FINISHED WITH THATCHED ROOFS.

latticed dormers and peeps at us from the shadowy recesses of old cottage doorways—this, in all probability, was not intentionally captured by the builders of those early generations; it was rather the inevitable result of their honest efforts, the natural working-out, in the labor of their hands, of the spirit of unconscious poetry that filled the so-called commonplace of their lives. They lived near to Nature, close to the source of things; simple duties and simple thoughts were theirs. And so the homes which they built or which others built for them were likewise free from the elaboration that marks the architecture of a more complex social state. They retain a freshness and an originality of expression that the modern builder would find it hard to equal. And one asks, instinctively: "When will the village people of America build homes as full of human meaning and structural beauty as those which their ancestors built long ago in the quiet country places of the Old World?" (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 162 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$2.50 net, postage 25 cents.)

THE YOSEMITE: BY JOHN MUIR

THE work of John Muir is familiar to many readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* who may recall the article which we published about him some time ago, and they will welcome, with the rest of his admirers, this his latest book. Aside from the interest of the text, which will delight the heart of every Yosemite lover, the volume is rich in photographic illustrations of the valleys and peaks, the woods and lakes of that wonderful region. And—most unusual and practical feature in a traveler's book—there are also maps for further enlightenment which will be appreciated equally by those who know and those who do not know the country.

How much John Muir's achievements mean to us has been well expressed by one critic, who says. "The name of this Scotchman will forever be associated with our California, our Rocky Mountains, our Sierras, our national parks, our great forests and our glaciers, and that is stately company. As a trained naturalist and scientific explorer he has discovered, as a literary artist of poetic insight and imagination he has described for all coming time, as a public-spirited American he has ably helped to save from spoliation and destruction, many of the most marvelous natural features of our national domain. From travels in Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, India, Australia and New Zealand, he comes back to our Pacific Coast—the Atlantic is far too tame an affair—to probe anew its great secrets, to preach to us its uplifting gospels, to daze us with its unrevealed grandeurs, to inspire us with its undreamed of possibilities." (Published by The Century Co., New York. 284 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$2.40 net. Postage 16 cents.)

GOD AND DEMOCRACY: BY FRANK CRANE

FRANK CRANE has a habit of putting big things into small space, and in the present instance he has done this most effectively. From the title of this vigorous

BOOK REVIEWS



AN OLD COTTAGE IN TRENT, DORSETSHIRE, SHOWING THE GOTHIC SPIRIT IN WINDOWS AND DOORS.

little book one can judge of the significance of its contents, and the directness of their bearing upon the change which is taking place in our conception of divinity and in our ideals of government and social justice. The change is a gradual and frequently a painful one, for as Crane says, "The approach to truth is a slow process. It is one thing to have a truth told you; it is quite another thing to realize it, to get it ground into your whole being and to have it saturate your subconsciousness."

Since, in some cases, the best way to convey the gist of a book is to borrow the author's own language, we can hardly do better than add another quotation. "The modern, novel conception of God," states Mr. Crane, "is that of the Universal Servant and not that of the Universal Ruler. This rests upon the discovery that the greatest thing in the world is to *serve*, and that *ruling* is not necessarily great; on the contrary, is usually small business, and only becomes great when it is a means of Service." Moreover, he says, "The true oneness of a people depends upon the spirit in them, and not upon the power over them. This new conception is called Democracy. Its basis is the mind of the whole people. It is humanity doing things for itself, and not having things done for it." This is

wisdom and "straight talk," and a book of this kind can do much toward urging us onward to our democratic goal. (Published by Forbes and Company, Chicago. 72 pages. Price 50 cents.)

IN VIVID GARDENS: BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

WOMEN'S souls—these are the 'vivid gardens' in which the author of this slender volume of verses has sought and found her inspiration. And to those who are already familiar with the contributions by Mrs. Wilkinson which have appeared so often in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, we need only say that the present collection is characteristic of her work.

Aside from their poetic beauty, the verses possess a dignity, wholesomeness and outspoken valiance that carry conviction. Sincerity is their dominant note; they are the utterance of one who has heard "the quiet but far-reaching voice of Truth." For they are more than an individual expression; they are essentially the cry of the modern woman, the woman who today is finding herself, morally, intellectually, physically, and who is preparing to take her rightful place beside her mate in the world's work and happiness. Earnestly and bravely this woman poet has sung, and in her lines one feels not only the tragedy of her sex's primitive and historic bondage and the pathos of its indifference or futile resentment, but also the fine prophetic ring of a soul that heralds the dawn of a freer, nobler womanhood and a cleaner manhood that shall mold together, in strength and joy, the future of the race. (Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston. 72 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)



A THATCHED-ROOF COTTAGE IN SOMERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND, WITH GOTHIC DOORWAY.

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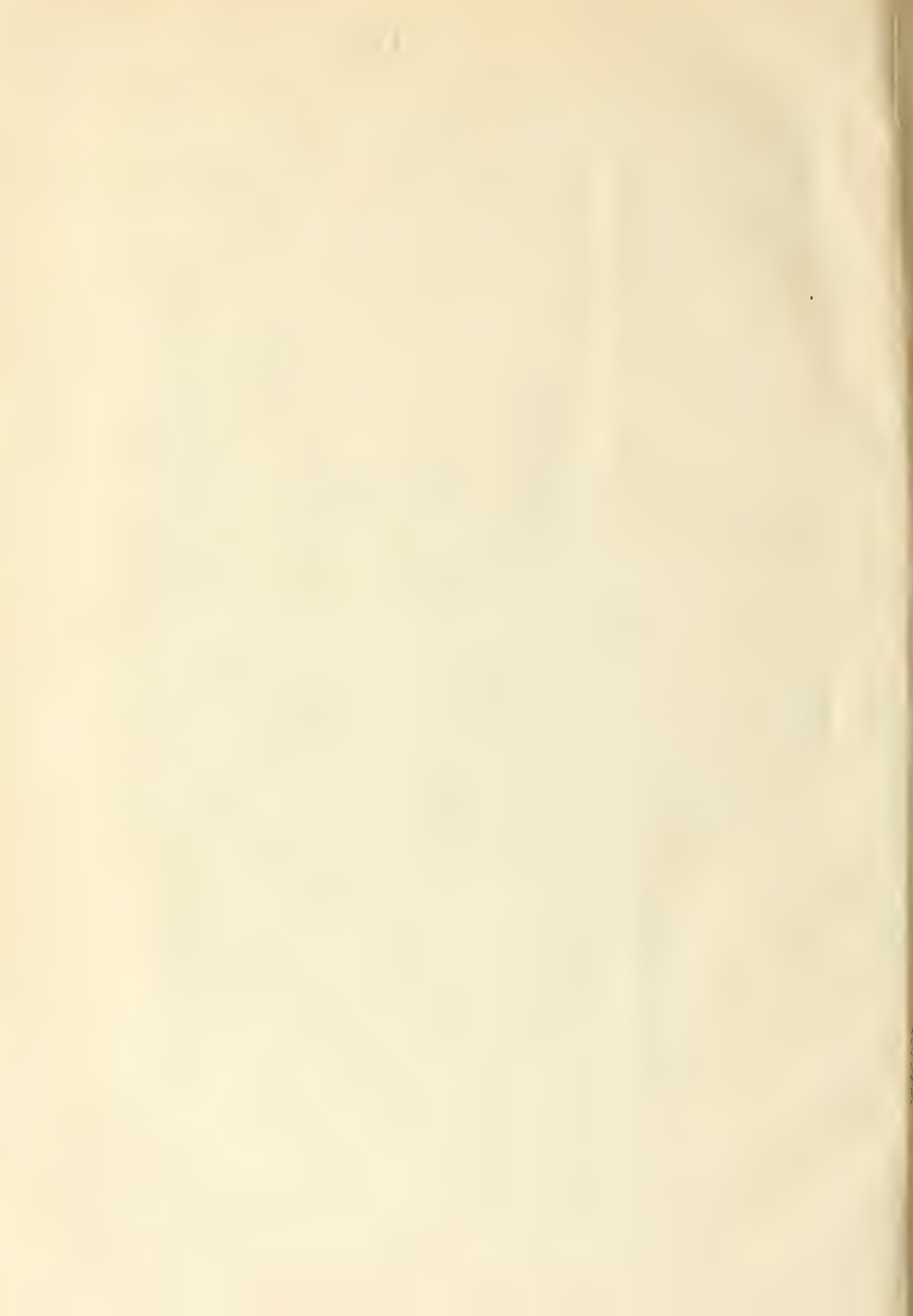
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MAR 25 1912

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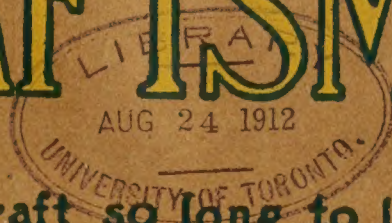
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